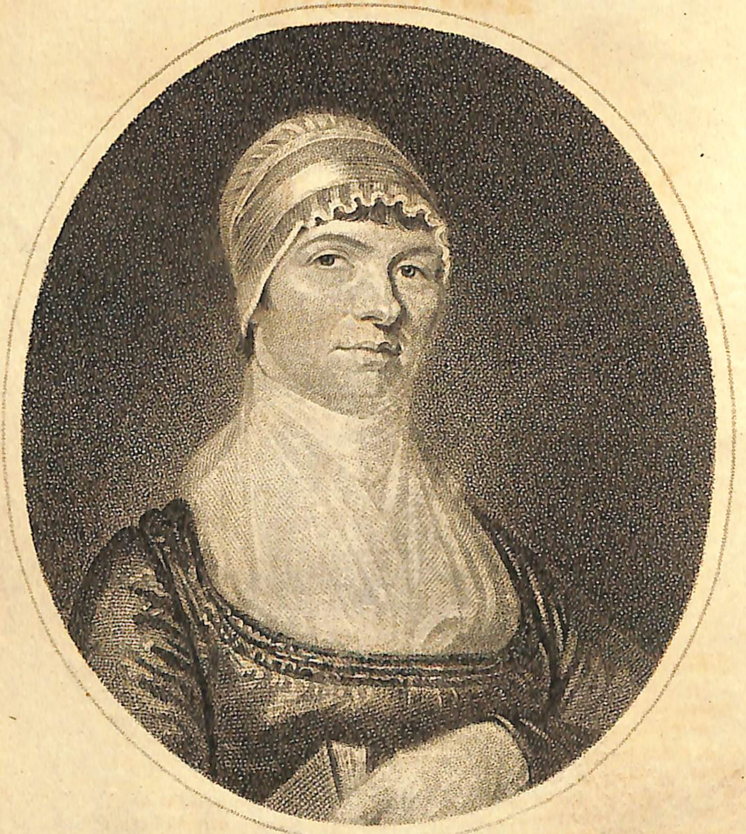

M^rs Mary Taft.

Engraved by W. Holl from an Original Painting.

Memoirs
OF THE
LIFE OF
MRS. MARY TAFT;
FORMERLY
MISS BARRITT.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

With a Portrait.

PART I.

(The Profits will be devoted to Charitable Purposes.)

"There is neither Jew not Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Gal. iii. 28.—"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." 1 Cor. i. 27, 28, 29.—"God requireth that which is past." Eccles. iii. 15.

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD BY THE AUTHOR.
SOLD ALSO BY MR. JOHN STEVENS, 16, CITY ROAD, LONDON;
AND BY ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1827.

Methodist Center
BY
430
T1242m
Vol. 1

Printed by JOHN HILL, Little-Stonegate, York.

PREFACE.

I AM aware, that some plausible objections might be urged against the measure of *publishing any thing relating to one's own life and proceedings.* In general, I myself object to it, from considerations of delicacy and propriety: nevertheless, I think, in this, as well as in most *general* cases, *some exceptions are* allowable; especially, where a person acts from a pressing conviction of its being a duty. I can assure the reader, that nothing less than such a conviction could have induced me to publish.

The Rev. John Wesley published the *journal* of his own life and labours in periodical numbers; also, *sketches* of the lives and labours of some of the travelling preachers who helped him in the work of the ministry. It is generally admitted that those publications, especially the journals, were of essential service to the cause of TRUTH, even during the life of their venerable author. He acted in a very extraordinary manner, and extraordinary effects were produced. Many and various were the opinions of men, respecting his labours—and the motives which influenced him in his proceedings. Some said one thing: some another. He took up his pen in vindication of his motives and conduct; both of which had been grossly and shamefully misrepresented and traduced. I think no candid person can read Mr.

Wesley's journals—his appeals to men of reason and religion—and what he wrote in vindication of his own character, without being fully convinced, that he acted from the best of motives, and that he had an extraordinary call *so to act*. It is to be expected however, that, so long as sin and Satan have any place and influence among men—so long, there will never be wanting persons, inclined to misrepresent and traduce the motives and proceedings of the most upright and piously disposed.

Perhaps there are but few, if any, in this island, now moving in public spheres of action, whose motives and measures have been more grossly misrepresented and vilified than those of the writer of this little narrative. Suffer me then to speak for myself. Perhaps I should have done this sooner. Indeed, the following sheets were partly prepared for publication when Mr. Taft travelled in the Birstal circuit, (eighteen years ago) with a design to publish at that time; and they were submitted to the inspection of three travelling preachers for their opinion and advice. Mr. Bradburn, who then travelled in the Wakefield circuit, said to Mr. Taft, after having perused them, "Mrs. Taft's journal should be corrected, and then published every where." Mr. Bramwell also, read them, but as he expressed himself as having doubts upon his mind respecting the propriety of their being *then* published, they were laid aside.

I have of late been looking over what I had written, and while doing this, I felt a conviction that I ought to publish, at least, some extracts from my journal. The stars which appear here and there at the end of some of the paragraphs, denote, *the omission of certain incidents* which I do not at present feel free to publish; but which may be added in an enlarged edition at some future time. I feel fully persuaded that these extracts should have been made public sooner; especially in those parts of God's vineyard which I was sent to cultivate. Such a measure might, at least, have softened down the prejudices of some, on their being made acquainted with the *way* in which the Lord was pleased to lead me; and the *necessity* which *He* had laid upon me to act in that extraordinary manner, which has exposed me to the *evil surmisings* and *vile aspersions* of very many. It might also, have proved a source of high gratification and encouragement to those, whom the Lord raised up, to stand by and assist me, in "*the day of small and feeble things*:" and more especially to the spiritual children, whom the Lord gave me in almost every journey I took: for, praised be his holy name, *He* did not send me a warfare at my own charge. He has often encouraged and strengthened me in the work, by owning my efforts with fruit, and filling me with the consolations of his grace and the power of the Holy Ghost.

But hitherto, I have remained silent, or only complained to the Lord, while the scourge of cruel tongues has been upon me; yet, notwithstanding I was ever willing to bear it so long, and so far, as the Lord was pleased to permit—perhaps it would have been better, had I used the means God had put in my power, to have vindicated my character and conduct, at least, so far, as such means might have been subservient to this end. I am however, fully sensible of the truth and importance of the Apostle's declaration, 2 Tim. iii. 12. "*All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution*:" and, perhaps in some proportion to our piety, faithfulness, and usefulness—will be our persecutions from a wicked world, erring spirits, and prejudiced minds.

I believe, there never yet existed any, singularly useful in the Church of God, who have not been opposed by their fellow-creatures in their benevolent career of doing good. Some of these opposers have been professors of religion: others, such even as were sustaining important and useful offices in the Church. This appears mysterious—something for which we cannot account, but on the supposition of such persons acting under the control of unhallowed dispositions—diabolical tempers—or (to judge as charitably as we possibly can,) an erring judgment.

Satan is particularly enraged against those who are most likely to injure his cause—who are the most holy and useful, or who are labouring after holiness and usefulness; hence, he is particularly active in endeavouring to subvert their influence, and of course prevent their usefulness among God's professing people; and, they will sometimes find their greatest opposers to be some who are enrolled among that people. This, at times, constrains them to say with David, "*Had it been an enemy I could have borne it, &c.*" This has frequently been my greatest grief; for all that I have suffered from the world in the way of reproach and slander, is little in comparison with what I have suffered from some professors of religion, as well as even ministers of the gospel; but to their own Master I leave them. I have never sought any redress in human courts, though in several instances I might have had it: I remember who hath said, Matt. v. 11. "*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.*"

In the midst of all, God hath given me his approving smile, and a blessed consciousness that I was acting under his divine sanction and influence; and with purity of intention, designing *only* to promote his glory among men, and the real good of my fellow-creatures. These have been my constant support under powerful temptation, fierce persecution, and severe affliction. In addition to this, the Lord has graciously raised me up numerous friends, the remembrance of whose kindness and attention is engraven on my heart in indelible characters; and he has given me very many living epistles of evangelical truth, "*seen, and read, and known of all men.*" Many of these, God hath appointed to occupy very important offices in his church; several of whom are travelling preachers; while others are labouring for God in a more limited sphere as local preachers. These are my letters of recommendation, written as with the finger of God; and these I expect to be my crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Many of them have gone to their reward in heaven. O, that all they that remain may be found faithful unto death, that not a hoof of them may be left behind! May the Lord of his infinite mercy grant, that when the sun has done shining—the marble tombs are burst asunder—and the graves give up their dead, I may with them be enabled to welcome the approaching Judge, and stand with boldness before his throne!

> "When he comes triumphant
> Dooming the nations; then ascend to glory;
> While our Hosannahs, all along the passage,
> Shout the Redeemer."

As it respects the following pages, it may not be amiss to observe, that notwithstanding the incidents therein related, are all founded in truth—yet, there may be some mistakes as it respects the *dates*, or exact time of their occurrence, on account of my having frequently deferred noting them down until I had returned home to my mother, after journeys of several weeks, and sometimes several months continuance. It is not to be wondered at, that I have omitted recording many journeys, and of course, many important and interesting events relating both to myself and others that transpired during those journeys; and that I have occasionally given wrong dates—when it is considered that my time was generally fully occupied in travelling from place to place, holding public meetings, praying with souls in distress, and keeping up an almost uninterrupted correspondence with preachers and others in various parts of the kingdom: and when it is also recollected, that, on several occasions, a considerable portion of time elapsed (on which account many things might easily escape my memory,) before I could attend to my journal at all: add to this, I was at times so greatly indisposed in body, as not to be able to attend to this matter; and sometimes, as wholly to incapacitate me for the work of the Lord.

I also wish to observe, that it has always been a rule with me, never to go to any place to labour, without a previous invitation from the travelling preacher, as well as the friends of the circuit I visited. As a member of the methodist connexion, I conceived this to be my bounden duty; more especially, as the superintendent preachers are responsible to the Conferance for those whom they employ in any public way in the circuits over which they preside. I do not know that I have ever deviated from this rule, excepting in a few instances, when I have been so sensible of its being my duty, and the will of

God, for me to go, that I durst not at the peril of my soul neglect going. This line of conduct however, I confess, has in some few instances, exceedingly grieved some of my best friends, which has caused me to weep in secret before the Lord. It hath sometimes happened, that a preacher would not consent for any female to exhort sinners to come to the gospel feast—and though I had many friends in his circuit, and some spiritual children whom I could have visited, and the withstanding of whose solicitations gave me considerable pain—yet, I have waited *one*, and sometimes *two* years before myself and friends could be gratified in this particular. The Lord only knows what I have felt on those occasions.

Should any, in perusing the following pages, be awakened to a sight and sense of their lost estate as sinners; any, stimulated to greater earnestness in the making of their "*calling and election sure*;" any, excited to run with greater diligence the heavenly race; or, any, restored to the light of God's reconciled countenance—the writer will be more than compensated for all the pains she has taken in preparing her journal for publication.

God grant his blessing. Amen.

MARY TAFT.

RIPON WESLEYAN CHAPEL-HOUSE,
January, 1827.

DEDICATION.

To all those unto whom the Great Head of the Church has made me instrumental of good to their Souls; and to all those Methodist Ministers who have invited me to labour in their respective Circuits; and to all those who have taken, or invited me into their respective houses---the following narration of facts is humbly inscribed by their

Affectionate Friend,

And devoted Servant.

MARY TAFT.

RIPON WESLEYAN CHAPEL-HOUSE,
January, 1827.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF MRS. MARY TAFT,

COMPILED FROM HER JOURNALS, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Some account of the Lord's gracious dealings with me from my infancy to the present time.
MARY TAFT.

I was born at Hay, near Colne, in Lancashire, in August, 1772,* of creditable parents in middling circumstances. My mother joined the Methodist Society, and found peace with God when I was about half a year old; andcontinued happy in the saving knowledge of God, and the brightening prospects of eternity, to the day of her death. She died at our house, at Castle Donnington, in the year 1811.—My brother John was brought to God about the same time.—My father was much opposed to every thing sacred and divine, until his last illness, when he was brought to the knowledge of God, and died in the faith of the gospel. My mother, (as well as myself, after I was brought to the knowledge of the truth) suffered much opposition from my father, but she steadily persevered, and patiently suffered, being "Bold to take up, firm to sustain, the consecrated cross."

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* The following is a copy of the register:—"1772, Baptisms. August 12. Mary, daughter of John and Mary Barritt, of Hay."—"The above is a correct copy or extract from the register of baptisms kept in the parochial chapel of Colne, in the County of Lancaster, as witness my hand this 24th day of June, 1826.—J. Henderson, Incumbent Curate of Colne.

From about seven years of age the Lord graciously strove with me, particularly by dreams and visions of the night, insomuch that I sometimes thought I saw the devil coming in dreadful forms to drag me away. At other times I thought I was on the verge of a pit of fire, and have cried out so loud as to awake and alarm the family. When I awoke from these frightful dreams, I promised the Lord, if he would spare me till morning, I would live a new life; but when I saw the light, and my brothers and sister, my resolutions vanished away like the morning cloud or early dew. I put it off by saying to myself I will be better by and by: indeed I was frequently sensible of my lost condition, my unfitness to die and to meet a holy God. When in the fields and alone in the house I was frequently led to pray that God would be merciful to my soul, especially when it thundered and lightened, or when there was any particular accident, affliction, or death in the neighbourhood.

It is with some peculiar feelings of gratitude, and praise to Almighty God that I record some providential deliverances in my infant days. The *first*, of which I have but a faint recollection, happened when I was about two years old, the effects of which I shall carry with me to the grave. Our first meal, or breakfast, was made of oatmeal and water, which we supped with a little milk. The pottage when just poured out were by my own hand accidentally pulled down upon my breast, and so dreadful were the effects that my life was despaired of for many weeks. The *second* happened when I was about four years of age. My brother being employed upon the farm in removing earth, would indulge me with a ride in the empty cart: unfortunately, the cart overturned, the side of which fell upon the back of my head, and crushed my face with violence upon the ground. I was taken up for dead—and indeed life was nearly extinct, but a profusion of blood issuing from my nostrils, much relieved me, and I presently recovered. The *third*, and the most awful providence, happened when I was about nine years of age. My father and the whole family, except my mother, consisting of five brothers and one sister, were all confined to their rooms and beds by a violent fever. I took the fever, it was thought, in consequence of a severe cold taken in having my feet wet, and remaining in that condition without shifting my stockings, or informing my mother of my situation: indeed this I dared not do, having ventured to take a step which was thought exceedingly improper, and which it was my study to conceal, till I knew the event. The fact was this. My *brother James*, in the height of fever, and when delirious as well as when sensible, most pityfully begged for a pint of *Lee Well water*, which is a fine spring of water called by that name, in one part of my father's land, about a quarter of a mile from our house. From affectionate feelings for my brother, and unknown to my mother, I went to this spring, and brought a large pitcher full of water, and gave him about a pint, which he drunk with greediness; but though I suffered for this in my own person, being confined for a length of time in consequence, yet I never repented of it, as my brother James began to recover from the time he drank the water.

When I was about twelve years and a half old, my brother John's first wife died. It was a loud call to me, for I loved her much; and seeing my dear brother's distress, I felt as if I could have died to restore her to him again; but for this I knew I was not ready. For a fortnight after, I wept and prayed much. I saw something very amiable in religious characters; indeed true religion appeared to me the one thing needful:—but in a few weeks these impressions wore off, and I returned to my companions to play, which I was particularly fond of. About the Christmas following, as I returned home one sabbath-day evening, I found my mother weeping. She appeared much grieved with me, and said, "Mary, if thou intendest to live another sabbath, as thou hast lived this, thou shalt not live in the house I am in." I got my supper and went to bed, determining in my mind to leave home in the morning, and go to live at a neighbour's house, of the name of John Speak, where I thought I could live without being talked to as I was in my present situation. While I was thus determining, I meditated where my best clothes were, that I might find them and be off before our family got up—and as I closed mine eyes for sleep, (it is yet fresh on my memory, and not to be forgotten,) in an instant of time there was an amazing change: it was to me as if a voice had spoke "*But who knows whether thou wilt be alive in the morning or not.*" In a moment it seemed to me as if all the sins of my life were placed in array before me, and I cried out, nay Lord, that I do not know. My resolution of leaving my mother instantly left me, and I felt a greater desire to seek a pardon for all my sins. I saw clearly I deserved to go to hell; and I fully believe that had I not obeyed that call, my day of grace had been sooner over than many. I, that night, wept myself asleep, and when I awoke, my resolutions of devoting myself to the Lord, and being wholly his, were not gone as formerly. From that night I set out in earnest to seek the Lord. That I attribute under God, partly to the earnest prayers of my dear mother, and my brother, who was gone out as a travelling preacher among the Methodists. At this time my brother travelled in the Otley circuit; and on his first coming to Pateley Bridge, a good woman asked him, what brothers and sisters he had? He told her; but added, "I have one that I fear will break my mother's heart: she is such a careless child."—I believe this was the night, God more fully awakened my soul.—It is likely he would be more particularly engaged for me that night, as my mother was, because of my particular wickedness in breaking the sabbath.—Indeed sabbath-breaking, telling untruths to get out to play, and grieving my mother, were my three crying sins.

* * * *

I sought the Lord better than half a year in public and in private; at every preaching, hearing for myself as though there had not been another person in all the place. On the sabbath days I often walked *alone* from my father's house to *Colne* three times, a distance of more than *two miles*, and on the week days to the evening preaching; also to the morning five o'clock preaching; for from the night above mentioned I gave up all sin and trifling, and all my sinful companions. Such were my convictions and distress of mind, that the salvation of my soul swallowed up every other consideration; and I well remember one sabbath as I was going to hear preaching, three or four of my old companions surrounded me in one of my father's fields;

one said one thing, and another another, such as I was going beside myself, and my father would have to take me to the madhouse, &c. When they had done speaking, I looked them in the face and said, "*I am determined upon this one thing, that if you will not go with me to heaven, I will not go with you to hell.*" At this they seemed thunderstruck, and said no more; so I passed on my way, looking up and praying for mercy and salvation, having no companion, there being no young person whom I knew that had any concern for their salvation.

The day I found peace with God, I had heard Mr. Samuel Bardsley preach from Matt. xvii. 20. "*If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*" I saw plainly this faith was what I wanted, and felt determined not to rest without it. I wept and prayed much under the word, and as I returned home I wept and looked up, and thought the sky might justly come down upon me, and I drop into hell. When I got home I went up into my chamber, and though the sun was up, and shone with brightness, it was as midnight to me. I kneeled down and prayed about an hour, but rose in the same distress: I could see nothing but a yawning hell, and an angry God before me. I then kneeled down a second time, but rose more miserable than before. After a little while I kneeled down a third time, and determined not to rise without the Lord would forgive all my sins; for I was distressed beyond measure, and almost chose strangling rather than life. Just when I was ready to despair of the mercy of God, and about to give it up all for lost, in a moment these words were applied to my heart:—"*Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.*" I said yea Lord, I know, I feel they are. My sorrow was fled, love and joy sprung up in my heart. I was ready to shout,

> "Come all the world, come sinner thou,
> All things in Christ, are ready now."

In the morning my mother saw the change, though I had said nothing to her.—She said, "Mary, what is the matter with thee this morning?" I answered, "Mother, God has pardoned all my sins." She wept, and we praised God together.

> "O how shall I the goodness tell,
> Father, which thou to me hast shew'd!
> That I a child of wrath and hell,
> I should be call'd a child of God,
> Should know, should feel my sins forgiv'n,
> Blest with this antepast of heaven!"

The change that was wrought in my soul soon evidenced itself to all around me; for, from the time of my being awakened, to this period, my sorrow was so great that it drank up my spirits; and my mother observed to many, that she never saw a smile on my countenance. But now I could smile, and rejoice, and praise God. I now loved my mother, and strove in all things to obey her commands.

But I would observe, to the glory of God and to the honour of his restraining grace, I was strictly honest, and as some would say scrupulously exact. When I was about ten or eleven years of age, having been on an errand for my mother, I plucked three or four cherries that hung over the road, but was immediately so conscious of the iniquity of such a conduct that I durst not eat one of them; and after I had kept them several days I threw them away.—At another time I went to the place where my mother kept her silver, and took sixpence, but was so sensible of my wickedness and depravity on account of it, that I had scarce any rest. I durst not take the money back, lest it should be discovered that I had taken it, till at last I resolved to give it to my brother James.—But when I was awakened and converted to God, I saw it my privilege immediately to join God's people; I did so, and took the first opportunity of informing them what God had done for my soul. The friends received me kindly, gave me the right hand of fellowship, and we praised God together for what he had wrought in my soul.—I have by the grace of God continued among his people to this day; and as I never repented the giving God my heart, so I never repented uniting with his people. I have ever been attached to the Methodist doctrine and discipline; and am more than ever convinced how much it would be for the spiritual good of those who are brought to the saving knowledge of the truth to unite with the followers of the *Lamb*.

* * *

Very soon after I was converted to God, I felt much concern for the happiness of my neighbours, and took every opportunity of talking to, and praying with, and for them. I saw clearly that poor sinners were exposed to the most tremendous danger through sin, and felt particularly desirous of preventing their ruin; hence, I took every opportunity of inviting them to hear the word of God preached, and felt very thankful when the preacher spoke to the consciences of the people, and faithfully warned them of their danger; while he directed the mourners in Zion to the wounds of a crucified Saviour, and pointed them to " the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" and endeavoured to build up the believers "on their most holy faith." Wherever these were wanting, I conceived the end of preaching to be lost, and felt much pain to sit under such discourses, however fine or eloquent, insomuch that I frequently wept when under the word to see the people careless, inattentive, and unconcerned; or to hear the preacher use expressions, or speak in a style which I knew the people could not understand. I kept wishing and praying as I went to hear sermons, that God would come with his servant—that he would give him purity of intention, a single eye to his glory, and enable him to preach a present and a free salvation—that he might preach "*repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord*"—and that he would do it in plain scripture language, that the people might all understand. I wished the way to heaven to be made as plain from the pulpit, as it was in the scriptures, that a way-faring man though a fool (as touching human knowledge or scholastic learning) might not err therein. * * * *

I not only attended all the means of grace, and began to exhort the people from house to house, and many times with tears told them the danger they were in, and exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come—but I began to pray in the prayer-meetings. The first time was one Sunday evening. After several had sung and prayed, one of the class-leaders called upon me to pray. I did so; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon me in an extraordinary manner, so that I entered into the spirit of my duty, not of praying merely, but of exhortation.—I faithfully warned sinners of their danger, and exhorted penitents to come to God through Christ; but as we returned home, the same leader advised me, when I felt disposed to give an exhortation again, that I would stand, and face the people.

* * * *

I continued from this time to assist in the prayer-meetings, and very frequently gave a word of exhortation from a verse of a hymn, from any providential occurrence in the neighbourhood, or from what came immediately from above, just as the Spirit of the Lord led me:—but I met with much opposition and many trials from my dear father, who at that time was very averse to true religion, and made my way very rough; but I felt determined by the grace of God to save my soul, and do his will; and though I laboured and worked exceedingly hard, doing any thing my father commanded me, yet I found my soul exceedingly happy. I have since had reason to bless God for this, having by it so strengthened my body and constitution, as to enable me to go through that fatigue and labour which otherwise I could never have endured.

* * *

Several persons came to me at my father's, while at labour, to inform me of the good they had received in the meetings I had attended; and numbers came to invite me to different places to pray with the sick, to talk with others about their souls, and to keep public meetings; so that after I had worked hard all the day with my hands, I had frequently to go two, three, or four miles, with a few friends in the evening to hold meetings.

* * * *

About this time (1791) I suffered from a quarter I did not expect. The superintendent preacher, Mr. Collins, told some friends that unless I immediately gave over exhorting and praying in meetings, the next time he came he would put me out of the society.—The cause of his speaking thus was, as follows. Christopher Lister, a local preacher, was appointed to preach at *Gisborn*, a village in the Colne circuit; and I had to hold a meeting at *Rimmington*, two miles distant, at the same time. The day following, Mr. Lister went to Mr. Collins, and told him—he went to Gisborn, but had no congregation, except some old women and children, all having gone after the *lass;* adding, "if you don't stop her, I shall give up my plan." Mr. Collins replied, "I will stop her the next time I am in Colne." But to the honour of this good man (Mr. Lister) be it spoken, that, when he saw the arm of the Lord made bare, and sinners brought to God in every direction, he declared to some friends, that he should ever think it an honour to sit behind me in the pulpit, in order to snuff the candles for me; and he continued in this mind to the day of his death.

When I heard that I was to be turned out of the Methodist Society for praying and exhorting sinners to turn to Christ, I felt it exceedingly. I counted the cost, but concluded to obey God rather than man.—I valued the having my name among God's people, but I thought more highly of its being enrolled in the book of life, and I believed if I did not occupy the talent God had given me, he would blot it out of his book; therefore I durst not desist, and with a degree of painful anxiety waited my expulsion; but before the preacher came in his regular turn, he was ordered from his circuit for immorality of conduct, and he has since come to an untimely end. Here I saw the providential interposition of my heavenly Father; and I fully believed he would stand by me through life.

* * *

Soon after this, another preacher came to my father's, to desire I would give over speaking and praying in public—to which I replied, "I will, if you will answer for me at the day of judgment, for the one talent God hath given me?" but he went away saying, "that I cannot do."—It may not be amiss to observe here, that most of the preachers who have violently opposed my labours, and endeavoured to injure my character, have left the connexion, and several of them, I fear, have turned to the world and sin.

* * * *

I continued at home until my seventeenth year, when my brother and sister Barritt prevailed upon me to go with them to the Isle of Man. There I continued to labour a little for the Lord, and the good of souls, as he opened my way; and have reason to believe the Lord was well pleased with such feeble efforts, by crowning them with his blessing.—For seven or eight weeks that I attended the prayer-meetings, I never heard a prayer offered up in my own language, as the people of the island then addressed the Almighty in the *Manx* language. This gave me much pain of mind, and I told them, I could not think of praying any more, unless some one of them would pray in English, that I might be benefitted. They did so; and many blessed seasons we had, while many voices resounded, "GLOR AS ANNINAMAD!" which is, "GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD!"

In this island, about Christmas, while my brother Barritt and Mr. Jonathan Brown were conversing upon the subject of sanctification as believed and enjoyed among the Methodists, I saw it to be my privilege, and while they were praying, was enabled to believe for the blessing. My soul triumphed in the God of its salvation. Then I could say with the poet,

"Jesus all the day long, was my joy and my song,
Oh! that all his salvation may see,
He hath lov'd me I cried, he hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

But I did not long continue in this glory. I sunk from my centre and mourned my loss. I lost this blessing in the following manner:—My sister said to my brother when I was present, "Mary is praying every where." I thought as quick as lightening, "my sister is displeased at me for prayer."—I immediately felt displeased at her. I had no sooner done so, but it was suggested to my mind, "if thou didst enjoy, what thou thoughtest thou didst, thou wouldst not feel displeased." In that moment I was shorn of my strength, and I knew what I had lost. I was further tempted to believe I could not enjoy it, while I lived there; and here Satan gained his point; but no doubt I might have regained and lived in the enjoyment of it, had I been faithful. After I had stayed a year here, I returned to my father's at Colne, where I stayed about two years, and felt my mind much drawn out in earnest desire to be useful to my fellow-creatures, who lay near my heart, both in public and in private. I frequently accompanied the friends to the neighbouring villages, and assisted them to keep prayer-meetings. I was much urged (especially when I was giving out hymns) by the Spirit of God to warn sinners of their danger, and encourage penitents to come to, and venture on Christ. This I sometimes attempted, though more frequently resisted; for at this time I was much prejudiced against women's speaking in the church, and was led to reason much about it, and to examine myself very closely as touching my motives, and the spirit that influenced me. I was satisfied of the purity of my intention, and soon came to this conclusion—if good, evident and lasting good, be done, and the Lord opens my way—in his name and strength I will continue; being fully sensible that God will not set his seal to a lie.

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When speaking from a verse of a hymn, or giving a word of exhortation, I frequently found much assistance from above, great liberty and power.—Visible effects were produced: many wept, and some were constrained to roar out for the very disquietude of their souls; while others rejoiced in the liberty of God. I had as yet no intention of enlarging my sphere of action, but the Spirit of the Lord came upon me in a very powerful manner. While I was at a neighbour's house, it came to me on this wise:—Thou must go to *Todmorden*. As yet I knew not that I had ever heard of such a place, but went home as soon as possible, and asked my mother whether there was such a place as Todmorden?—She answered, "yes; pray what dost thou want with Todmorden?" I said, "I know not, but I must go there." She told me I might go to William Hartley's, at Mercliff; he would inform me about it. I went early on the sabbath-day, and asked him the same question I had asked my mother: he told me, if I would go with him that day to a love-feast at Heptonstall, we should go by Todmorden: we did so: I was led to speak largely, and evident good appeared to be done.—We called at Todmorden, and had a powerful time in prayer. This visit was attended with particular good to my soul, as well as others, at brother Heap's house. I retired into a room by myself, and there while I was wrestling with the Lord, I felt greater power to believe and to lay hold on God: I came into the house rejoicing, as if filled with the fulness of God.—I now felt greater love for souls than ever, and a stronger desire to do something for that God who had done so much for me.

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Some time before this, when reading the scriptures, I have seen such light into them as I had never done before. While the Lord by his Spirit hath immediately said, "thou must speak from that,"—I have rose up, thrown down the book, and said in my mind—"I will not look at thee again for a month." Oh! the astonishing mercy, and long-forbearance of God, to bear with my unfaithfulness. I did not now, nor ever have since, wondered much at the conduct of Jonah. Notwithstanding I was still much prejudiced against women's speaking, not understanding the scriptures, or the custom of the oriental nations in not admitting of mixed companies; yet I durst not forbear altogether, though I many times attempted to run from the presence of the Lord, or to shun the work he had assigned me.

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When Mr. Lancelot Harrison first came into the Colne circuit, his prejudice against women's preaching was very strong, and he spoke pretty freely against it at several places. My mother thought it best to have a little friendly conversation with him. For this purpose, she went to the chapel-house where he lived, and among other things, asked him, how he understood that passage of scripture—"*Help those women that laboured with me in the gospel, &c.*"—He replied, "my wife helps me when she sweeps the house, makes the bed, mends my clothes, &c."—She replied, "Mr. Harrison, is that the gospel?—then I have done with *you* if that be *your* gospel." Soon after this, we had a love-feast at Colne, in which I spoke, at large, my religious experience, and my whole mind, relative to what I had suffered, and passed through, on account of my call to speak and act for God. Such an unction from above rested upon me, and such a divine influence accompanied what was said, that nearly the whole congregation were in tears. After this, Mr. W. Sagar, of Southfield, went to Mr. Harrison, and said—"*it is at the peril of your soul that you meddle with Mary Barritt: God is with her—fruit is appearing wherever she goes.*" From this time, Mr. Harrison became my firm friend and advocate; and afterwards, when he travelled in the Bradford and Redford circuits, he sent for me, and prepared my way, to the utmost of his ability and influence.

I went to Todmorden again; and to Heptonstall and Underbank about a fortnight afterwards, when numbers were awakened to see their lost condition, and some brought to the knowledge of the truth; several of whom are safely landed in glory, and others are following "*them who through faith and patience inherit the promises;*" while a few, I fear, are turned back to Egypt, "*like the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.*"

* * * * * *

After this, that dear woman, Ann Cutler, (now in glory) came to our house, and asked me, if I thought I had any business at home; to which I abruptly said, "I think I have none any where else, excepting on the sabbath-days." The reason of this was—the sabbath-day preceding I had walked to Ackrington, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and got there about nine o'clock, and found a large congregation waiting for me, to whom I spoke with much freedom and power; after which, Ann Cutler broke out in prayer. We had a day never to be forgotten. The people assembled again at one o'clock: I spoke, and afterwards Ann Cutler spoke: we continued till five o'clock; several were *liberated*, and others went away in distress. We began again at seven o'clock, and continued till midnight. The arm of the Lord was made bare: numbers were wounded and healed: the glory of God was in the midst.

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About this time, I walked with brother Hudson, on Sunday morning, to hear Mr. Atmore, and to attend a love-feast at Greetland chapel, a distance of twenty miles. Mr. A. preached at one o'clock, from John iii. 14—" *As Moses lifted up the serpent, &c.*" After preaching, he began the love-feast with singing and prayer; and then said, " as persons were come from many parts to hear of the great good that the Lord had done in, and about, that place, he hoped they would speak as concise as possible; but if the Spirit of God constrained them to prayer, he durst not lift up his voice against them." Presently, a man in the gallery said, " there is a woman here, as if both body and soul were in an agony; will you pray for her?" Mr. A. said, " pray you"—he did so; and all I heard of, speaking in the love-feast, though I was present till half-past six o'clock, was one young man in the gallery, who said, " *about three weeks since I was as wicked as a living devil; but the Lord hath awakened my conscience, and converted my soul, and I hope to praise him for ever.*" The greatest part of the afternoon, Mrs. A., who was with her husband in the pulpit (but now in glory) was employed in enquiring what the distressed wanted, and pointing them (with tears) to the Lamb of God, for deliverance. In the beginning of this meeting—seeing what I conceived to be disorder and confusion, I had many doubts whether it was the work of God; thinking in myself, if this was the way God chose to save souls, my conversion surely was not the genuine work of God; but soon seeing one drop down near me, I pressed through the people, and kneeled down to pray with her. She soon found God to remove her burden, and speak peace to her heart. When she rose rejoicing, then, I fully saw it to be the work of God, and felt with her a joy unspeakable.—For this meeting, I have cause to bless God to this day. (This revival is noticed by Mr. Atmore, in a letter to Dr. Coke; published in the Arminian Magazine, for October, 1795.)

About Christmas, in the year 1793, I had to go to my brother, who then laboured in the Hexham circuit. On my way thither, I called at Pateley Bridge, and stopped a week or more, where I had good times, especially at Lofthouse, Middlesmoor, and at William Reynard's. From thence, I went to Moorheads, where several souls were awakened, and brought to the knowledge of the truth. Two of the friends accompanied me to Middleham, where I met with Mr. James Ridal, who enquired very kindly after my mother and brother; but when he heard from the friends who accompanied me, what the Lord had been doing, he appeared very distant, and continued so all the evening. After supper, he prayed a few words: I then left him, and came down into the house, where we had prayer again. The next morning, we were all invited to take breakfast at a friend's, in the town. As soon as it was over, the master of the house asked me to pray, which I did, with much liberty and feeling. I then took my leave, and pursued my journey over the mountains to Reeth. As I travelled alone, and on foot, I frequently kneeled down to supplicate the throne of mercy, for direction, comfort, and success; and was much blest in these exercises. This journey will never be obliterated from my mind, while reason and memory last. When I was within sight of *Reeth*, I rejoiced exceedingly, kneeled down, and prayed for the whole town. On coming into it, I asked a little girl, if there were any Methodists there—she replied, "O yes; I will shew you." I followed her till she pointed to a woman, who stood with a child in her arms: I gave the girl a penny, and sent her back. The good woman asked me, who I wanted?—I said, "After I have been at the public-house above, I will come to you."—She replied, "*come in now*, and tell me, who you are, and what you want."—I answered, "nay, I may be one of the greatest hypocrites you ever saw, for ought you know."—She then said, "your face and looks tell me, you are no hypocrite—come in."—I said, "my name is *Barritt.*"—She replied, "a preacher of that name stayed all night at our house last summer, with his family, who were on their way to Hexham."—I said, "that is my brother."—She then said, "you shall not leave my house to-night."—Presently, her husband came in, and we rejoiced together. After tea, each of us prayed, and it was a good time. I went with them to the prayer-meeting, at which I spoke a little, and prayed: it was a gracious season. Without asking me, the master published for me to speak at five o'clock in the morning. I did so; and many were in tears, and not a few cried aloud for mercy. When we returned, Mr. Peacock said, "it is our market-day, and Thomas Shaw, from Barnard-Castle, comes to our market—I will go with you to speak to him." We did so; and he said, "let the young woman go with —— to his house, three miles up the dale, and I will call for her to-morrow morning." Next morning he came to breakfast with us, when I answered many enquiries relative to my journey. He then asked me to pray; after which, he prayed in a wonderful manner, for blessings upon, and for me—which prayer has been answered through every period of my life, to the present time. Glory be to God!

In this journey, Mr. Thomas Shaw accompanied me to Garragill, a place in my brother's circuit. On our way, we had many blessed seasons at several places, where we stopped, and held meetings. *Barnard-Castle* was one of them, where much good was done. He delivered me to the care of John Walton, a very pious man, and useful local preacher. We had several powerful meetings before we left Garragill: many were awakened, and several saved, especially on the sabbath-day. On the Monday, we arrived at Hexham, where my brother received us gladly, and the more, because he would have Mr. Walton to preach for him that night, who said, he had no objection, provided he would let his sister go with him into the pulpit, to speak after he had done. My brother hesitated, for he had never heard me himself: he said, I might go into the singing-pew, and speak and pray there. Mr. W. preached in a most powerful manner; after which, he requested me to address the people, which I did: while I was engaged, the Holy Ghost descended in an extraordinary manner, insomuch, that the whole congregation were in tears. He gave out for me to speak at five o'clock in the morning, when we had a large congregation, and much good was done.

1793. At Hexham, and in the circuit, the Lord was with me: many souls were brought into liberty. I returned back in April; and between the third and the eleventh of May I returned again to Pateley Bridge, where we had a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God: a very glorious work broke out: souls were crying for mercy on every side. There, I promised the Lord, if he would own my labours for one week, I would stop another, and so continue to labour for him, and the good of souls; but if I saw no fruit of my labours for a week, I would return and keep at home. We had a good time at Braisty Wood, but a more glorious work broke out in Dallogill: in one night, thirty-six souls found peace with God. It was very late before I got to rest; and had not been in bed more than one hour, before I was called up to pray with the distressed, who had gone part of the way home, but had returned, their agony of soul being so great that they could not proceed. I begged they would let me rest one hour longer. They did, and sung and prayed beneath, during which time I learned two new tunes. Dallogill is six miles from Pateley Bridge, and eight from Ripon, situate in the moors.

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I visited Greenhow Hill, (in 1794)—but a local preacher lived there, that had proved an hindrance to the work; however, some lasting good was done. After speaking one Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, many roared out for mercy, during which I was suddenly moved by the Spirit of the Lord to look up—when, upon the hay-loft, I saw several young men leaning upon the beam, particularly one, who was laughing: immediately, I was powerfully moved by God to pray aloud, in the following words, for three times together, "*O God, bring down that laughing sinner:*"—when suddenly, his face gathered paleness, and in an instant, he fell down among the people, cried aloud for mercy, and continued in such distress, that he could neither eat, drink, work, nor sleep, till Tuesday morning—when he followed us to Pateley Bridge chapel, where the Lord graciously spoke peace to his soul, and soon after called him to preach the gospel.

Another particular circumstance occurred the sabbath-day following. The neighbourhood being alarmed, and many coming—one man who lived about a mile off, was invited by some of his neighbours to come to the meeting: he replied, "*I have plenty of women's noise at home; I have no need to go there to hear them.*" However, seeing some of his neighbours much changed, he resolved, that if I preached the sabbath following, he would come to hear: accordingly he came, and fixed himself near the pulpit. During the time of speaking, he was powerfully alarmed, insomuch that tears, like large drops of rain, made their way down his face. After speaking, we continued a prayer-meeting, as was my regular plan, when many found peace with God, particularly this man, who wrestled with the Lord for more than two hours, on his knees: at length he arose, rejoicing in God his Saviour. In about a month after, as I was returning from a meeting, he rode up to me, and asked me, if I did not know him; and on my answering, I never saw him before, that I knew of; he replied—"can you have forgot wiping the tears and sweat from my face, in Pateley Bridge chapel?" I then recollected him with joy of heart.

If the reader wish to have a more particular account of this revival, I refer him to the account sent to the editor of the Methodist Magazine, by Mr. Yewdal, and published in the year 1795, page 473—479. Some account of this revival is also contained in the following letter, from Mr. Pullan to Mrs. Barritt, my mother, who then lived at Colne, in Lancashire:—

Pateley Bridge, June 6, 1794.

DEAR FRIEND,

Your daughter being very much employed in the best of service, that of helping lost sinners to God, desired me to write a few lines of information, the which I most willingly do; and the rather, as I believe, when you read this, you will read the best news that ever I wrote on the subject.—Your daughter has been much pressed and fatigued by hard labour; but, she sees so much of the travail of the Redeemer's soul, as yields ample satisfaction. She is at present in good health, but I cannot tell when you may expect her to return; and if she die with us, I doubt not but she will obtain as good a resurrection from Pateley, as any other place; and if you never see her again in this world, you must get much of the mind that was in Christ, otherwise you may see her in heaven at too great a distance; for, as she is now an instrument in God's hand, of turning many to righteousness, she will most likely take a station near the throne of God, and shine like a star of more than common lustre; and indeed we may say of her, as was said of her Master—"*Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou has sucked.*" Perhaps, by this time, you may think I have given praise enough to a dependant worm: well, be it so: but I hope, if she continue steadfast, and unmoveable, and thus abound in the work of the Lord, I have not said *too much;* for we have now such a revival here, and at the places around us as, I suppose, never has been known since Pateley stood. I would descend to particulars, but paper fails. She will expect you to write soon. Direct to be left at our house.

I am your's, affectionately,

THOS. PULLAN.

About this time, I was at Pateley Bridge and Dallogill, where we had precious seasons; after which, I went to Mickley, where was a family of the name of Heath, great friends to the cause of God. Here, we had a large barn full of people. While speaking, the Lord poured out his Spirit in a wonderful manner, so that several dropped down and cried out for mercy; particularly, four young women. Full of distress, they came and laid their heads on my knee, and would not rise until they all found peace with God. One cried out, when water was offered her—"give me of the water of life; I must have it, or die eternally." About two in the morning, they all arose, rejoicing in the love of God. The same night, several others were awakened and saved. One young woman being in deep distress—some wicked young men went and told her mother, that they were killing her daughter in such a barn: she came, cursing and swearing, to rescue her daughter, but could not get at her, being inclosed in a kneeling ring, which she in vain endeavoured to break. In a little time, the mother herself, became distressed also, on account of her sins. Presently, both mother and daughter obtained peace with God. One, of the four abovementioned young women, has gone triumphant to Paradise: the remaining three are still on their passage to life eternal. Their fathers feared not God; yet, when they saw frills, curls, and ruffles abandoned, they acknowledged, that religion had done them some good, and would save them money. Two of these young women had a brother (a fine-looking young man), for whose soul they now felt exceedingly. They persuaded him to go to Ripon to hear me, when he also obtained a sense of God's pardoning love, after a struggle of two hours. Dear Mrs. James Ridal laboured much in this, and several other meetings; but she has fled, and left me behind.

"There we shall meet again,
When all our toil is o'er,

Where death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more;
In a new world, thy truth to prove—
A world of righteousness and love."

Praise the Lord, for the work he is carrying on. "O, wondrous grace!—O, boundless love!"

I went from thence to Ripon. Here the Lord manifested his power in a glorious manner. At one meeting, I was particularly led to pray that God would bring down a powdered young man in the gallery, whose soul lay near my heart. He got out and went home—but finding no rest, he came and returned several times. On the Monday night he came about five miles, when he was constrained to roar out aloud for the distress of his soul. The Lord heard his cry, delivered him, and he went home praising God.

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In this journey, I had a glorious time at Tanfield, about six miles from Ripon. Religion was at a low ebb here. It had been ebbing for some time, but it pleased God to pour out his Spirit, and revive his work—so that the first time the preacher came, he joined twenty-seven new members.—Soon after this, I went to my brother again, and was some weeks with him: the Lord was with us in the circuit, and good was done; but a Mr. R—— was a great hindrance to the work. The Lord forgive him.

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I received an invitation from Mr. Gaulter, to Alnwick circuit—(this was in the year 1794,) where I spent fourteen weeks and four days, with much satisfaction; labouring with him and Mr. Timperley, in the vineyard of our common Lord. At Morpeth, I preached in the town's hall, to a crowded, and very attentive, congregation. Good was done. Several informed me afterwards, that they received their first concern at that time, and place. I believe this visit was found profitable to many; and my own soul was much instructed and strengthened. On my last day in this circuit, Mr. Gaulter accompanied me to a village, where I had to speak in the evening. This was a memorable day: it snowed, and blew, and stormed most tremendously. When we arrived at the place, we found that the people had procured an assembly-room for us to speak in. Mr. Gaulter begun by singing and prayer; and after speaking about ten minutes, he said, "I shall now give place to my sister Barrit, who will address you;" when instantly, a gentleman (who would not have come, had he thought I should have ventured out on such a day as this, his prejudices were such against women preaching) wished himself away, and made efforts to get out; but being obliged to stay, and lend his ears, he was presently powerfully awakened, so that when the meeting broke up, he followed us into an adjacent house, where we continued a prayer-meeting, during which, himself and two or three of his servants found peace with God. Here I wish to state a providential circumstance; for, in no other light can I view it. When I left my brother's circuit, I had near twenty shillings in my pocket, which I thought sufficient for that journey; but in stopping so long, I had got into the last shilling. The gentleman above-mentioned, said to me, "you must not leave here till I see you in the morning." I said, "I shall leave here about nine o'clock." Just when I was about setting off, having mounted my mare, he came up, shook hands with me, and left a guinea, saying, "please to accept this—a mite in return for a million of service." I then proceeded on my journey, with a friend who had come for me.

Between that place and his house was a river: (I rode on a pony, and he on a large horse.) When we came to the water-side, my friend appeared apprehensive of danger, from the swelling of the river, but we ventured in: I soon felt a giddiness to seize my head: I called to the man, and begged he would take hold of my bridle, which he did; upon which my horse began to swim. What increased the danger was, that large sheets of ice came forcibly against us. Here—prayer, and faith in God, were our only refuge: we were mercifully preserved, and could not help afterwards singing—

> "The wat'ry deep I pass, with Jesus in my view,
> And through the howling wilderness, my way pursue."

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After this, I attended to an invitation in the Whitehaven circuit, by Mr. Ogilvie.—At Branton, the Lord began to bless his people. Glory be to his adorable name! The steward had consulted with and advised the preacher, Mr. O., not to take me into the pulpit, though he had in part influenced him to write for me. I had heard of this, and refused taking that place; but on Wednesday evening, the steward came and insisted on me going into the pulpit to labour.—Mr. O. afterwards told the people, if he had had a cathedral, I should be welcome to speak in it.—On the sabbath-day, Mr. O. went to Carlisle, and on Monday evening I was with him there. It was a gracious time. Glory be to God! I think forty or fifty were soon added to the society there. The Lord blessed the labours of both the preachers. A particular circumstance, worthy to be recorded, occurred here. There was a man that had been a drunkard. About three years before, the Lord made my brother an instrument of his conversion. It seems, an old companion of his lay near his heart, whom he had oft entreated to go and hear the word, but with whom he could never prevail, till that first sabbath-day I was there. He met the wicked man in the street, and said, "come, go with me to the chapel to-day:" he cursed him, and said, "what is there to do to-day, more than other days?" the man answered, "a young woman was going to speak at the chapel:" he then called upon God to curse and ——n all women-kind, for they had been his ruin:—his friend replied, but if they have been your ruin, you know not but God has sent one to be your cure: at that he burst from him, but had not gone far, when he turned and said, "stop, I will go with thee:" he was half drunk, and in his dirty clothes. I could speak from nothing that time but from one of our hymns:—

"Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;
Nor shall he bleed in vain?

Misers, for you his life he paid;
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more."

The tears soon made way down his dirty face: he was there again at night, and on the Thursday night following he cried out aloud for mercy, and the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and he became a new man. Glory be to God! While in this circuit, several persons came to hear from a place called Faugh, and got awakened to a sense of their danger, and converted to God; particularly one family, who invited me to their house, where I went. On my journey to this place, in company with a friend, we passed through some fields; and in coming near to a gate, through which we had to pass, we were astonished to see it open of itself, go back, and stand open while we passed through, and then shut of itself. This circumstance was made a great blessing to my soul; for, I thought if the Lord would send an angel to open me a gate, when going to labour for him, he would surely give me success in that journey, which he did, to the joy of my own soul and many others. I am aware, that many will attribute the above-mentioned circumstance to, a *gust* of wind, or some other natural course; and perhaps others will doubt, or deny it altogether. With all this, I have nothing to do: *it is a fact;* and it is *equally certain* to my mind, that *it could not proceed from any natural cause.*—Since the time of my being at Faugh, the family above-mentioned have taken in the travelling preachers, who have been made a blessing to many in the village.—While labouring at another village in this neighbourhood, many were awakened, and some converted to God. One man in going out of the house into the kitchen, saw a light like unto the brightness of the sun, and was so affected by it, that he returned back, entreating his friends to pray with him: we did so, until he obtained mercy.

Some account of this great and good work, is contained in a letter from Miss Monkhouse to Mrs. Holder, dated—Bouse, June 28, 1794; of which the following extract shall be given:—

> ——— "I have been at four love-feasts since these preachers came, and I must say I never was at such love-feasts in my life; so powerfully was the Lord present to bless and comfort his people.—There are prayer-meetings held every night, in different parts of the town; they are particularly lively, and made a blessing to many.—We have had a Miss Mary Barritt in

this circuit; a person who succeeded in the charge of your class, when you last left the island (Isle of Man). She has been made very useful in the hands of God at many places; indeed, at Darlington, they attribute the great revival there chiefly to her instrumentality; and I believe, there might have been many more saved here, had not some of us been too prejudiced to suffer a woman to teach in public—too orderly to detain the people at the prayer-meetings, past such a time of night; but, however, when the Lord has work to do, he can work by whom he will, and none can hinder. My soul rejoices that I have seen the day, when my ears have heard, and my eyes have witnessed, what my heart has long prayed for; and if a drop before the shower, so swells our souls with praise to heaven, what must it be when the day of pentecost shall fully come.—Many are inclined to think these are the beginning of good days: let us hasten the happy period by our prayers, and at present rejoice that our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. Glory be to God, while I have prayed for, and rejoiced in Zion's prosperity, my own fleece has not remained unwashed with the dew of heavenly grace: God has blessed me with an increase of love to himself and people, and of zeal for his cause; *I long to bear some part in bringing my fellow-sinners to Jesus.* I am often contrained to cry out—

" If all the world my Jesus knew,
Then all the world would love him too."

I remain, your's,

In the best, strongest, and sweetest bands,

M. MONKHOUSE."

* * * * * *

In July, 1795, I returned to Colne, and from thence to Manchester Conference. Here I again met with dear Mr. Bramwell, who had laboured in Colne circuit some years back, and been made a blessing to many, particularly to me, by *instruction*, *exhortation*, and *reproof*.

On the sabbath-day, I heard him converse and speak of his soul enjoying a constant precious God. While he was speaking, I sensibly felt I did not enjoy all it was my privilege to enjoy; and having been so long in the cold north, and finding that but few of the people that met in class enjoyed a clear sense of pardon, it led me to speak, and particularly pray for souls to get pardon, insomuch that I had lost that clear sense of sanctification I formerly had; and being sensible that but few of the people were prepared for this blessing, and having lost it in a measure myself, I did not speak of it in so plain and clear a manner as I ought to have done.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I went thirsting and mourning; struggling and striving to get more religion, so that when I was at a prayer-meeting, I could scarce pray for others, I felt my own wants so great. The language of my heart was—

> " Refining fire, go through my heart,
> Illuminate my soul;
> Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
> And sanctify the whole.
>
> O that it now from heav'n might fall,
> And all my sins consume!
> Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
> Spirit of burning, come."

On Thursday, my brother and sister Barritt went with me to Mr. Broadhurst's. Mr. Thomas Vasey, sen. and several other preachers were present. One of them asked Mr. B. how his soul prospered; he said, it was but such a time since that the Lord pardoned all his sins, but much less since He sanctified his soul clearly. Just then came in Messrs. Bramwell and Drake: we kneeled down: Mr. B. prayed, and as he prayed, being overwhelmed with the power of

God, I dropped to the carpet, and heard no more till Mr. D. had nearly done praying, when I heard myself shouting, glory be to God, while that scripture was applied to my heart, "*I will, be thou clean.*" Mr. Bramwell called upon me to pray. I prayed one word, and praised another: it was a time, I trust, never to be forgotten by me. Here, I learned the way of faith more perfectly, which was on this wise—I saw, when the Lord had emptied my heart of all sin by the power of faith in his blood, he, at the same time, gave me full power to abide in him, by a continual coming to the fountain. There was no need to come to him, praying—"*take evil out of my heart*;" nevertheless, I had, and still have, to come praying—"*Wash my words, and thoughts, and intentions, and thus preserve my soul pure to thee.*" Blessed be God, I have lived in the enjoyment of this blessing ever since. I am kept by watching unto prayer, by looking to the Lord, and believing on his name.

We returned to Colne on Saturday; and on the Sunday, I was at a prayer-meeting, at a friend's house, (W. Fould's) in Colne Lane.—Six or seven young woman were in distress: I stopped a little after, and prayed with them; but my dear mother, who had been a Methodist above twenty years, was quite offended with me, and said, "I had put her, myself, and the whole family to shame, with praying so loud." I had often wrote to inform her how the work was carried on in different places, but she was so grieved, she would scarce listen to what I had to say. The morning following, came in Mr. Adkin, who then travelled in the Colne circuit. She began to inform him, with great cheerfulness, of what had passed the last evening, thinking he would speak against it; but he smiled, and said, "*you and I must submit: it is the Lord's way*:—last Sunday, I was at Heptonstall, at a love-feast, when the work broke out; and old John Slater (a leader) came to me, saying, 'Mr. Adkin, stop this noise, I cannot do with it, it hurts my feelings': I said, 'John, where wouldst thou have me go'; he replied, 'follow me': I did so, and came where he thought it was the loudest—I then said to him, 'John, if you want any more religion, kneel down just here, and pray for yourself; and if not, I insist upon you kneeling down, and praying for this soul in distress'—he did so; and behold, John soon prayed and praised God, in louder strains than any other person in the chapel."—My mother, at this, seemed very much astonished.—For several days she appeared uneasy, and often said, "Mary, if you be right, I am wrong."—The sabbath-day following, I had to labour at a place two miles in the country: my mother said, "I could like to go with you, but I am afraid I cannot bear to walk." I told her, I would help her all I could, and we could stop all night, afterwards. She consented; and as we went, I solicited one favour from her, which was, that if she saw any affected, she would not look out at the window, or appear as an unconcerned spectator, but that she would get near those that were crying out for mercy. There were two persons cut to the heart, and cried out for the disquietude of their souls. My dear mother, as I had advised her, went and kneeled down by those in distress; and I soon heard her much engaged for herself, entreating the Lord to soften her hard heart, remove her unbelief, and cleanse her soul. She soon arose, and shouted, glory be to God. She saw and felt the work was of God—engaged heartily in it, and was very useful that night. She walked home the same night very stoutly, praising God, though she had forgot her stick. The morning following, Mr. Adkin came, and she said to him, weeping, "O, sir, I can never forgive myself for my last week's behaviour to Mary. Though she and the Lord forgive me, yet I cannot forgive myself." We kneeled down, and all rejoiced together.

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In the latter end of August, 1795, I complied with an invitation to travel again through the Middleham circuit, (with Mr. R. Harrison, and J. Ridall,) and had some good times: souls were brought to God, and we rejoiced together. We saw many singular instances of the power and goodness of God, in saving poor sinners. I was at one place, called Aysgarth, and spoke in the afternoon, and at night. There was a young man, that had been playing at football in the afternoon, whose mother, as I learned afterwards, had much to do to prevail with him to come; however, he came in the evening, and placed himself on the top of a chest of drawers, but the Lord found him out: he was powerfully convicted in his conscience, and cried out aloud for mercy, but returned home praising God. Many more were awakened at this time; particularly a young woman, Ann Thompson by name. I loved her much when I saw her first. She slept with me that evening, or rather wrestled and prayed, for we slept very little, if at all. I prayed with her till near two o'clock: we then went to bed, but she still cried for mercy. I laid my head upon her face, to prevent her from waking the whole family. About four o'clock, the Lord spoke peace to her soul: then it was with much greater difficulty that I kept her from waking the family with shouting. Glory be to

God! She has been one of the excellent of the earth ever since, has laboured for the Lord in a public way, and had her labours blessed to many. The young man has also been an ornament to the gospel.

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I went to Thirsk, in Yorkshire, where the Lord poured out his Spirit in a most wonderful manner. The summer before this, I was here one sabbath-day afternoon, and the Lord was present to wound and to heal. Eight or ten, that we knew of, found liberty; and among them was a young man, a butcher. He had been a moral young man, and kind to his parents. He then supported, or in part supported, his mother.

On Monday, it being the market-day, he had to bear the scoff and ridicule of the town; for it was spread abroad that the women had turned J. B—— mad; however, he bore it with great fortitude; but, during the week, he was much tempted, and particularly distressed with this thought, "I must sell no more meat on the sabbath-day, and the best of my customers send for it then; and if I do not let them have it, probably they will not come on the Monday, so my meat will spoil, and I shall not be able to pay my way, and so become a scandal to religion;"—again he thought, "I have taken my dear mother to keep: I could take a spade and work in a ditch for myself, but I cannot bear that she should come to want." He took the right method, laying his case before the Lord, and in earnest prayer seeking for wisdom and strength. When sabbath came, he rose early, went to his shambles door, and told his customers as they came, that he could not let them have any meat that day, but in the morning he would supply them as soon as they pleased. Some cursed, others said he was mad, and his mother was quite displeased at him; for she then knew nothing of true religion; but he bore it all with christian fortitude, prayed much, and trusted in God for deliverance.—On Monday, he sold all his meat by three o'clock in the afternoon, and came home rejoicing. He soon after this, got his mother to hear, and she found peace with God; also, a sister of his; and in little more than a year, he became a local preacher; and the Lord much blessed him in body and soul, in his basket and store, and made all that he did to prosper.—O, how well it is to trust in the Lord! May my soul trust in, and praise him, more and more! Many in, and about Thirsk, got their souls blessed; and some at Northallerton: also in, and near Potta, good was done. One young woman in particular, was much distressed for her soul, but soon found peace with God. We concluded, but the housekeeper, where I lodged, went down into the cellar: we heard a cry, followed her, and found her on her knees, crying aloud for mercy and salvation. We brought her into the parlour, and wrestled with, and for her: she was soon enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God; also many more the week following. Glory be to God, for the work he has done, and is still doing.

I came by Easingwold to Thirsk, and then to Middleham circuit; and in two or three days came with Thomas Greensitt, to Colne.

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From a place called Thornaby, betwixt Easingwold and Thirsk, two young men came to hear me at Ripon, where they got awakened, and one found peace with God. On their return home, they informed their mother, who wished them to invite me to come to their house: they did so: I attended to the invitation: the woman received me kindly, and seemed very anxious to hear all that might be said. We had a good time in the public meeting at night, where several seemed much alarmed. In the morning, we had a prayer-meeting: the Lord poured out his Spirit among the people, and several found peace with God; but the mistress of the house, by whom I was invited, came to me in the meeting, and said, "before I would make a noise like some that are present, I would burst." After the meeting was concluded, I invited her to accompany me to Easingwold, where there was to be a love-feast; but she refused, saying, she was not able to go, I had made her so miserable: however, after we had been in the love-feast a few minutes, she came in. Several were much affected; and I went into the gallery to encourage some, but was suddenly alarmed at hearing a particular voice from a man, praying to God to save his mother; and on looking down from the gallery, saw it was the good woman's eldest son, kneeling down by his mother, who was in an agony of distress, and praying for her with all his heart; but she soon rose, and also her other son, rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. She caught her sons in her arms, while we all praised God with joyful lips. It was a most pleasing and affecting sight.

1795. I returned soon after to Pateley Bridge, where several remarkable circumstances occurred. One sabbath-day, the clergyman and parish clerk went to the church, and waited a considerable time, but as none else attended, they came to hear me. The same day, I saw an aged gentleman much affected in the gallery, and I felt determined to speak to him, if he should stay the prayer-meeting; but when afterwards I looked for him, he was not visible; however, I went up into the gallery, where I found him in the bottom of the pew, laid with his face on the seat, on which were two dubs of tears, which had dropped from his eyes, nearly as large as the palm of my hand: he cried out, and before he rose from his knees, found peace with God: great was then his joy of heart. He was steward to —— York, esquire; and afterwards, he was steward for the Methodist Society, for many years. I have since heard, that he died happy in God. I spoke several times during this visit, at Pateley Bridge, and at many places in that neighbourhood: the Lord was with us of a truth.

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About this time, I was on a visit to Felbeck, near Pateley, in company with Mrs. James Ridal, a most pious and useful women—very active in our prayer-meetings—but who soon after took her triumphant flight to Abraham's bosom.—Here, I spoke twice—once in a *barn*, the other time upon some steps, in the open air. There were many who cried out for mercy, and who found liberty through the blood of the Lamb: the meetings continued till a late hour; after which, sister Ridal and myself went to rest.—One morning, about four o'clock, our room-door was suddenly opened; upon which, Mrs. Weatherhead, Mrs. Malthouse, and soon after, several others came in, crying aloud for mercy. We begun, and continued praying with them, till six o'clock, when several of them found peace with God, and rejoiced exceedingly. From thence, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Malthouse, and Mr. and Mrs. Weatherhead, we rode to Minskip. At Mr. Malthouse's, we spent a very pleasant and profitable afternoon, in conversation, singing, and prayer. At intervals, I prayed much that the Lord would shew me what he would have me speak from that night: nothing appeared clear, excepting that hymn which begins,

> "He comes! he comes! the Judge severe!"

Mr. Malthouse had sent through the village, and to Boroughbridge, to inform the inhabitants that I should speak, in his barn, that night, at seven o'clock. The evening was fine and clear; scarce a cloud could be perceived on the sky. A large concourse of people had assembled: we began with singing and prayer. I then rose up, gave out the above-mentioned hymn, and when coming to these lines—

> "His lightenings flash; his thunders roll,
> How welcome to the faithful soul."

instantly, a flash of lightening blazed through the whole barn, and then followed, a peal of thunder, that shook the whole building. Immediately, numbers cried out for mercy, as if the last day was come. Some believed, (as I heard afterwards) that I had the thunder and lightening at command. It continued to thunder and lighten the whole of the night. Numbers were awakened that evening, and many found peace with God. Several of them have continued to this day; and some have gone home to God: among these, was a butcher, who was very useful, and died well.

I had before received an invitation from a Quaker friend, to Bainbridge: I, at this time, accepted the invitation. She had a niece, whose name was J. S——, who would not come to her aunt's for several days, because I was there; but when I came again, her prejudice being in part done away, she thought she would come and hear in the garden: she did so, and heard for herself; and in a few nights afterwards, found the Lord to the joy of her heart. Numbers more were brought to the saving knowledge of the truth.—A Mr. L—— took me to his house, who had been brought to God in one of our former meetings, in a powerful manner.—After this, I laboured at Thirsk again, and several more were brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light; while many of those who were brought in before, continued to ornament the doctrines of the gospel. One, in particular, has become, I am informed, an acceptable and useful preacher of the gospel; while several others, labour in a more contracted sphere of action. O, how well it is to follow the pillar of cloud!—to tread in the footsteps of God's providential and gracious will. Lord, teach me thy will, and enable me to say in the confidence of faith with thy servant, (Psalm lxxiii. 24) "*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.*"

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About this time, I received the following letter, from Mr. Ogilvie, one of the travelling preachers:—

1796.

My dear Sister,

This afternoon I was favoured with your friendly letter, for which I thank you most kindly. I am sorry that you have been so poorly; but thankful to God, who has graciously raised you up again: I trust, for his own glory. I cannot doubt that if you had been called away, but it would have been for your eternal gain, and blessedness. *It is true, the church would have sustained the greatest loss;* and the people of God would have mourned your absence for a season, till they had met you again in the kingdom of heaven.—It does rejoice my soul, that you found the Lord Jesus both present and precious to you in the time of your affliction. I do trust that the Head of the church has raised you up to do something more for him in the world. O that your spared life may be a very great blessing to hundreds of thousands of souls.—I know that you have a large soul, and wish to do great things for the Lord; but I am only afraid *"that your sword will be too sharp for its scabbard."* Pray do not leave Bainbridge, till you get a little strength. If I were near you, I would try to keep you a prisoner for a few days. I can bless the name of the Lord, that I find him precious to my soul. I am doing a little for God, but it is only a little. *I found that the few days I had you with me, were blessed to me.* I wish we had you at Otley a few days. If my dear wife were here. she would join me in love, &c.

Your's, affectionately,
T. Ogilvie.

I might probably entertain the reader very profitably, by publishing my journals more at large. In the Yorkshire Dales, extending from Ripon to Bainbridge, Reeth, and Richmond, the Lord enabled me, and others, to gather the harvest, in handfuls, and every where he gave us fruit: for, at that time, those circuits had but little help from the travelling preachers, compared with what they now have. I might add many things also with respect to my convictions, views, feelings, and conduct, relative to my public work. Suffice it to say, that the Almighty, in a most *extraordinary manner*, *removed my scruples, answered my objections, and thrust me out into his vineyard.* Indeed, nothing but a powerful conviction that God required it at my hand, and that I should lose my *own soul*, if I did not endeavour to save the souls of others, could have supported me in it; added to this, that the Lord gave me souls in almost every place; and in general, whenever I stood up in his name before the people, and more especially at those times, when so overwhelmed with a sense of the magnitude of the work, that I was tempted to run away from it. This wonderful condescension, and stupendous love of Christ to *me*, deeply humbled *my* soul before him.

"And shall I slight my Father's love?
  Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
  Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness t' impart,
By hiding it within my heart?

No: though the ancient Dragon rage,
  And call forth all his host to war;
Though earth's self-righteous sons engage;—
  Them and their god, alike I dare;
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim;
Jesus, to sinners still the same."

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1796. I went to Pateley Bridge, where I had spent some considerable time in 1793. Several souls more found the Lord to pardon, and some to sanctify. I was abundantly happy to find many standing fast in the Lord, who were brought to God in the great revival here.

About this time, I received the following letter, from Mr. Fenwick, travelling preacher:—

Cold-Kirby, March 10, 1796.

MY DEAR SISTER,

God himself has sent you, like the great Wesley, and the great Whitfield; namely, as a blessing to the nation; nevertheless, you will have great need of the *faith* of an *Abraham*, the *resolution* of a *Joshua*, the *meekness* of a *Moses*, the *strength* of a *Sampson*, the *patience* of a *Job*, the *head* of a *Solomon*, the *zeal* of *King David*, the *love* of *St. John*, the *determination* of *St. Paul*. My prayer is, that God may put on you his whole armour; causing you to "*comprehend with* *all saints; what is the length, breadth, depth, and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge and to be filled with all the fulness of God."* Thomas Walsh, a man of God, whom my late father, the Reverend John Wesley, and myself found in Ireland, cut short his useful days, by too loud preaching: see that you guard against this: preach within yourself, and beware of extraordinary exertion: provided this is attended unto, you will last the longer. Never strain your voice. Never keep your congregations too long. Never sit up too long. Never converse too long. In all things watch and pray, so shall you in all things gain ground. Remember many (not a few) eyes are upon you, some for good, but not all. Let Christ be your all, and in all; and in one word, let him be your finished example.

I remain, your everlasting friend, brother, and servant, to command in the peaceable gospel of the benevolent Son of God,

MICHAEL FENWICK.

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At this time, there was one thing that I was much concerned about: it was a great weight upon my mind; I laid it constantly before the Lord, and begged his direction, and to know the will of God. I laboured much, and entreated the Lord to make it clear. I felt an earnest desire to know the will of the Lord, in order that I might do it. I left Pateley Bridge on Monday, believing that the Lord would make this also clear to me, and not suffer me to err. I stopped at Hebden that night; where my Quaker friend and her brother came for me. I went with them on the Tuesday to Cravenholm, near Bainbridge, (this was in November, 1796,) but was very sick all the way. It appeared to me, *death is near:* my soul was very happy; I could say from my very heart, "*thy will be done.*" There was a wonderful providence in all this: the wheels were turning round, and I began to see the will of God. There was another of my friend's nieces, who had told her aunt, she would not stay to be there while the Methodist woman was there, as she called me, but intended to go away on Monday, as I was to be there on the Tuesday; but on the Saturday before, as she was taking up some sand at the door, a stone fell from the wall, and so crushed her foot, that she was obliged to stop. The first night, the Lord awakened her soul; and she then became so attached to me, that she attended me constantly during my illness, night and day, which was very severe. The Lord reward her. My affliction was the measles. It was then I saw the will of God concerning me: I was confined about a month, but I laboured a little, and some good was done. The kindness of this family was very great: the Lord reward them: I believe he will. After I left the place, they joined fifteen in class; for there had been no society there for many years.

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1797. After, I went and laboured with Mr. Harrison and Mr. Shaw, at their request, in the Lancaster circuit: we had many good times, and numbers were brought to God that spring. At one village in this circuit, a blessed work broke out. One young man, in particular, of a very wicked character, was awakened and converted to God, and has since taken in the preachers. The magistrate of that neighbourhood, observed to some of our friends, it was a happy circumstance my coming to that place, for it had saved him much trouble; and that he intended the first opportunity to hear for himself. At Kendal, evident good also appeared; and at Bathel Green, where that blessed man lives, Stephen Brunskill.

At Lancaster, some souls were brought to God; among whom, was a young gentleman, who afterwards removed to the city of Carlisle; where he is very useful in the cause of God, and a pillar in that church.

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I went to Preston, in Lancashire: the Lord was with us of a truth. At Bolton Hall, in particular, several old professors were much against what they called irregularity and disorder, insomuch, that I heard one of the leaders say, "If I had had a few stones in my pocket, I would have thrown them at the lads;" but the Lord was pleased to work, and many sinners were awakened, and brought to praise a pardoning God. I went from thence to Chorley, (in the Wigan circuit,) by request of Mr. Thomas Wood and Mr. Sykes: many followed us from Bolton Hall: it was a time to be remembered. The next day, as two friends, H. C. and J. B. were going home, one said to the other, "what did we come for?"—they both said, a clean heart: they enquired farther, "have we got it?" they each replied, they had not: they both turned back again, and where determined not to return without it: we went out to tea that afternoon, and at prayer, the Lord spake the second time '*be thou clean*;' and they both went home the next day, filled with the fulness of God. They then went to speak to the same leader that had said so much against what is generally termed the revival:—another pious man, a class-leader, told J. C. to take a horse, and go to the meetings, and never come home again, till he got his soul sanctified to God: he took the advice; and on Friday accompanied another person, who wanted the same blessing, to a place called Black-rod; where, on the Saturday afternoon, the Lord cleansed both their souls. On the sabbath-day morning, they returned to Bolton Hall, and just got in by class-time: after they had sung and prayed, he said, "come, lads, I will help you to shout, Glory be to God now, for he has cleansed my soul." The preacher came at half-past ten o'clock as usual, to preach, but J. C. stood up on a form, and shouted, "come down, man, we have had preaching plenty, unless more good had been done by it; come out of the pulpit, and help us to *pray*:" he did so, and the meeting continued until about eleven at night. This was the same person, that wished he had stones in his pocket, to fling at the praying lads.* There were fifty or sixty of the inhabitants brought to God in a few weeks, besides many from other parts. All glory to God and the Lamb.

I received the following letter, from one of our preachers:—

Cravenholm, Dec. 31, 1796.

MY VERY DEAR LASS,

I received your's of the 25th inst. I am glad to hear of good being done during Peggy's stay with you; and I hope it is increased much more before this reach you. Of what infinite value is a little spiritual good!—how much better than thousands of gold and silver.—I pray God that a little more of that good may be received by us, and conveyed by us.—I sometimes fear, the *pipe is foul*, or the water of life would be *more clearly and abundantly* conveyed by my unworthy means to my fellow sinners.—What a pity, if the pure water of life should be made unwholesome (by means of a bad conveyance) between the fountain and the thirsty crowd.—I hope the Lord is carrying on his work among us: we have added a few this visitation of classes. I hope our visit at Diamond-hill was rendered profitable there. I hear of a stirring up in the neighbourhood.—We had much of the Lord's presence at the watch-night—my soul was much refreshed from the presence of the Lord.—I had *three* persons from Thirsk, enquiring after you; and I am to let them know, by *all* means, when you intend to visit them again. Excuse haste: I have to go to Swaledale—and shall be late enough. My love to my brethren Harrison and Shaw.

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* I would not be understood to justify a conduct like this, towards the ministers of the gospel; but, have frequently observed, that those who have been most prejudiced against what they call irregularity, and disorder, if their intentions have been pure, when they have been quickened in their own souls, have been the most disorderly and irregular of any.

Your affectionate Brother,

PHILIP HARDCASTLE.

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1797. I then came to Lancaster, and by Kendale, and Bainbridge, home again, and had good times—felt the Lord precious to my own soul, and saw his arm made bare in the salvation of others. From thence, went to Leeds Conference. I went to the house of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Baisden, where I was most affectionately received; and, as Mr. Bramwell, Mr. Drake, and some other preachers were there, I felt the more thankful. We had at this time several public meetings, held in a dye-house, where I spoke to multitudes of people, and where many, very many, were born of God. Some are gone to glory: others continue to this day. Dr. Coke was the president of the Conference. I heard *him*, and several others preach, and received much instruction and profit. This *Conference* was a season of great difficulty and perplexity to many of the preachers; also, a time of trial to my own mind, as I was informed of many of my own spiritual children being on the eve of leaving the Methodist body, and joining Mr. Kilham's party. I *was* a Methodist from the first, both in *heart* and *sentiment*; and ever intended to remain with them. From the first of my hearing of the intended division, I had taken much pains with my friends to prevent them being carried away with new things, however imposing in appearance. However, I was prevailed upon to hear one of Mr. Kilham's friends, because he was represented to me as being a very holy and useful man of God. In this, I was much disappointed, and felt very uncomfortable. After he had done, Mr. K. gave out some verses, and then called upon me to pray: I replied—"No, sir!"—I attended the preachings at five o'clock in the morning, and generally found these very profitable seasons. One day, after having spoke in the dye-house, some respectable females, from Bradford, followed me to my lodgings, having got powerfully awakened in the meeting. They desired, I would pray with them. That the family might not be incommoded, who were preparing dinner for the preachers, I took them down into a small *cellar*, where we wrestled with God in mighty prayer, till the preachers came in to dinner; for, though some had found peace, others remained in deep distress. One of the preachers came to the top of the stairs, and called me by name: I answered, "yes, sir!" and then prayed again. He called a second time: I answered as before; and the distress of one being great, I prayed again. He called a third time; upon which, I went up, and found Mr. Henry Taylor, leaning upon the banister, who said to me, "I suppose you would not come, because you knew who it was that was calling you: I replied, "no, sir, I do not know who you are:" he then said, "my name is Henry Taylor; and I thought you had heard of the evil things I had reported of you in the north:" I said, I had heard that something had been reported in the north respecting me: he said, "it was me; and I have stayed here, determining not to go till you came, that I might beg your pardon:" I told him, I freely forgave him; and then gave him my hand, at which he wept much. After dinner, we had a most extraordinary time in prayer. When Mr. Taylor rose up from his knees, he said, "*Brethren*, I cannot leave you." It seems, before this, he had intended leaving the old connection, and joining the new party.—During my stay at Leeds, I accompanied Mr. Bramwell to Woodhouse chapel, where we witnessed wonderful and astonishing effects: many souls were born of God. At Leeds, and in the neighbourhood, I stayed about a fortnight, and laboured both in public and private. From thence I went to Bradford, in order to assist Mr. Hopper, who then travelled in that circuit. He entered heartily into the work, prayed earnestly with the souls in distress, and rejoiced much in the good that was done. He ever afterwards continued one of my firmest friends. While here, the Rev. Mr. Cross, (the Vicar of Bradford,) sent for me to breakfast with him, who also rejoiced much in the good that was done. I frequently visited him; indeed, he requested me to call upon him, at all opportunities, during my stay; and whenever I should be in the neighbourhood. Much good was done during this visit, that remains to this day. O that I could praise my God as I would!

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My next journey was to Wetherby, soon after the Conference, in the same year. The Lord was with us of a truth. Two or more could rejoice the first time we had a public meeting.

The same day, I attended a love-feast at Ribstone, with Mr. Michael Emmet, the superintendent of Wetherby circuit: many souls found pardon, and remain to this day. O for more faith in God! I then laboured at Harewood, and good was done there; some of whom, I hear, are turned back: but many stand to the praise of God. I then returned to see my Mother, at Colne, but could not stay at home: the worth of souls lay near my heart, and I received many letters of invitation, from many travelling preachers; and people inviting me to their respective circuits; and very many letters of acknowledgement and thanks, for good received in our meetings.

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My next journey was to York, where I met with dear Messrs. Blackborne and Emmett, whom I much esteem in the Lord. I travelled round the York circuit more than once, and God was with us of a truth. At Wighill, HE wrought a glorious work: a large number of souls got saved, both old and young, rich and poor. At one meeting, it appeared that all the people were praying, some for themselves, and some for others; but Mr. Raisen's servant-man was heard to say, "they are all going mad: I never heard the like in all my life: I have seen Methodists before to-day, but I never heard them make a noise like this before." It being rainy the next morning, the people could not go to harvest-work; the master sent for his neighbours, and called in his servants. I had much liberty in speaking; and at prayer, the young man before mentioned, cried out aloud for mercy, so that my voice could not be heard in prayer, though I prayed very loud. I gave over, opened my eyes, and saw the young man in dreadful agonies; but the Lord soon spoke peace to his soul: he rose up leaping, shouting, praising God, and calling upon all to praise God for him. One that heard him say the night before, we were all going mad, came to him, and clapping him on the shoulder, said, "well, Harry, are we all mad; how is it?" "Yea, mad indeed," said Harry, "Glory be to God, a glorious madness, I feel it in my heart."

At Tadcaster, an old man (one of our friends), had a son who had been in a backsliding state twenty-eight years, who came into the prayer-meeting, and was awakened and brought back to God. This man's name was Thomas Ellis; and the circumstance was a very extraordinary one. Mr. E. Wade, from Sturton-Grange, being present, said, "Thomas, thou shalt not go away till thy soul get converted;" but he replied, "I must go, for some persons are waiting for me:" upon this, Mr. W. took fast hold of him, and they kneeled down together; and we begun, and continued to pray, one after another, till the Lord spoke peace to his soul. Mr. Daniel, a butcher, and some others, found peace in the same meeting. All this happened on the Monday morning. On the *sabbath* preceding, a magistrate, together with a clergyman of the Church of England, came to hear me, purposing, to put a stop to our proceedings, in case they found to be true, what they had heard about disorderly meetings. What they thought and felt while I was speaking, I know not; but in the midst of the service, a mob being at the outside of the door, making a great noise, the magistrate sent a message to this effect—that, if they did not quietly disperse, or cease from disturbing the congregation, he would have them taken up, and committed to prison. From that time, to the present, thank God, the Methodists there have never been molested in the enjoyment of their christian privileges.

We had precious seasons at Wharton Lodge, Bickerton, and Stillingfleet. "O for a heart to praise my God," at the remembrance of his name! O Lord, help me to praise thy adorable name!

The Lord also manifested his saving power at Cawood, at Riccall, and the neighbouring villages: numbers were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

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The Lord made bare his arm in a most glorious manner at Selby: from six to ten, in a meeting, obtained the pardoning love of God. Praised be his holy name!

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At York, I laboured with Mr. Blackborne: there was a prospect of good; many souls got blessed; but Satan roared, and in a measure got the victory. The fear of man prevailed: the friends of Emmanuel where not sufficiently firm. I saw this; though, as it respected myself, I felt in a great measure, deaf to praise and dispraise: it was alike to me, so that souls were saved, and God glorified. I knew this was my motive, the gaining proselytes to Jesus; and to accomplish this, I had long since given up ease, and a good name, among men. Whatever appeared to obstruct or stand in the way of this, pained my mind. On this account, I felt much for York. May God be merciful to that city! I have oft since prayed for it, and have sometimes thought, I have yet to bear a testimony for God in that place: the Lord only knows.

In 1798, I took a tour to Thirsk again, and found many happy souls that had been brought to God in our former meetings; and a few others were then added to them, such as, I trust, will be everlastingly saved. The Rev. Mr. Vasey, from Whitby, came over to help us: I promised him to go over, and help them; and after a visit to Lambhill, where we had a very gracious time, (some being stirred up to greater diligence, and others that were mourning, obtaining comfort,) some of my dear friends, Mr. J. H——, and Mrs. ——, accompanied me to Northallerton, where we had a blessed time, two or three finding mercy. Here I met with the Rev. Mr. Vasey, and got to Whitby on Thursday, where I spake at night: it was a good time. In the latter meeting, a young woman very soon roared out for mercy: many of the people seemed affrighted, but the Lord vindicated his own cause: four or five obtained pardon; eight or ten the night after; more the following night; and on the sabbath very many, but we knew not how many. On Tuesday (Christmas-day), at night, we had a very powerful time: it was near two in the morning before we could leave the chapel. Our friends thought there were upwards of a hundred brought into liberty in one week. After this, the Lord abundantly blessed the labours of good Messrs. Brown and Vasey; insomuch, that there were three hundred added the first quarter, and in the next quarter, two hundred more.

I returned again to York, and spoke at Tadcaster; on which occasion, a well-looking man, a Methodist, came into the pulpit and kindly invited me to his house. I felt an immediate impression not to yield to his invitations. Enquiring afterwards of our friends who he was, they informed me he was a local preacher: I told them, I believed he was a hypocrite—that I durst not attend to his invitation—the Spirit of the Lord forbade me. They appeared struck with surprise; however, in less than a month after this, he was put out of the society, as unworthy a place among us.—I also, in this journey, became more intimately acquainted with dear Mr. Wade and his family, whose kindness is engraven as with a pen of diamond on the tablet of my heart. About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Bramwell:—

Coverton, May 30, 1798.

My dear Sister Barritt,

You and I shall be much tempted in the world, and we may be in the greatest danger of reasoning, where there is no rule for our situation. In this, we can only act according to the best of our views, and then leave the whole in the hands of God. You may think, because you are not able to work as some might expect, that your stay will be troublesome to your friends; but in this care not, your all is the Lord's; this is enough for a christian. You have a power of saying "thy will be done," but you have not a power of saying, 'I will work where and as I please.' I think I have seen this clearly since you came. Your way is open—numbers receive the power. O go on as your strength will permit, and the Lord Jesus be with you.—I have some serious reflections that your time will be short; and I think shorter than mine. You do more work in less time, consequently will sooner fulfil your task. If I did more for God, I might go with you. I can say, Amen. I am still convinced that the Lord would have us feel and labour like Paul, and leave all annoyances in his hands. Numbers will never be saved without great efforts in the instruments. But O! how mysterious is this; notwithstanding, let us pluck them like brands from the burning, to draw to God the next generation. I burn with desire. "*Here am I,—Lord send me.*" I long to see you and my brethren. Our souls are in one. I shall be on my post for ever—nothing shall separate between us and Jesus. Last Sunday I saw the Spirit working at noon, in some degree as on the day of pentecost. A great deist was struck as with lightening, and roared out among the people for about twenty minutes, in the greatest agony. All around him were in tears: Jesus saved him. He then said, 'I will proclaim, Jesus is the Son of God—I will write it with my right-hand.' O what a salvation. Seven more struggled into liberty. I have every night since, seen souls saved. Lord have mercy on me. *I tremble at the idea!* I see what I am called to. O how shall I fulfil it! I hope to see you next Monday week. The way is clear for you in this circuit. We pray that you may be able to come in the power of the Lord. Amen.

Wm. Bramwell.

In the spring of 1798, I suffered much through lameness in my knee. This was brought on with being on my knees for hours together, praying with the distressed, and frequently on very damp brick floors.—Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of Harewood, took me in their carriage from Tadcaster to their house; and I continued with them, and at Mr. Wade's, all the time of my lameness, which continued about six weeks: the friends were very kind. The Lord was with us, and good was done at Harewood.

About this time, I received the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Vasey, giving some account of the effects of my visit to Whitby, and the circuit:—

Whitby, April 12, 1798.

My very dear Sister Barritt,

Our quarter-day was at Guisborough on Monday, and a blessed time it was indeed: many flocked from various parts. The dales are flaming with the praises of our adorable Jehovah. The fire hath caught, and runs from one dale to another. I dined at the farmer's last week, who had six children converted in twenty-four hours. The first week after I left you at Whitby, and went into my circuit, I found the new converts standing their ground well: thanks be to God! I know not which to wonder at most, *the good done*, or the *continued good, deepening and widening*. Thank the Lord for both. There are fourteen families in one dale, all now in society, except the little children. We have added *one hundred and forty-five* in Whitby alone, since Christmas; and more than one hundred of these are converted to God. There are nearly three hundred added since then in the circuit. O praise the Lord!—Surely, my dear sister, you will join us.—I have never enjoyed *Methodism* so much in my life as in the beginning of the present year. I never saw it in such perfection before. We seldom meet but we have some converted at Whitby, as well as those other places where the revival has broke out. Your friend, Mr. ——, enjoys perfect love, and is a pattern of purity. Pray, when are we to see you again in this goodly land? Surely you will not need a pressing invitation. Write by return of post: tell us how you are—and how you are going on, and when you can come; and also, where you can touch first at in the circuit. May Jesus bless you with health—and grace to continue as you have begun. O that we may be *faithful, and fruitful*. I still find my soul borne up above all created good, and to be as one sacrifice to my adorable Father. This *only*, is worth living for.

Your truly affectionate brother in Christ,

THOS. VASEY.

Also, the following letter, from Mr. Blackborne:—

Tadcaster, May 17, 1798.

MY EVER DEAR SISTER,

I was unexpectedly called to the Leeds District Meeting, and thereby deprived of the very great pleasure of seeing you; but I beg and intreat you for Christ's sake, to fix when you will be back in the York circuit. You will not, I hope and trust, take more than three weeks or a month; especially when you consider, that there is no spot on earth to which you are likely to be so useful as our circuit; and I therefore beg of you, for the Lord's sake, and for the sake of never-dying souls, to come over and help us *soon*. I wait for an answer by the bearer.

I am, ever dear friend,

Your ever obliged brother in Christ,

WM. BLACKBORNE.

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1798. Some time after this, Providence opened my way to Leeds, at the earnest request of Mr. Mather, now in glory. I went, and the Lord was with us: many were awakened, and brought to God. One forenoon, the power of God came down among us of a truth: souls were crying out for mercy, in eight or ten different places in the chapel. The friends believed there might be fifteen or twenty brought into liberty. Mr. Mather was filled with the power of God, and said, he would vindicate such a meeting as that, at the market-cross, if he was called to it. Glory be to God.—Several that were brought to him at this time, have since been useful labourers in the vineyard of Christ. While at Chapel Town, I received an excellent letter from that man of God, Mr. Mather, giving instructions how to conduct meetings during a revival. As it may be useful to others, as well as to myself, I here transcribe a part of it.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Mather, giving some instruction and advice relative to the work of God. For an account of Mr. Mather, see Methodist Magazine for the year 1780, page 91, &c.; and also 1801, page 112.

Leeds, March 16, 1798.

DEAR SISTER,

After Mr. Myles had stated to us the conversation you had at Harewood, we desired him to tell you and your friends, that we judged it would be best for you to spend what time you intended at Leeds, when you came to Chapel Town.—We rejoice to see the work of the Lord prosper, and can in our measure say, "*Send by whom thou wilt send.*" I am confident in saying, none can have more pleasure in seeing, or in hearing of a *lively, deep,* and *spreading* work of God than I have. Nor can any have a greater inclination to aid in promoting it, according to my power, than I *feel;* even if it were *out* of the *common* way in some circumstances. Herein I can say, "*Work in what way seems best to thine infinite wisdom, and use such instruments as shall most promote thy glory in saving sinners.*"—Let all concerned in this work be—1st, deeply conscious *that* the work is *only* God's; to *begin, carry on,* and *perfect* or *establish* it, belong to *Him* alone. 2nd, That it is *His* to choose the instruments and means of doing it. 3rd, That *they* (as such) *can do nothing* in *any* of these *without* Him. 4th, That they should feel in *themselves,* and be indefatigable in endeavouring to instil it into others—that *all* the glory should be *by all* given unto God. 5th, They should *ever* keep a holy jealousy over their own spirits while *engaged* in the work, lest their spirit should *mingle* with the Spirit of God, and so grieve it, that, like one of old, they would not know that the Lord was *departed* from them. 6th, They should be deeply *penetrated* with the vast importance of conversion work; and the great danger of what might be called an *unsound* conversion. In other words, of *any one* supposing they are pardoned, adopted, or converted, when they are not.—Some caution may be necessary when to conclude, viz. when God was not deepening the conviction, or *bringing* the soul nearer to the birth; without this, *all* labour is vain, and *such* a soul should be *left* to reflect, and have time given to recover the exercise of its own powers. This would *cut off* the danger of any being *wearied* out with *constant* praying, &c. 7th, Care should be taken that the persons engaged in this work, do not speak and act *as if it were altogether their work,* and effected by some *inherent power of their's,* and of speaking *of,* or praying *for others,* who cannot *act, see,* and *think* as they do: as if they were *dead, and had lost their religion, half-hearted,* &c., praying that they might be *re-converted,* &c., all of which has no connexion with the work, but savours of *self-sufficiency, self-confidence, glorying in ourselves,* and *despising others,* &c. But you will take notice, these things do not *so directly* relate *to you,* as to those who are engaged when you have done speaking. I have heard *very few* object to what you say, or your manner of saying it; except such as have the same objections *to any* of your sex, officiating in the same way. It is therefore to prevent your good from being evil spoken of, that I do this, and to give some directions to those who act with you in the work of God. I hope *you* and *all* my brethren will consider my design in this, and have candour enough to overlook any faults, and not fail to pray for their and your

Ever ready servant in Christ,

A. MATHER.

I received the following letter from Mrs. Baisden.—For an account of Mrs. Baisden, see Methodist Magazine, May, 1812, page 677.

Leeds, June 6, 1798.

MY DEAR SISTER BARRITT,

I am very thankful to find that your soul is still going out after the salvation of sinners. O my dear, the world lieth in the arms of the wicked one; what can be done in order to save sinners?—Do pray for us: we do not forget you. I trust you will be made (under God) a blessing to Sheffield. May the Lord stand by you, and make you very simple, and very lively; and when you have done your work in that part of his vineyard, may it please him to send you to us again. Many will rejoice to see you. Mr. Mather is renewing the tickets in all the classes; and bless the Lord, *several speak of being awakened or brought to God, that week you were at Leeds:* this is matter of rejoicing to me, and many. As Mr. M. is very particular in his enquiries, it would do you good to see how simple and steady they are. The Lord keep them all for ever. Since I saw you, I have felt a thirst for more of God: I want to feel more of the refining fire—more holiness: ask your heavenly Father to give it me. I really want to live in the fountain, and never more to be defiled. Lord help me. I want to hear of, from ten to thirty, or forty, being brought to God in a meeting; as your dear friend, Mr. Thompson, told me last night, was the case in the Isle of Man: he has got a letter from Mr. Moses, who labours with Mr. Harrison. This is a glorious work, such a one as my eyes long to behold. Lord hasten the time. The Lord bless you with clear light and strength. May devils fly before the power of God, and sinners be converted every day! My soul has been much blest while writing to you.

I am your sincere friend,
Sarah Baisden.

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I visited Faugh—where many souls were saved.—Some of the fruit of my labours here, is noticed in the journal of that eminent minister of the gospel, Mr. John Hearnshaw;—a brief sketch of whose life and ministry is recorded in the Methodist Magazine for 1810, page 331:—we have the following sentence:—

"Of his last interview with the people at Faugh, he thus writes:—'Whilst speaking of the blessedness of the saints beyond the grave, every melting heart seemed to say, '*O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest.*' At the close of the sermon floods of tears were shed, and the solemn presence of God was generally felt. The sinners were seized with trembling, whilst I warned them for the last time, of the danger of their condition, and asked them, shall I not be clear of your blood when the Lord shall judge? *Here are three sisters who were all awakened and converted under the preaching of Mary Barritt. Their modest simplicity, fervent piety, and christian-like behaviour, I have not seen excelled. May they prove faithful to the end.'"*

1798. Soon after this, I went to Sheffield, and laboured with those men of God, Mr. James Wood, and Mr. Bramwell: Mr. Wood gave me a plan, and the Lord was with us there, and in the circuit.

May 8, 1798. A friend came for me to Sheffield. I thought much as I rode, being separated from my friends, but not from my chief friend: the Lord was truly precious; but this going among strangers, is what sometimes feels hard to flesh and blood—but cease complaint—what are my hardships to his who bled on the tree?—but I must stop; I have to speak: Lord, stand by thy worm this once more, and I will praise thee. Hearing by letter that my kind friends, Mr. Wade of Sturton-grange, and Mr. Allen of Church Fenton, were disappointed in coming to see me at Sheffield, as they had purposed to do, I sat down and made the following lines:—

Let all my heart for ever be,
Constrain'd, my Lord, to follow thee;
Through all my way to death:
Resolv'd to travel on the road,
That leads through all on earth to God;
Till I resign my breath.

I seem denied of earthly friends,
But thou hast wise, and gracious ends
In all thou dost to me;
Lord I resign myself, and say,
Thy holy law I will obey,
And give my heart to thee.

For ever keep this heart of mine
Thou Lord of all! Thou love divine!
From all created things;
That I may know thy heav'nly will,
And all my work on earth fulfil;
As Jesus' priests and kings.

Like them I would thy will perform,
And live for thee in ev'ry storm;
Till this short life be past:
With blessings crown my life, if spar'd,
I'd live on earth, to be prepar'd,
To live with God at last.

Saturday, June 3. Praise the Lord, he is still better to me than all my fears. We had a large congregation: they behaved well, and many shed tears. In the latter meeting, three found pardon, and some remained in distress. —— 5, This is my day of liberty: O that I may make a better use of my precious time! I have been to see a young man that is in a decline: who can tell the scenes of misery there are in the world. I should not have conjectured, or scarce believed, had not my eyes bore witness. I feel more and more cause to praise my God. O what cause for a thankful heart! I have food and friends—I have health, and many comforts. I ought to be all for God, but I come far short of what I ought to be. O God, help me forward for Christ's sake!

We have the following notice in the Life of Mr. Longden, first edition, page 143:

"*Sheffield, May* 21.—Mary Barritt preached this evening from 2 Kings xx. 1.—She is a woman of God—spake with propriety, and an uncommon degree of power.—The people felt the word, and I hope lasting good was done."

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Monday, June 10, 1798. O Lord, help me to praise thee more than ever, for I have greater cause! Yesterday morning, I was at Bamford, and spake from "*O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken*:" the power of God came down in a most wonderful manner; six or seven, I think, before we parted, found the Lord; some to justify, and some to sanctify. Bless God for both! About two o'clock, we left that place, and set forward for Eyam, with about eight or nine in company; but the devil, to whom I have been no friend these many years, intended, I believe, my death.. I was riding up a very steep hill: the good man that rode before me, would not suffer me to get off, but alighted himself, and I sat forward on the slape saddle. As we rode along, one of the foremost horses struck backward, and my horse, to save itself, sharply threw itself down the hill: I was thrown off some yards down the hill, and on the wrong side, but alighted on my hip and my hand: the Lord saved me from going sick: my dear friends alighted, and helped me on my feet: as soon as I was able to speak, I said, "praise God, the devil has not power to take away my life as yet." It was with some difficulty I rode to Eyam; and when I got thither, I could scarcely get over the house floor. The people being strangers to me, did not look on me with that tenderness, I knew some of my other dear friends would have done, had they been there; but the best of all was, God was with me, and I said, in his strength I will have another stroke at the devil's kingdom for this, if God spare me. It was with great difficulty, by the help of one person, I was able to walk to the chapel, and into the pulpit.—O how I thanked the Lord: my heart burned with love to the hundreds of precious souls. I spoke from, "*The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.*" I believe, God helped me to speak as I never spoke before: I forgot my affliction till I had done speaking: men and women were in tears on every side; but to my great sorrow, I could not get to the distressed, so that after a few of my dear friends had prayed, I was obliged to conclude; but bless God, I am clear of all their blood. It was with much pain I got back again to my lodgings: I then rubbed the bruised places with spirits of wine and camphor, and I think it took a little of the pain away. After supper, and prayer, it was with great difficulty and pain I was got up stairs, and to bed: I slept but little, but at the worst of times could say, "*thy will be done.*"

June 11, 1798. This morning, it was hard work to get on to my feet, and harder to put on my clothes, as my hand and arm were much bruised, and very stiff; but, bless the Lord, I can hold my pen and write, and the pain is not now so violent. O help me, my God, to be more thankful than ever: my soul is very happy, thank God.—I have but little of the company of the dear folks: I know not how it is, but I do not feel at home as at some places.—Lord, bless my dear friends in the York circuit, and those at Sturton-Grange: I may as well forget to exist as forget them; but let that consideration suffice for the present: I shall meet them one day, where winds, and storms, and aches, and pains, shall be felt no more for ever. O Lord bless, and save, and keep us against that day, when—

"We shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet."

Eyam, Tuesday, June 12. This forenoon, I have been riding among the Derbyshire hills: O the wonders of creation! what caused the earth to stay on heaps?—but if I see such wonders in this world, what shall I see in the next? Nay, I must leave that for eternity to unfold. Last night I felt much better of my lameness, and led a class: five or six found the Lord to sanctify their souls, and some their evidences brightened: it was a most precious season indeed to my own soul. I long to be more useful for God, but I feel so sore after my late fall, that I cannot labour as I could wish; however, Lord help me, and I will try; but I have got among strangers again: they look at me as if I were come out of some other land: Lord help me this night for thy glory: bless God, I am happy; but, dear Lord,

> "With all thy fulness fill,
> And then transport away,
> Away to my eternal rest,
> Away to my Redeemer's breast."

Lord bless all my Colne friends, &c., and prosper thy work in all their hearts, and mine, for Jesus' sake.

Bradwell, Wednesday, June 13. Praise the Lord, I am spared to see another morning with joy. Last night, the chapel was crowded: I spake from—"*For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" The power of God seized upon many. I dismissed the people, but though it was so very warm, very few went away: one found the pardoning mercy of God, two the sanctifying influences of the Spirit, and many went away in deep distress. The Lord grant that many may find mercy this night! I feel no doubt but God sent me into Derbyshire: thank the Lord, I feel my bodily strength a little repaired, and the soreness in part gone, but I cannot rest well at nights: O that I may never forget to praise my God! I long to praise him more and more. Last night I had a remarkable dream, concerning a friend of mine.—I also was led to see, in a dream, an omen of the devil's efforts to destroy me; but, bless God, I feel my soul happy this morning, and much given up to God: Lord save me, for thy mercy's sake, Amen.

"In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see,
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee."

God bless all my dear friends this day, and enable them to pray for me!

Thursday, June 14: same place. Lord be praised, I am alive in both soul and body.—Yesterday I went to visit the sick; it was a blessed season: three or four were enabled to believe that God did *then* and *there*, for his Son's sake, pardon all their sins. I came back, worn out with my labour: my head was very bad: I got some dinner, and laid me down to rest: my head continued very painful and sore: I got better, and went into the chapel at the time. I spake from Isaiah—"*Hear ye deaf, and look ye blind that ye may see.*" I spake till my strength was gone, and thank the Lord, not in vain: four that we knew of, got into liberty; but afterwards, I felt much pain: my head feels the effects of my fall: I could not eat any supper. After prayer, I went to bed, bless God, very happy in my soul, though very poorly in body. I thought, it is a mercy my dear friends do not know of it. God bless them all, and grant them all the riches of thy grace. Amen.

Friday, June 15. Thank the Lord, I am yet spared; but yesterday morning appeared one of the longest mornings I ever saw. I awoke before two, and slept no more till after seven, and then but about one hour. Those that know any thing of me, would have known something was the matter when I could not sleep. The Lord generally favours me with sweet rest at night, to enable me to go through the labour he has called me to sustain during the day. I felt very sore all over, but especially my head: I was not able to eat my breakfast as before. Whilst in bed, the devil reasoned hard with me, suggesting, I was among strangers, and far from home, and my most valuable friends. This was in some measure true, but his design was not accomplished by it; for I knew I was under the care of my God, and I dared to trust him in the worst of times.

Our friends from Eyam came for me: I rode with more comfort than I expected, but O my head was very poorly. Soon after tea, I felt a little better, and went into the chapel, according to appointment, and spoke from Luke vi. 47: thank the Lord, I felt more liberty than I expected. I was poorly afterwards, but the master of the house said, if I complained, they would put me into the pulpit again: bless God, three souls found liberty this night.

Bakewell, Friday Evening, June 15, 1798. This morning I awoke before two, and slept no more till after six: my throat was much swelled, so that it was with great difficulty I swallowed any thing. I got a little warm gruel, and then slept a little after: I have something of a fever upon me; if for thy glory, Lord, remove it; but thy will be done. My strength hath hitherto been according to my day. I believe what I have felt in this illness has been through my fall, and when the effects will cease I know not: if more for thy glory, Lord, let it be soon; if not, "*thy will be done,*" to which I can still add my hearty, amen. The reason of my writing this night for this day is, I have no public meeting to attend: this has been a happy day—though a day of much bodily pain.

One thing I remarked this day, as we rode in the chaise by the side of a hill, coming down into the highway side. For the space of, I think, sixty yards, there are stones now on the top of the earth, any of which, I believe, more than could be drawn by one horse: the friend that was with me, said, they were seen to rise out of the earth to the top of the ground: persons that passed on the road saw it; and this has taken place since the last Christmas. I thought this was sufficient to convince any atheist of the being and power of God

Saturday Morning, June 16. This is the third morning my sleep hath left me—O my God, what is the matter: the last night I never closed my eyes, nor slept until four o'clock this morning, when I begun to wrestle with the Lord in earnest prayer, and said, " O Lord my God, this will never do for me; I cannot live and labour; do, if it please thee, give me sleep; I cannot do without six hours of sleep: Lord, let me sleep six hours." While I was praying, sleep closed my eyes: I awoke, and while I was putting on my clothes, I heard the clock strike *ten*: then I remembered my prayer, and praised God, for answering my request. I think, if my heavenly Father will thus remember and answer a prayer for the body, he will hear and save sin-sick souls.

" Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake,
A helpless worm that trusts in thee."

There was no room for my Lord in an inn, but the servant is above his Lord: the travelling preachers are taken in here at an *inn*, and here is my home. The landlord and his wife both enjoy sanctification. Lord, work on here, and bring to thyself the universe. God bless all my Yorkshire friends, and grant they may not forget to pray for me: the remembrance of them is a blessing to my soul. Praise God.

Monday, June 18. I spent a comfortable day, to be at a public-house: O bless the Lord, for christians in every station of life. I spake from—"*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" The people in general here pretend to be church folks, and I spake to them as such: some wept: I trust it will not be forgotten. At night, I was not able to attend the prayer-meeting; but as soon as our friends were gone, I began to speak to them in the house: I proposed prayer afterwards, and had not prayed long, before a woman began to cry for mercy; and after her another, so that two were awakened, and both brought into liberty, in the public-house. Mr. Smith laboured with all his heart. Bless God for such a public-house; there is room for Jesus there. On Monday, I was bled with leeches: I trust, the Lord will bless the means for my recovery: do, Lord, if it please thee, that I may praise thee more and more. In the afternoon, my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, took the chaise, and brought me hither: their driver has got a concern for his soul: Lord save him for thy mercy's sake. We had a blessed time in the meeting: two souls were brought into the liberty of God, and many more were convinced of sin, and came to enquire their way to heaven. O praise the Lord, that he ever employed unworthy me, in such a work as this! O my God, bless my soul more than ever, and help me to be all for another world. I see every day, numbers all alive for this: O how men and women throw away precious time. May these be as a useful beacon to me; may I be taught by their example, to be useful to all I come near.

Basley, Tuesday, June 19, 1798. Last night I received two letters from my dear friends. It was with a thankful heart I heard from them, whom I so dearly love. Praise God for good news. This day I have been answering letters, particularly Miss W——'s, and Mr. A——'s: my soul hath been much blessed in writing to them: I shall never forget to praise God, I trust, for the happy times I have had with them; but when I call to mind *thy* love, O my God, I am constrained to praise thee, and I will praise thee for ever, yea for ever and ever, when time is no more! This night I met a class: it was a blessed time indeed: five obtained a clean heart. The Lord is working wonders, and sanctifying souls on every side: O Lord, work on at Sturton, in York circuit, and among my dear Lancashire friends!

Towark, Wednesday Morning, June 20. This is a dear family, at whose house I am: the good man of the house is a local preacher: bless God for such local preachers, so simple and lively. I spake from—"*The Lord added to his church daily such as should be saved.*" I know not what I said, but the power of God came down, and nearly filled the place: many were pricked in their hearts by the word, and constrained to cry out for mercy. The greatest part of them were young women, with feathers in their hats. I think I never saw such a sight of young dear creatures cry out as at this—Grinelford Bridge. The Lord has a great work to do here; and if he will make unworthy me useful in it, he shall have all the praise. There were four that found mercy at this time, and numbers left in deep distress.

Thursday, June 21. This day the Lord is truly precious to my soul, but I long to be more and more lost in God; for I feel, to know him is life, and peace, and pleasure without end. At times I get a view of the glorious inheritance, and can say with the great apostle—"*I have a desire to depart, to be with Christ which is far better.*" I feel my mind drawn out to join the innumerable company, yea the church of the first-born, and the angels, with the four and twenty elders, and all those that came out of much tribulation, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; but, O my God, shall I one day see them? Yea, if I am faithful, and hear them, and join them. Glory be to God!

While I was in this circuit, I visited Doncaster, and preached there in August, 1798, several times, and good was done. I also visited Black Barnsley, and laboured with much liberty, power, and success, in September, 1798.—One circumstance, I would not omit, as it encouraged me much, and may serve to encourage others. Mrs. James Wood accompanied me to Barnsley, where I spake on the sabbath-day afternoon and evening. One of these times I spake from—"*The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*" On the Monday, Mr. James Wood came to take us back to Sheffield; he preached that evening. He would have me go into the pulpit with him; and after singing and prayer, he took for his text—"*The Son of man is come, &c.*" What I felt was indescribable. I wished myself out of sight; but after a little, as he went on, I found that his *views*, and ideas, were similar to my own, though expressed with much more propriety: this strengthened and encouraged me beyond measure, as I had never heard the passage spoken from before, and had only the light the Lord himself had given me.

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The following letter I received from Mr. Allen:—

Church Fenton, Sherborn,
July 12, 1798.

My dear Mary,

It is always with much pleasure I write to one I so highly love and esteem. How soon does our kindred spirits travel from place to place, after each other. My dear brother Wade and I had a most agreeable journey to Sheffield, but *Oh*, this *parting!* I was at the love-feast, at Tadcaster, on Sunday: they came about me like *bees*, to know if I had seen Mary—and to know how she did, and if she were coming back.—The man that has troubled you so much with his letters, was there; and I told him, he must not write to you any more. We have been doing something for brother M——, which I know will cause you to rejoice. We have already got him forty guineas, or upwards. Brother—informs me of your labours at Rotherham. Give God all the praise, and labour on at his command. My love to Messrs. Deusnap, Bramwell, Wood, and Pipe, and all the dear friends: I shall ever remember their kindness: bear me up constantly at a throne of grace. Let me hear soon when you will be among us. Let us praise the Lord, and till we see each other, let us see *Him*, in his Son—in his word—and in all the members of Christ. How slow will posts go in comparison of love.

From your's, as ever,
William Allen.

While I was in this circuit, I was informed by letter, that my dear mother was sick. Mr.

H—— was so kind as to accompany me to Colne; but, praise the Lord, she recovered in a little time. I stopped a few weeks, and laboured in Colne circuit, and evident good appeared. My brother and sister, from the Whitehaven circuit, came over, and much wished me to return with them; but Mr. W., from Sturton-Grange, came over for me, and we all three accompanied him to Leeds, on Saturday; and on the sabbath, we had a glorious time at Woodhouse, with dear Mr. and Mrs. B.: good was done. On Tuesday, we went to Mr. W——'s, at S——: it was a good time. On Wednesday evening I laboured, and we held a prayer-meeting afterwards: several souls found the Lord to save from sin. Glory be to his dear name. My brother and sister stayed till the Monday following, when I accompanied them to Wetherby: he preached: we had a good time: Christ was precious; and good was done I parted with them on Tuesday morning, returned soon after into the York circuit, and from thence into Leeds circuit, where I spent six weeks. Multitudes of souls got awakened; very many found peace; and others, purity. God is a God of power: I have oft found him so: praise his name!

The following letter I received about this time:—

Sheffield, Oct. 2, 1798.

DEAR SISTER IN JESUS,

The first words I have got to say, are—*Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name;* for he hath visited and redeemed my soul from the bondage of sin and death, and given me a blooming hope of immortality. I am now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Brother S—— shewed me your letter: I do rejoice that you are growing higher in sanctification. May God carry on his blessed work in your soul, and mine, and in every follower of Jesus. I bless God for a soft, tender heart, and for a hard sanctification: the more it is tried the harder it grows. At the very worst of times, I am very clear in that invaluable blessing. O may my soul worship and adore the Lamb, and fall down at his feet every moment. I have been lately blest with much poverty of spirit: I pray for more of it, that free will, and free grace may go on hand in hand together,—rejoicing evermore; praying without ceasing; and in every thing giving thanks, *Amen.* My prayer to God for you, is, that he may deepen the work of his grace in your soul—that he may lead you in the way he would have you to go—that he would make you more humble—that he may strip and clothe you—crucify and raise you—that you may be dead, and have your life hid with Christ in God. *I know that he hath called you to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation,* and my heart (just now) says, "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring—glad tidings.*" O how I do love the messengers of Jesus; they are dear to me for his precious name's sake. Time flies—eternity approaches:—may all the blessings of the new covenant attend you—may you perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord; and may my God keep his poor *Mary,* like the king's daughter, all glorious within, Amen, Lord Jesus. My wife's best love to you, in which all my family join,—and my poor unworthy self, though last, yet not least interested in your welfare—would wish to subscribe his two mites, requesting an interest in your prayers. I remain, (I trust of a piece) dear Sister,

Your unworthy Friend,

GEORGE LEVICK.

I left Leeds about a fortnight before Christmas-day, 1798. I met my dear brother at Penrith, where I spake, but it was a hard time—O how cold is religion here: I prayed, "Lord help our preachers!" We got to Whitehaven about

Christmas-day: I spake a little on the Saturday night. I was much rejoiced to see my dear brother and sister, and the dear children. My sister's mind was very low, through the many difficulties and afflictions she had passed through in Scotland, and giving way to the common enemy of souls. My heart has oft rejoiced since, that I met her here; for she only lived three weeks and two days after. The Lord was with us the first sabbath-day: several were stirred up to seek his face, and some backsliders restored; my niece for one: she was not, I think, nine years of age. My sister was much stirred up at this: she felt her mind very hard, till she heard her own child cry out; upon which, she rose up, and went and prayed with her, till she rejoiced, and praised God. Many souls got blessed that week; and the week following, we went to several places in the country: good was done, and my soul was happy. Praise the Lord!—We had a particular good time the third Saturday night: my sister prayed with several, and the Lord blessed her own soul, and her labours: after the meeting broke up, I heard her say, "Glory be to God, I have now got my revenge upon Whitehaven;" for she had been particularly pained at the unkindness of some, but the worst she wished them in return was, that they might get more religion, which when she saw, she rejoiced abundantly.

The following letter came to hand about this time:—

Bristol, August 7, 1798.

My dear Sister,

May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you from God and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I wrote to you from York to say when I should be at Sheffield, and accordingly came, but found you were gone to *Chester;* and when I came there, I found you were in the other part of the circuit.—However, I drop you a line to say, that I expect to be in Sheffield on Monday next, on my way to York, and should be very glad to see you.—And I beg and intreat you not to fail being in the way, either at Chesterfield or Sheffield.—May the good will of him that dwelt in the bush, dwell in your heart for ever and ever.

Your's affectionately in Christ,

WILLIAM BLACKBORNE.

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1799. I left my sister on sabbath-day morning, to go with my brother through the country part of the circuit; but it was a final farewell to me: she said, that morning, "I am but poorly, but shall either be better or worse before your return." My brother returned from Wigton to his dear dying wife, and found her praising God in a wonderful manner. She had conquered herself so far, as to desire her husband not to pray for her life, for she believed he had prayed her back once before.—I had a good time that evening: one old pharisee was awakened; and the next morning we prayed with him nearly three hours, when he found peace with God. His wife afterwards was brought to the truth: this was a miracle of mercy: these were strict church folks, and appeared self-secure; but nothing is too hard for God.

I rode to Carlisle the next day. (This was in the spring of 1799.) It was but a cold time, but many seemed glad to see me. I went to Brampton on the Saturday. God was with us of a truth: many got to see clearly the way of holiness, and never rested till they entered into the glorious liberty.

On Monday night, I was sent for to Whitehaven, to attend my sister's funeral. I got in on Tuesday night: she was interred on the Wednesday: it was a solemn time. In a few days after her interment, I accompanied my brother into the country: we had good times: dear Mr. Dall was very friendly; God bless him.—At one place, the Lord poured out his Spirit in a powerful manner: it appeared as if all the people in the chapel were alarmed: conviction seemed to flash through the place, and many fell to the ground: we wrestled with them, and several found peace with God. For a fortnight together, about this time, my head was so very painful, occasioned by riding all night to get to my sister's funeral, that I could scarce sit on horseback on the daytime, but it always left me about six o'clock, when I had to labour that evening; so that it became proverbial with my brother, and others that knew of it, that however ill in the daytime, I should be well towards evening.

My brother brought his family to Colne, and I supplied his place in the Whitehaven circuit. The arm of the Lord was made bare in a wonderful manner, to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive; so that when he came back, there were *one hundred and eleven added to the society*, and several more afterwards. At one village in the circuit, there were three clergymen came to hear, the eldest of whom sat in the chair before me while I spoke, and said Amen, heartily.—Another of them had been a persecutor of the Methodists in that part, but said afterwards to one of our friends, that if what he had heard was the Methodists' doctrine, he was sorry for what he had said, and hoped no one should hear him speak against them for the future.

My brother met me at Brampton. I had a

most glorious time at *Cockermouth:* a pious woman, a little before her death, desired I would speak on that occasion; I did so, and very many got awakened, and brought to God; especially a young man, Mr. George Thompson, who is now a travelling preacher.

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1799. I then came to Barnard-Castle; and on our way we had to stop all night at a public-house, not being able on account of the deep snow to reach the place we intended. When I got off my horse at this inn I scarce could stand, being almost perished with cold, but felt exceedingly happy, and was enabled to praise God.—I told the people of the house we were Methodists—that we were endeavouring to do what good we could to precious souls; and though I was not able to take any refreshment, I spoke to the whole family faithfully concerning the things of God: we then sung and prayed, and the whole family wept. The next morning, it had froze so hard that we came over hedges and ditches upon the deep snow (though in the month of April), to Barnard-Castle, where I had good times: the Lord was with us. Praise his name! But when the stewards and leaders heard of my coming, they laid their heads together to know what must be done; for when I was there before, they refused my labouring in the chapel: our other friends then procured a malt-kiln, where much good was done. The stewards, &c. were now convinced of their error in refusing me the chapel, and they were persuaded, the curse of God had been upon them ever since: they thought the consequence might be bad if they refused me now; therefore they gave me full liberty to try to do all the good I could in the chapel.—At this time, Mr. Wiltshaw travelled here, who kindly took me to his house, and both himself and wife entered heartily into the work, and prayed with souls in distress. Soon after this, Mrs. Wiltshaw was convinced that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to her, and she preached occasionally, until she was removed hence by death. On this subject we had much conversation while together; and her convictions, and resolutions were greatly strengthened by the relation of my experience, and the effects which she witnessed at that time. On the Tuesday, I told them, I must go to Stockton, as I had engaged to speak there that evening. Mr. Wiltshaw said, it was impossible to get, on account of the breaking up of the ice, and the heavy rain; but as I seldom suffered any weather or roads to prevent me attending my appointments, I was fully resolved to proceed, to prevent which he locked up my mare in the stable: however, afterwards, on my begging and praying him with tears, he accompanied me about half the way.

At Stockton, much good was done: five, if not more, were brought into the liberty of the children of God; three of whom became preachers of the gospel: one preached till he died; another, is a local preacher; and the third, Mr. Robert Garbut, is now a travelling preacher in the Wesleyan connexion.—I again met with Mr. V. and Mr. B. We went together to Redcar, where I found a sister in the way, who had laboured publicly for several years: we had good times; the Lord was present, in a glorious manner. The morning following, either two or three found peace; but religion had been at a low ebb here. May the Lord revive his work, in the midst of the days, in the midst of the years.

1799. I then accompanied Mr. V. to Whitby, and the Lord was with us: we saw souls saved every night for a considerable time, and some mornings successively several got clear in sanctification: God was with us of a truth. One night, one of our friends was going through Church-Street, between ten and eleven o'clock, and heard them at prayer almost in every house. I went round the circuit afterwards, and several remarkable circumstances happened in that time, too numerous to mention. I bless God for that journey.

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I had much communion with the Father, and the Son, through the Spirit, and many gracious seasons, both in public and in private. One night the Lord awakened a chimney-sweeper: I saw, by the light of the candle, tears trickling down his black face: after speaking, I went to him, saying—"man, do you know you have a soul?" he said, "yes."—I said, "kneel down then"—he did so: the eyes of many were upon us: I clapped my hands upon his shoulder, and prayed for him: he prayed for himself, and in a little time he arose rejoicing, to the amazement of all present. Five or six more found the Lord that same night.

I again visited Redcar, and found that the time before when I was there, one young gentleman came to laugh at me: he had disputed both by land and sea, to prove that Christ was not the Son of God. The first time he heard, the Lord laid hold of his conscience; and the night after, he came four or five miles, but from another motive. That night he cried out aloud for mercy, and the Lord spoke peace to his soul; when he broke out in prayer with such propriety of expression, and power from God, as I seldom heard.

O the happiness this brought to his pious parents: they rejoiced, and gave glory to God.—After this, I had some glorious times in the circuit; and from thence came to Scarborough, and stayed two nights: some little good was done. Glory be to God!

I then came to Mr. W——'s, and spent one week in that neighbourhood. I found the Lord precious to my own soul, and a little fruit appeared, but I wanted rest: my bodily strength failed me: the spirit was willing, but the flesh weak. Most of my friends, *excepting those upon the spot where I was*, wished me to labour less, and rest more: my judgment convinced me, that if I continued in this way of fatigue and labour, I could not hold it out long; but if I could spare myself a little, I might probably live longer, and of course in the issue be more useful, though not for the present.

1799. I returned with Mr. Michael Emmett, and Mr. Allen, of Fenton, into Wetherby circuit, where I spent a month agreeably and profitably: God was with us, though some opposed his work.

At Knaresbrough also, evident good was done, though the devil was there to withstand us.

1799. At Harrogate, the Lord was present both to wound and to heal. We had a very large congregation: many appeared mere triflers, especially those towards the door; but the presence of a person with a star upon his breast, seemed presently to overawe them; for, as soon as they discovered him, there was an evident change on their countenances. It was a solemn, feeling time, and I hope some real good was done.—At Cumpton also, and in the neighbourhood, and at Mr. Wilson's, Wharton-Lodge, we had powerful times: many were brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

At Wighill, we felt the Lord with us of a truth. I then went to Sherborne, and from thence to my good friends Mr. Allen's, and Mr. Maskell's, in the York circuit. Many were brought to the knowledge of the truth, in Mr. A.'s barn: among the rest, one young man, Mr. B—— S——, who is now a travelling preacher. Mr. A. was with me at Tadcaster, on June the 30th, 1799, on the sabbath-day, and good was done.

Monday, July 1st. We set off for Scarborough: we had a pleasant journey. We got to Snainton that night: I was much fatigued with travelling, but spoke and prayed: several wept, and two or more found mercy.—We got into Scarborough the next day, and held a prayer-meeting, on Wednesday: I spake to the people, and some good was done. On Thursday, Mr. Vasey, Mr. George Clark, and some other friends, came from Whitby to help us: it was a good time: on Friday night, five or six found the Lord to pardon all their sins. O how good it is to pray with souls in distress! especially when we can enter into their very case, and as the Apostle expresses it, travail in birth for them, till Christ be formed in their hearts, the hope of glory. I find when that is the case with myself, they generally get through.

On Saturday, July 6, we left Scarborough, and rode to Bridlington.—I felt much united in spirit, to dear Mr. and Mrs. Holder. They have both been eminently useful in the salvation of souls.*—Mr. Holder held a love-feast on the sabbath-day: several souls found the Lord; and on Monday night many more.—On Tuesday night we went into the country: we met with Miss W——, and Miss C——. I never felt more power in speaking than that night: eight or ten that we knew of, found the favour of God; but Bridlington, on the Thursday night, exceeded all: many found peace; among whom were some of Mr. T. R——'s servants. On Friday we set off for Driffield, and the Lord was present.—We rode to Pocklington on Saturday, the 13th; and on the sabbath-day I preached out of doors, under a tree: it was a good time. At night, I spoke in the chapel: many that night were moved to set out for heaven, I trust, to look back no more. "*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!*"

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* There is an excellent account of the experience and travels of sister Holder, written by herself, in "*Biographical Sketches of the lives, and public ministry, of forty-five Holy Women, whose eminent usefulness, and successful labours in the church of Christ, have entitled them to be enrolled among the great Benefactors of mankind.*"—By Z. TAFT.—See page 100.

On Monday, at Mr. Whitaker's, there were five or six found peace with God. At night, I came to Mr. Allan's, Church Fenton, and was happy to meet with my two friends, Mr. W——, and Mr. H——. At Mr. Wade's we had a meeting, on the Tuesday night: two or more found the Lord. On Wednesday, I was at Mr. S——'s: four or five were brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, in a wonderful manner.—On Thursday night, I spake at Ferrybridge, for the first time: it was a glorious season. Mr. and Mrs. W., and Mr. V. were with me: that evening, five found him of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets did write. On Saturday, I dined at Mr. Blackborne's, at Leeds; and laboured at Mr. Burrow's, at Woodhouse. In the evening, it was a gracious time indeed: three found the Lord to pardon; and two on sabbath-day morning. Mr. W. and Mr. H. accompanied me to Otley, where I met with Mr. D., a blessed man of God. On sabbath-day evening, two found the Lord to save from the guilt of sin; but on Monday night, the power of God came down like unto a mighty rushing wind: eight or ten found the love of God, and some backsliders got healed. On Tuesday, I met some of my dear friends from Tanfield, and they accompanied me to Pateley Bridge. The people here appeared hard, compared with some I had lately met with: some little good was done: two professed to be brought into the liberty of God's dear children that evening; and I have no reason to doubt the sincerity of their profession.

On Wednesday, I spoke at Skipton: it was a good time: several were in distress, but none got clear in pardon that I knew of. On Thursday, I came to Colne, and found my dear father and mother well; also my brother, who came home that same evening: we rejoiced to meet again in the flesh. Having been some considerable time from home, my mother had a large bill against me, of what I had to pay as a member of the Methodist Society. A weekly contribution, and something quarterly, when the society tickets are given, is expected from every member, except in cases of extreme poverty. But this was paid most cheerfully; indeed, from the very first of my becoming a member, to the present time, I have ever esteemed it both a duty and privilege to cast my mite into the treasury of God, in this way.—On Friday night, we had a watch-night at Colne: my brother spoke first, myself second, and then Mr. Shaw. Then we kept a prayer-meeting: two found God's pardoning mercy, and forgiving grace. My dear brother laboured hard, and my soul rejoiced abundantly. On Saturday night, I spoke at my brother Robert Barritt's, in the country, but had a hard time. On sabbath-day, my brother John preached in the morning, Mr. Denton at noon, and myself at night: we continued a prayer-meeting: two souls were brought into liberty. My brother laboured with all his heart. God for ever bless him. On Monday night, I spoke again: it was a time to be remembered, I trust for ever. Several were brought to the knowledge of the truth: we continued the meeting until eleven o'clock. I bless God, from my heart, for reviving his work in, and about Colne. Praise the Lord, that he ever sent Mr. Shaw to be the happy instrument: his name is dear to hundreds of those who had the happiness to sit under his ministry. Surely, *they that win souls are wise; and they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as stars in the firmament for ever and for ever.*

On Tuesday, July 30, 1799, my brother and I rode to Manchester Conference: we got in to hear Mr. Pawson, from—1 Peter, iii. 15. "*But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, &c.*" I afterwards heard Mr. L. Harrison, from—Psalm xvii. 15. "*I shall be satisfied, &c.*" Also, Mr. T. Taylor, from—James, i. 15. "*But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, &c.*" I likewise, heard another sermon, from—2 Cor. iv. 5. "*For we preach not ourselves, &c.*"; but it appeared to me, that self was so much exhibited in this sermon, that I could scarce see Jesus Christ.

On Friday night, I spoke in Mr. Broadhurst's room, for the first time, from—Heb. xiv. 9. "*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*" We had a good time: afterwards, several souls were brought into liberty.—I spoke at Mr. Broadhurst's door, from—Romans, vi. 22. "*But now being made free from sin, &c.*" The penitents were invited to return into the room, and several of them found the Lord.

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1799. I spoke on Thursday, August 8, at Shude-hill, from—John, v. 17. "*My Father worketh hitherto and I work.*" One gentleman in particular, a deist, got powerfully awakened; and on Sunday night, while I was speaking, from—"*The great day of his wrath is come, &c.*" he was enabled to lay hold of God by faith, and was brought out of darkness into marvellous light. Here the Lord saved souls every day: O that I could lay more at his feet: all glory to God and the Lamb! This Conference time was a great blessing to me: may I never forget it.

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Allen, Church Fenton:—

DEAR MARY,

It is with great pleasure I sit down to write to one I so highly esteem and love, as I do you for your works' sake. I long to know how you are going on in Sheffield, and the circuit. The Lord will always own and bless your labours, so long as you keep humble, simple, and preach a *free*, a *present*, and a *full* salvation. Glory be to God, he has blessed them amongst us in York circuit abundantly; perhaps more than he ever did since he called you to speak in his name. And what is best of all, your fruit remains. I was at York love-feast last Tuesday:—the first man that spoke praised God that ever that woman was sent among them—for his soul's good, &c.; then another, and another, &c. stood up and testified the same; and they prayed for your return, which was seconded by the hearty amens of all the assembly, and by your unworthy friend. It was a glorious and precious time indeed. Some had come from far, hoping to see you there; but the *Master* was at the feast. O when shall we be visited by you again, and be favoured with your company.—As far as I know my own heart, I feel a peculiar love to all that I know are rendered useful in the work of the Lord. I bless God, I feel my soul happy while I am writing. I hope we shall meet where parting will be no more. May the God of all grace shine upon you more and more, and keep you humble; then you will be more and more useful; then you will be ever dear to your unworthy friend and servant,

WM. ALLEN.

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Stephenson:—

Norwich, Sept. 19, 1799.

DEAR SISTER BARRITT,

You will not think it is romantic, when it is signified that the divine interposition has been manifested in your visit to this circuit; which makes it appear that a work is to be done with or by *you;* for in all probability the superindendent would not have invited you, had he not first heard you speak. We have not been able yet to learn the extent of the effects of the Tuesday night meeting, as several persons would get good who lived out of the town. One notorious person, an aged woman, named M—— P——, who had been a monster of iniquity, and an heroine at the diversions of bull-baiting, heard you on Monday evening, and the next night found peace, and manifests as yet, the marks of true conversion, having withstood the most pressing solicitations from her old companions to her favourite amusement.—But it is expected that this only is preparatory to a still greater work that may be done through your instrumentality on your next visit, which we hope will be hastened, as you feel for poor sinners. There are other places where you are wanted.—You have given universal satisfaction, and the leaders appear a little stirred up. The way is now fully opened for your second visit, and it is hoped that your labours will be attended with more signal consequences. If you have leisure before you leave Manchester, it would be esteemed a favour for you to give directions how we may conduct ourselves to further in some measure the *Revival,* or at least not to hinder it.

Your's, &c.,

M. STEPHENSON.

* * * * * *

August 29, 1799. Mrs. Broadhurst, George Mosby,* and myself, set off for Mrs. Colley's, near Preston-brook. The Lord poured out his Spirit on the people in a wonderful manner: some of the most abandoned characters in that neighbourhood were awakened and converted to God. A local preacher came up to me, and said, "help me to praise God;" I replied, "what for? tell us;" he answered, "I have a son for whom I have prayed ever since he was born, and he has been very wicked: about three weeks or a month ago, I said to him, I can pray no more for thee; thou grows worse and worse; I must give thee up:—but the first night you spoke, God alarmed his soul, and several of his companions; and last Friday night week, I went with him to Broadworth; there he cried out for mercy, and the Lord pardoned all his sins: since then, he has been very happy and steady. I asked him this morning, how he was; he said, 'Father, I am happy;' and my wife, who used not to kneel down with me to prayer, is now under a deep concern for her soul." The first time Mr. Goodwin the preacher came, he joined eight or nine new members.

At a place called Fradson, the Lord was with us, and pardoned an old professor and his wife, that had taken in the preachers for many years: they joined heartily in the work of the Lord, and became a blessing to the people.

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* This was one of the praying colliers, who were made so eminently useful in the salvation of souls, through a great part of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire. He, in company with his brother William, spent several years in travelling from place to place. William usually gave an exhortation, for which he had a very profitable gift: George's usefulness chiefly consisted in his mighty faith and prayer.

* * * * * *

1799. I then spoke several times at a place called Whitley Chapel; a most glorious work broke out: in a few nights, about *forty* souls got happy in the pardoning love of God, and several cleansed from all sin. O how did my heart rejoice and praise God! And at Northwich, the Lord was present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive; there were some remarkable things happened in this journey, at this place, and in the neighbourhood.—One woman, who had been very fond of the cruel amusement of bull-baiting, came to hear, got awakened, and the night following found the Lord to pardon all her sins. About a week after, she was strongly solicited to attend her favourite amusement, but positively refused. A man also, who had been a drunkard for many years, and lived a few miles in the country, came to town to attend the bull-baiting; but hearing tell that a woman was going to speak in the Methodist Chapel, he, among the crowd, came to see and hear, from motives of mere curiosity; but the Lord graciously opened his eyes to see his own case, and mercifully touched his heart to feel his danger: he returned home; and his wife astonished to see him so soon, said, "What is to do now, would nobody go with thee to the public-house?" He said, "come, no more of that; let us kneel down, and try to pray:" the woman astonished, gladly obeyed; for she had been a Methodist for some years, but he had made her way very rough. He came the night following, and the Lord spoke peace to his soul. This account I had from his own lips, when at Knutsford, with much more, that I have not time now to put down. He could now join us in singing—

" Suffice that for the season past,
  Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues;
We all thy words behind us cast,
  And lewdly sang the drunkards' songs.

But O the pow'r of grace divine!
  In hymns we now our voices raise
Loudly in strange Hosannahs join,
  And blasphemies are turn'd to praise."

There were several other like instances: one more shall suffice for the present.—A man out of the country being informed I was to preach, was determined to come and hear for himself: his wife strove to prevent him coming, and was much enraged: when she found he was determined, she was still more liberal in her hard speeches, and breathed nothing but curses, threatenings, and slaughter; and after he was gone, she went and locked all the doors, resolving that he should not come in that night: after she had done this, she went up stairs, kneeled down, and prayed fervently to Almighty God to d—n me: she had but prayed a little while, when she saw the room full of devils or evil spirits; at this, her prayer was soon changed into " Lord have mercy on me; save my soul," &c.: when her husband came back, it was with great difficulty she arose from her knees, but after some time she did, and got down, opened the door, and received him joyfully:—they both kneeled down and prayed together, and as I remember, the Lord pardoned them both while on their knees. I have since seen and conversed with them, and the woman informed me herself, with tears, of the circumstance of her praying for my damnation. They have both joined the Methodists, and got the local preachers to preach at their house. Some of their ungodly neighbours told them they would lose their farm: to secure this point, the good man went to his landlord, and told him that his neighbours had said, if he took in the preachers, *Sir John* would turn him off his farm; his landlord replied, that, if he turned him off for being a Methodist, he might turn off all his tenants, for he thought they were all going to be Methodists now;—'no,' added he, 'if you and your wife can agree any better than you used to do, you may take in who you please: you shall not be turned off.'

1799. About this time, or soon after, I returned again to Knutsford, accompanied by many friends; where we held a love-feast, and the Lord poured out his spirit. Some Manchester friends came over to help us, and found it to be a time to be remembered: several souls were enabled to rejoice in the Lord. I spoke both before and after the love-feast. In the evening, several souls were brought into liberty. The next morning, I was desired to walk about a mile, to see a sick friend; but before I went in, the house being on the highway side, I saw a poor man coming along, having a wooden leg: my own father having had his leg broke, and taken off, made me feel more for this poor man, and for all in such circumstances. As soon as he came up, he asked me for alms, and I spoke to him concerning his soul: I told him, I feared he had been getting drink at the public-house below: he assured me, he had not: I then began to converse with him upon the subject of our fall in Adam, and asked him, whether he knew he was a sinner: he said, he did;—"it is about two months," said he, "since I was overtaken by a gentlemen on the road: he was very kind to me, and told me, that about a quarter of a year ago he had found the mercy of God, and a pardon for all his sins; and since that time, I have prayed to the Almighty for my sins to be pardoned." I invited him into the house: our friends that accompanied me, seemed to wonder who I had got. There were about six or seven in company: I spoke to them separately, and asked them, whether they were clear as it respected the enjoyment of God's pardoning mercy; to which they all replied in the affirmative. I then turned to the poor man, and after speaking my own experience, assured him, that I believed if he was in good earnest, the Lord was not only able, but willing also, to forgive him before he left that place: while I was speaking, tears fell from his face like great drops of rain. I gave him my pocket-handkerchief, and we kneeled down: several prayed, and the Lord was present indeed: he trembled, groaned, and cried out, "Lord, canst thou forgive such a sinner as me?" Soon after, his countenance changed, and he broke out, "I am happy: I do believe I am pardoned:" he rose up and praised God.—As he was only going to the next town that day, I invited him to the Methodist chapel in the evening: he seemed desirous to know whether I should be there; I told him, it was probable he would see me. At the time appointed, I went to speak. After standing up, I gave out—

"Pris'ners of hope lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near,
Jesus who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear,
The Lord will to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room:—"

And on looking upon the congregation before me, the first person I saw was this poor beggar: he evidently felt much, for the tears flowed down his face, when he looked up and saw me: he dropped down on the seat instantly: the power of God came down: I cannot describe what I felt: my soul was filled, as with the fulness of God. He came next morning, with grateful acknowledgments for what God had done for him, still continuing happy, and entreating our prayers for him.

Soon after this, I went to Macclesfield, having been invited by Mr. Marsden, Mr. Heywood, and others. We had some gracious times in the country villages, especially at Lower-Ease chapel. I could speak from no passage but this—"*Come and see*:" the chapel was crowded, and as I spoke, the power of God descended, so that many wept much; and in the prayer-meeting, many cried out for the disquietude of their souls. Among the rest was a stout man, who, as I was informed afterwards, kept the prison. He had been asked the day before, if he had not had me in custody; for the devil, (my sworn enemy,) had instigated some of his servants to spread a report that I was a man in women's clothing, and that by profession I was a sailor, but had devised this scheme to make my escape, &c.—however, numbers were induced to "*come and see*;" and as I was describing the human heart, a course of sin, and the burning lake, many attended to the invitation, and were enabled to "*come and see*" a sight they never saw before, namely, their own sinful, wicked hearts: others were enabled to believe in Jesus, as exhibited upon the pole of the gospel, and were set at glorious liberty.

1799. Soon after this, I rode to *Buxton*, to which place Mr. and Mrs. Brandreth had long invited me. They welcomed me very kindly to their house, and the Lord made bare his arm. I spake from—Daniel v. 27. "*Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting.*" The chapel was crowded to excess: both rich and poor, all appeared eager to hear the word. Among the rest was a peer of the realm, who had a star upon his breast. He was very attentive; and the cries and distress of the people were very great: we continued till near midnight.—This season I cannot forget: my soul was filled with the fulness of God: there was indeed a shaking among the dry bones: several were saved; and some time after, I received a letter at Nottingham, informing me, that more than twenty had joined the society, who received good at that time. All glory to God and the Lamb!

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From Buxton and the neighbourhood, I went again to Bakewell. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith were very kind, but nothing extraordinary took place.—From thence, one of our friends accompanied me to Nottingham. As I was a stranger in that part of the country, I was led to pray much all the way as we went. I was very desirous, and very importunate with the Lord, that he would go with me, and make me of some little use. The word of the Lord was in some degree as fire in my bones, and I felt much for the dying sons and daughters of men.

"SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure in our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears;

SALVATION, let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound."

As we rode along, I saw a sign at the foot of a hill, called Selston-Woodnook: I begged of my friend to stop a little, if they had any corn for our beasts, for I was afraid my mare would not carry me to Nottingham well without a feed. The landlady came to the door, and upon enquiry, told us, they had a little corn: we alighted, and I accompanied her into the house; and while the mistress was warming some ale, I asked her, whether she ever prayed?—her answer was "do you think I have lived all these years and never prayed, I say my prayers every night:" I said, "yes, but you may go to the devil, saying of prayers, if you never prayed from your heart;" at which she looked cross, and left me: I followed her into the kitchen, where I saw some potatoes and oatmeal husks put together, and told her, if she would let me have some for my beast, I would pay her what she pleased; but she turned away, and said—nay, I shall not do that: I said, "pray God bless you, if you will not," and following her into the house, I enquired, whether she kept the house herself, or whether she had a husband, and where he was? She told me, she had a husband, and he was getting in some corn at a distance: we then paid for what we had got, and rode off. In coming near a barn, I saw a man on a corn-stack, and felt my heart moved with compassion to say something to him, for the good of his never-dying soul; so I stopped, and shouted out—"Bless you man, how are you?" he answered, "pretty well madam, I thank you; but have not the pleasure to know who you are;" I answered, "may be so; but do you remember, that while you are getting in that corn, that *you* prepare to be corn for the garner of God; and if so, you must repent of your sins, and believe in Jesus Christ, or you will never come there: God bless your soul; good night:" then we rode on, and after we had rode a considerable distance, my friend said, the man is looking after us yet.—I learned afterwards (from their own mouths), that as soon as the man had unloaded his cart, he went home, and asked his wife, if anybody had been there? she told him, there had been a man and a woman; and, said she, "a strange sort of a woman she is; she tells me, I am going to the devil:" he said, "whatever she told thee, I believe it to be true;" and further added, "dost thou not remember what I told thee about eight years ago, when thou asked me, why I would not go to church as usual? I told thee, I had gone a great number of years, and never got any good in my life; but that I would go no more, till God Almighty sent some one to my house to tell me what I must do; and this is the very person, who also has been talking to me, and I am determined to know further, or I will follow her to Nottingham this night:" at this, his wife began to expostulate, saying, "nay, my dear, but be satisfied till to-morrow, and the man that is gone with her will come this way, and then you can enquire of him concerning her;" but, continued she, "if this person be sent by the Lord, to be sure I am undone for ever; for she would have given me any money for some potatoes and seeds, but I would not let her have any." From that moment she began to be convicted for sin; for she had been a pharisee all her life. The day following, they anxiously waited, and looked for the return of my friend: when he came, they made much enquiry:—he informed them, that I was come into that part to speak to folks about their souls; and if they made enquiry, they would soon hear of me. The man of the house continued to enquire, and soon got to hear that a woman was going to preach about five miles from where he lived. The sabbath-day following, he came to the place, and wept when he came into the barn; and when I had about half done speaking, one cried out, "God Almighty bless thy soul for everlasting:" I soon discovered the face bathed in tears. The Thursday after, he came to Ilkestone, and cried out for mercy: the Lord spoke peace to his precious soul, and he returned eight miles home the same night, praising God. He informed his wife of what God had done for his soul, and told her, he would take her the first opportunity, which he did, to Mr. Greensmith's, where I had to speak; the same house where, in answer to Mr. Bramwell's prayer, the Lord restored a young man to sight,—as recorded in Mr. Bramwell's life. She returned, praising the Lord; and soon after, two sons and a daughter-in-law, found the mercy of God.—But to return: we travelled on, and that evening reached Nottingham, much wearied and fatigued with our journey. I went to see Mr. Bramwell, and we rejoiced together, that we were yet alive, and saw each other's face.—On the sabbath-day following, in the morning, I spake in the large chapel in Halifax-Lane, from—Psalm xxxvii. 4. "*Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*"—I began with fear and trembling, but the Lord helped me, and blessed my own soul much: glory be to his holy name! many tears were shed, and good was done. I preached again in the evening, to a very crowded audience: they heard as from, and for, eternity: some found peace with God; others got more fully saved into himself. God was with this people of a truth. O that they may never sink, but continue to rise until the Lord

" —— sweep the nations, shake the earth;
Till all proclaim him God."

My next journey was to Ilkestone. As I rode along, I never felt more tempted in my life, and experienced no relief till I got into the pulpit. Afterwards, I went down among the people: two found peace with God; several more were in distress, and the Lord began to pour out his spirit on the people: there was a shaking among the dry bones: many heard, and feared, and turned to the Lord. I then went to Draycott for a few days, where I laboured with success, and then returned to Ilkestone. Here the Lord again manifested his power, both to wound and to heal: many from the neighbouring villages, particularly Crossall and Totmankay, got much good. Glory be to God, and the Lamb! I then returned to Nottingham, and many souls were saved through the blood of the Lamb.

1800. Wednesday, January 15. I rode to Mansfield, and laboured hard: a few found the mercy of God.—At *Skegby*, several souls were saved from their sins, through faith in Christ; and some awakened to a sight and sense of their danger.—At Mansfield again, on the 19th, I laboured in the Calvinist Chapel, with liberty and power. The reason of my speaking in this chapel was, it was much larger than ours, but it was far too small to contain all the people. The dissenting minister freely gave me his pulpit, expressing his satisfaction afterwards to our friends. The Lord reward him. Many wept, and some got blessed. Glory be to God: souls are turning to him in this place!

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About this time, I received the following letter, from the late Mr. George Clark, an excellent man. He was a bookseller, at Whitby.—Some account of him will be found in the Methodist Magazine for 1824:—

Whitby, Jan. 14, 1800.

VERY DEAR MARY,

We were favoured with your's, as also one from Mrs. Wood.—The reason we have not written, is, we heard you were engaged,—and we lately heard you were at the point of death.—You may therefore judge how agreeable it was to hear from your own hand, that you were still in time, and engaged in the Lord's work;—and still more satisfactory to hear, that the Lord is making bare his arm, and bringing such numbers to himself. *"O may he sweep the nations, shake the earth, till all proclaim him God."* With regard to ourselves, we feel the Lord deepening his work in our souls. I never felt more determined to be the Lord's than at present. We had a precious time at the ending of the old year, and in renewing our covenant on the new. Both our dear preachers were in, and the divine power was felt in a very extraordinary manner. Thankful for our preachers: they are willing to spend and be spent for God; and their dear partners are very precious women:—but Mrs. Wood cannot come forward to act in the work;—but when you come we hope you will prevail.—We have no remarkable outpouring upon the outward hearers, but seldom a week passes but some are converted. The Lord is deepening his work amazingly in many. In the body band, near twenty persons spoke of having their souls cleansed from all sin. We have lately formed a select band, and trust it will be a blessing. Mr. Miller is particularly useful in this work. Remember, you stand engaged to see us in the course of the year—the sooner the better. You will still find a mother in my dear partner,—and Catharine will not easily forget you. With our own, and a great many dear friends' most affectionate love, we remain, as ever,

Your's, affectionately,

GEO. & J. CLARK.

In a letter from Miss Isabella Wilson, of Sinnethwaite, near Wetherby, Yorkshire—to

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, mention is made of this revival at Nottingham.—Miss Wilson was then on a visit to Mr. Tatham's.

Nottingham, Jan. 2, 1800.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,*

——— Bless God, I am well and happy. The work of God prospers throughout this circuit. It is three weeks to-day since sister Barritt came here. She is well received, and the Lord owns her labours. I was with her at Ratcliffe, about six miles from this place, from Friday till Monday. We had blessed times, especially at a class on Friday evening, when seven or eight persons obtained purity of heart. Glory be to God—his people here are rising daily! We often wish for you to come amongst us, to help us in the blessed work. Sister Barritt intends stopping here till about March; so I hope you will come to see us before long. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Tatham is in a poor state of health. She is very weak and low. She seems ripe for glory, though she can be ill spared. The church will find a great loss in her. When, however, I see a soul fit for heaven, I think, how much better it is to be there than in an afflicted body. The Lord help us to praise him for every dispensation of his providence towards us—for he is wise in all his ways. Mr. Bramwell is better of his lameness; so, he is driving about again. We have blessed news from all quarters, of the work of God spreading. Oh, for more faith in God, that formality may come to the ground. I see clearly how we have lost ground in our circuit—by yielding to man. I hope we shall learn something by what we have suffered. The Lord help us! I have often thought of you and the circuit. It has powerfully struck me, that if those who are alive to God, and have the spirit of prayer, and of faith in God, would meet together, and plead for a revival, I believe the Lord would answer them.—I think we do not sufficiently feel for the souls of those who are not happy in God. I hope you will unite with me in caring for souls more than ever. When I look back, I am ashamed of myself before God; but at present he blesses me abundantly—Oh, for a closer walk with him! this I feel determined on, with the new year. We shall soon have done with all below. Let us aim at the crown, and we 'shall seize it as our due,' We had two souls brought into christian liberty last night, and one obtained full salvation.

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* See the Life and happy Death of Miss Wilson, by J. S. Pipe. Sold by Mr. Kershaw, at the Methodist Book Room, London.

Your loving Sister,

ISABELLA WILSON.

1800. At Sutton, the Lord was with us: several penitents were brought into the liberty of God's dear children—the load of guilt was removed from their consciences.

From thence I proceeded to Blidworth, where some were awakened, and several backsliders healed. There had been a sifting here after the great revival, but the death of Mr. John Heath was rendered a blessing to this people.

I rode to Oxon, the 25th of January, and had a powerful time in speaking to the people: the power of God was present, to wound and to heal: several at this time, as well as on the sabbath-day morning, got much good.—At Calverton, in the evening, I had a blessed time in speaking to the people, and several found peace with God; especially, one woman got much good —a farmer's wife, from Epperstone; which instance, will serve to shew how graciously willing the Lord is to bless and save all who call upon him in truth. Her husband had given her full liberty to hear me, though he was very much opposed to her hearing the Methodist preachers. Some time before this, she usually attended the preaching at Oxon, about two miles from Epperstone, and for her protection, took with her a favourite, faithful dog; which when her husband discovered, he took the dog into a wood, and shot it, though (as he told me afterwards) he would not have taken five pounds for it. After the meeting was concluded at Calverton, we returned to Mrs. R——'s, and while at supper, there was a rap at the door: Mrs. M—— rose and said, "I expect that is for me:" so it proved. She walked into the parlour to put on her things: I followed, and said to her, "Mrs. M——, if you be faithful to God, and to the good you have received this night, you will be the means of saving, not only your own soul, but those of your family too—but if not, I feel an impression that you will go down to hell, and your family too." She returned home behind the servant-man, and upon entering the sitting-room, her *husband*, without speaking a word, lifted up his hand, and knocked her down upon the floor. She rose up, and with mildness said—"*Richard*, I never was determined to serve God before to-night—but now I am resolved to save my soul: you may do what you please." He was immediately cut to the heart, and felt exceedingly at the thought of his base conduct towards one who had been a most affectionate and faithful wife for about sixteen years. He could get no sleep that night. In the morning he was very kind, evidently desirous of making some atonement for his base conduct. He told his wife, that he should like to see the *preaching woman himself*; and he actually galloped his horse nearly all the way to Nottingham, in hopes of overtaking us on the road.—From thence, I proceeded to Farnsfield: the people in general seemed as though they had been half asleep; however, they heard with attention, and one found mercy. I returned again to Oxon, and in the prayer-meeting, after speaking, several obtained the favour of God. On the Saturday, we returned to Nottingham, where I spoke on the sabbath evening. We had a prayer-meeting afterwards, when several souls found the mercy of God, and some believers were fully renewed in righteousness.

On Tuesday, I rode to Ilkestone, and spake at night: many sinners were pricked to the heart, some cried out aloud for mercy, and a few were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. The night following, we had a prayer-meeting, and more evident good appeared. From thence I went to Watnal, where I had a good time in speaking: two, that evening, found peace with God. The night following, I met a class, and had a gracious season: some were stirred up to seek purity of heart, and one found the Lord to heal all his backslidings. From thence, two of our friends accompanied me to Basford, to Mrs. Spencer's, where I felt much of God. I spoke in a large low place; but truly, God is no respecter of places, any more than persons: it is not at Jerusalem, neither on this mountain, where we are to worship God, but, praised be his name, the time is come when they that worship the Father, must worship him in spirit and in truth. Two or three found peace with God, in this place, at that time: one of them has since gone to glory. At night, I spoke at Bulwell, to a crowded congregation: the Lord manifested his presence, and good was done. On Monday evening, I came to Nottingham, and heard Mr. Bramwell, whom the Lord had often used for much good to my soul.

1800. On Tuesday, February 11, I went to *Wishall*: the Lord was present there: some obtained his favour, and others went away under deep distress. I stopped a second night, and met a class: it was a good time; one man obtained mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Here, I met with those eminently holy, and useful women—Mrs. Mary Harrison, and Miss Sarah Cox. Their conversation, appearance, and deportment were rendered a great blessing to me. They have long laboured, and suffered in the vineyard of our common Lord.* On Thursday, I was at good old Mr. Angrave's, of Hoton, a valiant soldier of the Lord. I laboured in the barn: a crowd of people attended, and looked as if they had never heard before. I felt the desire of my heart was with the poet,

" O that my Jesus' heav'nly charms,
Might ev'ry bosom move,
Fly sinners, fly into those arms,
Of everlasting love."

It was a gracious season, and some good was done. From thence we journeyed to Great Leek, to Mr. Angrave's, jun., where the Lord made bare his holy arm: some were awakened to a sense of their danger, and one or two found the pardoning mercy of God.—On the sabbath-day evening, many were wounded for sin, particularly two young men, who, as they came, were contriving how they should spend the sabbath following: one of them said to the other, *jocosely*, " but how will it be if we should get converted to-night?" I spoke from—" *The great day of his wrath is come, &c.*" They soon saw that in their present state they should not be able to stand the judgment with comfort: in the prayer-meeting, they both cried aloud for mercy, and both found peace with God. Afterwards, I mentioned to the friends, their conversation as they went to the meeting. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. All glory to God and the Lamb! Several others obtained mercy.

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* If the reader wishes for any further information concerning these pious women, I refer him to—" *Biographical Sketches of the lives, and public ministry, of various Holy Women.*"—By Z. Taft.—Page 70—75.

1800. My next journey was to Wimeswold, where Mr. Air, a clergyman of the Church of England, received me into his house. His dear wife was a member of our society, and he was exceedingly friendly with our people. I was led that night to speak from—1 Peter iv. 18. "*If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear.*" There was an aged gentleman who had met with a hurt upon his leg, and so was confined, or he would not have attended the preaching—but the Lord is at times very mysterious in his providence, and his ways are past finding out: the Lord powerfully awakened this man: while I was speaking of the righteous and the wicked, he remained unmoved—but when speaking of the *ungodlike* character, he saw and felt himself unfit for heaven, and was convinced, that if death should find him in his present state, he should certainly be damned: he went home, but could get no rest that night: in the morning he came to Mr. Air's, entreating us to pray for him: Mr. A. did, with all his heart: Miss Cox—myself—and others wrestled with the Lord in mighty prayer in his behalf: the Lord answered, and blessed him with his sweet forgiving love. I shall never forget his language to me, and with what simplicity and strength of affection he acknowledged the instrument God made use of in his conversion. I have lately heard that he is still a zealous and useful follower of the Lord Jesus.—I spent that day in visiting the sick, and in going from house to house. We had a fellowship-meeting at night, and several were under distress,—in particular, one blind young man: we prayed with him till he could rejoice in God his Saviour. This young man soon became a local preacher, and continues to this day. There were several more brought into liberty at the same time.

Church Fenton, Feb. 23, 1800.

MY DEAR M. BARRITT,

You are with a servant of the most high God—what a privilege! I hope you will come from his counsel, advice, and prayers, like a giant well refreshed. I see your calling, I think, clearer than ever, by reading Adam Clark's sermon in last January Magazine. He has made the word of God very plain—I would have you read it. I trust we are in your prayers. *Your children in the Lord* are still crying after you, and enquiring when you will come. T. E. says, he never goes to pray but you are in his remembrance. And what will please you most is, that he stands fast and is useful. Sister Coulson has changed for Simpson; I wish the world may be kept out of their hearts. May the Lord send you soon. I wish you could have no rest till you come. Mr. Rasin came on purpose to enquire after you. I thank our dear friends and you for an interest in their prayers. I stand in great need—as much as ever. O may you and I watch and pray! My wife sends her love to you, and says, we want you very much among us. My son William is holding on his way, but wants more life and zeal. Forget not Mr. Mather's advice.—Remember your motto.

I am, dear M.
Your's in Christ Jesus,
WM. ALLEN.

I then went to Willoughby, where the Lord visited the people; and from thence returned to

Plumbtree, and spoke to the people on the sabbath-day.—I have just received a very valuable letter from Mr. Emmett, who is travelling at Birstal, near Leeds. May the Lord bless him, and have him in his holy keeping; he is very urgent for me to visit him, immediately. But I see no way of escape at present, nor can I wish to remove hence, while the Lord is doing such a great work in this circuit.

March 9. I was at Eastwood, and spoke in Mr. Spencer's barn: the place was crowded, and many heard, weeping—and some obtained mercy through the blood of the everlasting covenant.—I preached at Heanor, at night, where several found peace with God.—On the Monday I spake at Brunsley, in a large stable. Here, a man came while I was speaking, intending to pull me down, but he soon had other work to do—for the Lord suddenly and powerfully laid hold of his heart, and he was brought to cry out for mercy.—At Eastwood, the day following, I was very happy in my soul, under a consciousness that the work in which I was engaged, had the special sanction and approbation of the Lord: I enjoyed sweet fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, through the eternal Spirit—and felt great love to poor sinners, insomuch, that I could have submitted to any thing to have promoted the glory of God, and the good of my fellow-creatures. May the Lord make me a thousand times more faithful with, and useful to, the dying sons and daughters of Adam! Why should any perish, since, the merit of Christ's atonement—the tenderness of his compassion—and the virtue of his blood, extend to the whole human family! My language to poor sinners, is with the poet—

"For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded side,
Languish'd for you the Son of God,
For you the Prince of glory died."

"Come O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in."

The following letter I received from Mrs. Baisden:—

Leeds, April 30, 1800.

My dearest Mary,

I thank you for the blessed account you gave me of the work of God in that highly-favoured place where you now are.—Ride on Jesus, till the earth be filled with the glory of God! But it cannot well be otherwise—three such preachers, and you, my dear, all laying out yourselves in order to win souls. O what wisdom! May the Lord strengthen you all! I have no doubt but Mr. and Mrs. Tatham are blessed helps to the work of God. Well, your reward is with the Lord. I was thinking to day, it is two years since you were first at Leeds. Several who were then brought to God stand steadfast in the *faith;* but we have no such days now: alas! we are grown very wise—we have no prayer-meetings after sermons—we think a fine long sermon best; but I assure you, this is heavy work for some of us. My soul longs for the prosperity of Zion. We mourn, weep, and hope for better days. How I should rejoice to see you here, but you are in a warmer climate. My soul keeps alive! I still love God with all my heart! Bless his name, I feel I do, but I want to get into greater depths—to be saved to the uttermost—to have every thought brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ! Do write to me: if you have not time, get Mrs. Tatham to write. I want much instruction: my classes are in a prosperous way: praise the Lord! But O! what wisdom is wanting to be a leader of souls; but the Lord *"is made unto us wisdom, &c."*—Your's, in the bonds of love,

Sarah Baisden,

1800. The following sabbath-day I spent at Ilkestone: several were brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. I then held a meeting in a barn, at Cotmanhay, where some more obtained faith in Christ. My next journey was to Mr. Wilson's, of Cossall; and from thence to Nottingham.

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Soon after this, my good friends, Mrs. Tatham and Mrs. Bramwell, accompanied me to Derby. There also, the Lord manifested his gracious presence, and his mighty power to save. We heard afterwards that several had joined the people who were awakened at that time.

My next journey was to Ratcliffe. Here the Lord was with us of a truth: several were brought to rejoice in Christ. Leaving this place, I went to Croppel, in the Newark circuit, which visit was productive of some good. From thence, I proceeded to Bingham, where one was brought to the knowledge of the truth. We then returned to Nottingham, to attend the love-feast.—I admire their plan here of conducting the love-feast, and quarterly meeting. They have them regularly once a quarter, when all the travelling preachers are present, and as many of the local brethren as possible; there being no preaching at that time within five or six miles of Nottingham. Numbers of the country friends attend the love-feast. They have preaching in the forenoon, and the love-feast begins at two o'clock; also, preaching in the evening, and a watch-night afterwards. One of the local brethren generally preaches the evening sermon, and the travelling preacher gives the exhortation. As many of the country friends as can, stop over the next day. The quarterly meetings, I am informed, are well attended; there being one friend or more present, from every place in the circuit. They generally finish their temporal concerns in the forenoon, and hold a band-meeting after dinner. *That* evening also, one of the brethren preaches a sermon, and afterwards they have either another watch-night, or continue a prayer-meeting.

At the above-mentioned love-feast, much good was done—many souls were brought into glorious liberty.

I received the following note from Mr. Rutherford, a Wesleyan itinerant preacher:—

Sheffield, March 31, 1800.

DEAR SISTER,

I told you in Manchester that I should be glad to see you in Sheffield, and I am still of the same mind. I therefore beg you will as soon as possible come over and help us. The friends in Sheffield, and all through the circuit, will be glad to see and hear you.—There is an open door and a large field of usefulness, and I shall greatly rejoice to see you made the instrument of a revival of the work of God among us. Mr. Longden, from whom you will receive this, will second my request.—Wishing you much happiness and prosperity,

I am your's in the Lord Jesus,

THOS. RUTHERFORD.

* * * * * *

1800. From Nottingham I went to Long-Eaton, where the Lord had lately revived his work in a wonderful manner, and where several more now saw it to be their duty and privilege to join the society. On the sabbath-day, I spake at Long-Eaton, in the forenoon, and at Stapleford in the evening: the Lord was present. Mr. Tatham preached at Stapleford in the afternoon, with much power: many were much affected on all sides. In the week following, I re-visited

Ilkestone: here, several more were brought to a saving knowledge of themselves as sinners, and of God, as reconciled through Christ Jesus. One of these has since begun to labour in the Lord's vineyard, and continues to preach that gospel he once despised. One woman that was brought to God at this time, was soon after taken to glory—died in the full assurance of faith. She was highly favoured with visions and revelations; and was very sensible of the presence of God, and of angels. All that were present in the chamber of death, felt unutterable things—the room was filled with the glory of God. How strong, and yet how true, the language of Dr. Young:—

> " The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn,
> By mortal hand. It merits a divine:
> Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
> There on a post of honour and of joy"—
>
> yea—
>
> " The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

The relation of the above circumstance had a strange effect upon my mind. I felt for a few moments like the elder brother in our Lord's parable of the prodigal son. I reasoned thus;—"this woman has been a slave of sin and Satan for many years, and has only been converted about a month;—that *she* should be so highly honoured for several days before her death, and that I, who have endeavoured to serve the Lord faithfully, from my thirteenth year, should never yet have seen an angel:—How is this?—when, all at once, my mind was satisfied with this intimation,—*Wait awhile, thou hast not died yet.*"

From thence I went to Estwood, where we held a love-feast: several obtained mercy through the Lord Jesus. On the Monday morning, there came a beggar to the door, and no one being in the way, I went, and found a man with one leg: I asked him a few questions about the state of his soul, such as, whether he knew he was a poor fallen creature—a sinner before God?—to which he answered, with great propriety. I then asked him, whether he was not a hypocrite, expecting to get something more by answering me thus?—he positively assured me, that that was not his design, but that he felt what he said—had been brought up in the army—and given to much wickedness, which now lay as a great weight upon his mind. I invited him in—bade him sit down—began to converse with him more freely—and informed him, there had been several in this town yesterday, who had found their sins pardoned. He then told me, that he had lately come from Leicester—had attended the Methodist chapel there, when two (he believed) got that blessing—and added, "how happy should I be, could I but obtain it, or had I been one of them:" he seemed to despair of mercy, because of the number and magnitude of his crimes. I encouraged him to expect the blessing now, while we prayed: we kneeled down—he was truly in earnest for a present blessing—and we wrestled, Jacob-like, and like him prevailed; for the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and he arose rejoicing in the God of his salvation. Mr. Spencer, the master of the house, having seen the beggar come to the door, felt an impression on his mind to go on the highway side to hear what the man would say: he did so, and waited his return: he then asked him, "Have they given you aught at that house?" the man answered, "Yes, they have given me something for my soul—for had I died before I went in, I believe I should have gone to hell—

but if I die now, I believe I shall go to heaven." The poor man told the same story to several persons that day.

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1800. Soon after, I was at Blidworth again: many were alarmed, and some found peace with God. I then laboured at Calverton, where some met us from Epperstone, and got awakened to a sense of their danger—but the clergyman was hugely offended, and breathed out threatenings, &c.; but Mr. M—— invited me to speak in his barn, having previously got the same registered according to the act of parliament. We had a good time at Calverton, the following night. When the meeting was concluded, Mr. N—— came to Mr. R——'s, where I was, (it being the second time he had ever heard a Methodist, and nothing but curiosity induced him to come now, for he had often said, and even swore, he never would hear the Methodists): he addressed himself to me, saying, "I wish to ask you a few questions: do you think there can be any harm in fighting a few cocks, and playing a little at cards?"—I replied, "Bless you, I scarce know what to say in reply; for I never saw a cock-battle in my life, and do not know one card from another—but, if you can lift up your heart to God in sincerity, and pray him to give his blessing upon your engagements, play and fight on; for I read, '*whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God:*'" I further said—"it strikes me, you have to be a Methodist preacher yet;"—his reply was, "if I have, pray God I may be a good one"—to which I did from my heart, say '*Amen.*' He stopped with Mr. and Mrs. M., and being a singer in the church, he soon learned some hymn tunes, and a few verses. The next day, Mr. and Mrs. R. accompanied me to

Epperstone, where we dined with Mr. N., and afterwards sung and prayed. We drank tea at Mr. M.'s. As we walked up the street, on our way to his house, we were accosted by upwards of a hundred people—men, women, and children, together: one sounded a french-horn, some blew cows' horns—some rung with fire-shovels, frying-pans, and pokers, &c.; while others shouted so as to be heard a mile off.. The man who sounded the french-horn, was soon after awakened and converted to God, and became a class-leader. Another circumstance I cannot forget:—an aged woman shouted out of a window—" these are the soldiers which should have defended the town," (alluding to Mr. N. and Mr. W., who were in the cavalry) " and they are bringing the Methodists among us, are they? curse on them;"—immediately, Mr. N. struck up amidst the crowd—

" We are soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly,
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixt,
With Christ to live and die.

Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through,
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown our due."

Some of the mob, or their employers, sent others to set the bells a-ringing—but none of these things moved me, neither counted I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the work I knew the Lord had given me to do; nay—I believe I was never so happy in all my life, as at this time. When we got into Mr. M.'s parlour, Mr. N. said to me—" I like all that I have seen and heard yet, but I am informed, you have dark meetings," (meaning class-meetings) " what are they?" I told him, we would have one just then, if they pleased—

so, I gave out a verse of a hymn—sung—prayed, and spoke my own experience: then I spoke to them all round, according to their state in grace; after which, we sung and prayed again: at the conclusion, our friend said, he liked this better than all the rest. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. N. came to breakfast: I felt my heart much enlarged to speak, and explain the scriptures to them; after which, the men took a walk into the fields. On their return, Mr. N. said, his mind had been so engaged, that he knew not where they had been—but this one thing he declared, from manifest conviction—"if I die as I am, I am damned for ever." In the afternoon, they accompanied me to Calverton, where I spoke that night, from—"*He hath brought me up also out of the horrible pit, &c.*" Several cried out for mercy, and some found peace with God:—Mr. M. exclaimed aloud—"praise God, I have got raised out to-night:"—they returned home, and Mr. N. said to his dear wife, "come, let us go up stairs, I am going to do something I never did before in my life:"—"my dear," said she, "what are you going to do:" he answered, "I am going to pray to God Almighty:" he did so; and the Lord soon broke in upon his soul—upon which, he rose up and praised God, "*from whom all blessings flow.*" He went next morning, to inform his much-esteemed friend, Mr. M., and it being Saturday, they rode in company to Nottingham market. On their way, Mr. N. preached Christ to some they overtook. The day following, Mr. and Mrs. N.,—Mr. and Mrs. M.,—Mr. and Mrs. E.,—and Mr. W.—all came to Mr. Tatham's. After tea, we had prayer, when Mr. E.— and Mr. W.— found peace with God. I spoke in the evening; after which, we had a prayer-meeting: Mr. W. (who, when at Calverton, on the Friday night, said—"I dare not let my wife be at a meeting like this, because of her weak body") now desired me to fetch that man with the strong voice, meaning Dr. Taft:* he came, and prayed with her, and she was soon enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God: they all returned home, praising God with all their hearts. Soon after, I went and spoke at Epperstone,† in the barn before-mentioned. The wicked crowded about the place, and threw in stones and brickbats—but our God is above men, devils, and sin: he made bare his holy arm, and several obtained mercy; particularly one man, who had been a considerable distance upon worldly business, and had come back by way of Epperstone, to meet his daughter. As soon as I began to speak, he began to tremble all over him, and thought he was dying, and dropping into hell: in the prayer-meeting, he cried out for mercy—and what was very remarkable, was struck blind, and remained so for about three hours; during which time, he held fast by the barn-door, believing, that if he should let go his hold, he should immediately fall into hell. But, O the matchless mercy of God! the man was soon plucked as a brand from the burning, obtaining peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: his sight was then restored, and he exchanged an expected death and damnation, for pardon and a present inward heaven: he became so wonderfully happy, that he scarce knew how he got home to Edenstow. He thenceforward went on his way, praising God; and his family observing the amazing change which had taken place in him, and taking knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus,—his wife began to be powerfully wrought upon by divine grace, and was ultimately brought to the knowledge of the truth: also, two sons—one daughter—and a son-in-law. He soon got preaching to his house; and afterwards, fitted up a barn for the worship of God, and received the preachers from Retford. Since then, I have paid them a visit; and, if I mistake not, more than twenty had joined in society, from this small beginning. All glory to God and the Lamb!

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* In this very great revival at Nottingham, and in the neighbourhood all round, the Doctor's labours were very much owned of God. For simplicity, zeal, and faith in prayer, I scarcely ever met with his equal. He often pleaded with God for souls, for hours together, and seldom gave it up, till they were made happy. Soon after this, he gave up a lucrative profession, in which he had been extensively useful—for the infinitely more important employment of bringing souls to God; in which blessed sphere of action, he moved for some years, with abundant and manifest success. After travelling *twenty-three* years, he died at Birmingham, January, 1823. For a further accouut of this blessed servant of God, I refer to, Memoirs of him, written by his son-in-law, Dr. Mc Allum.

† I esteem it no small honour, in being the instrument in the hand of God, of introducing Methodism into this village. One of our travelling preachers had attempted to preach in the street about a year before: he sang, and prayed, and then his congregation was dispersed by the very same persons that introduced me into the village. *One* of them kept a *bull*, which the *other* borrowed, and drove in among the people: I was informed, that the preacher went away weeping.

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I omit, for the sake of brevity, and for want of time, many remarkable conversions to which I was witness in this neighbourhood—but I would note down one circumstance which occurred at Watnall, while I was speaking. One man came in, who had been a champion for the devil: he excelled his wicked neighbours in swearing, drinking, fighting, dancing, and cock-fighting, &c.: he came to make sport, and to carry back to his companions all he could remember: after speaking, we sung; and before prayer, as the people could not kneel down, I begged of them to close their eyes while we prayed: this poor man thought within himself, "I will do as she wishes me," and his eyes being shut, he could see no objects to divert his attention, but soon saw himself a lost, undone, perishing sinner—and was brought to pray for mercy: he soon obtained it, to the joy of his heart: the Lord pardoned all his transgressions. Here, the work of God was revived, and this poor sinner, saved. This brand plucked from the fire, was soon made the leader of a class, and the Lord owned his labours of love, and abundantly blessed him in his own soul.

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1800. Presently after this, I had a call to Newark, where I laboured with Mr. Hickling; and was at the love-feast, July 13: it was a precious season: many spoke, rationally and scripturally, of a saving work of grace upon their hearts, some of whom were from Epperstone. I spoke in the evening; it was a good time, and some found mercy. On the Monday, I rode to Plungar, and spake in a crowded chapel: I trust it was a time of much good to many.—From thence, I rode to Mr. Watson's: some here obtained mercy through Christ. I came back to Nottingham, and from thence proceeded to Ilkestone, to attend a love-feast: here, many more were brought to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God; and very many were added to the society, such as (I trust) shall be for ever saved. The sabbath-day following, I was at Griffydam, at a love-feast, with Mr. W. Harrison: several were much blessed.

After this, I was at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where I had a blessed time in the morning. In the evening, I was obliged to speak in the open air, to a crowd of attentive hearers: many wept, and the Lord was present indeed. In the chapel, afterwards, three or four that we knew of, found the mercy of God.—Some years after this, my brother Barritt travelled in the Burton circuit; where, the wife of a respectable farmer informed him—that she had heard me preach at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the open air, so many years ago, when she was awakened to a sight and sense of her sin and danger, which terminated in a sound conversion to God:—that she afterwards persuaded her husband to hear the Methodists—that he became truly pious—and that they had for some time taken in the travelling preachers. She also told him, that before they heard me, they were both strict pharisees, depending for salvation, upon going to church—reading the prayer-book—and a sort of preparation for the Lord's Supper, the week before it was administered.

From thence, a friend accompanied me to Hinkley, where I saw my dear afflicted friend, Mr. Thomas Shaw, a travelling preacher. I was much affected to see him so low and nervous: God for ever bless him for his advice and care over unworthy me! Here, I was much pleased and profited with dear Mrs. Sargeant's company. I then returned into Nottinghamshire; and on the 12th of October, was at the opening of a chapel at Normanton: it was a good time: two or three found peace with God. I shall never forget speaking, at this time, in the afternoon, from—"*The Lord added to his church daily, such as should be saved.*" The amens of the people were like claps of thunder. The subject, was astonishingly exemplified: souls were indeed *daily* added to the church, and that not a few; for, upwards of *five hundred were added to the Methodist society in this circuit, in one quar-*

ter—and several hundreds afterwards! With much feeling we used to sing with our poet—

" Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bar'd,
And a people prepar'd
His glory to shew
And witness the pow'r of his passion below.

And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.
Thou, Jesus, hast blest
And believers increas'd,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiv'n thro' mercy alone.

I returned from thence to Nottingham, purposing, early next morning, in company with Mr. F. Wilson, to set off for Yorkshire. I usually visited my parents once a year; but it being a year and a half since I had seen them, I became very uneasy, which increased from my mother's earnest desire to see me. I mentioned this to Mr. Bramwell frequently, but he kept putting me off, making other appointments for me. I therefore determined to take the first opportunity of going away privately. We set off about five in the morning, and arrived in Doncaster that evening, just as the people were going to the chapel. Though very weary, and drowsy after my journey, having been up the whole of the preceding night, we went to chapel. I did not intend making myself known, as I wished to proceed on my journey next morning—but the two wives of the preachers, Mrs. Beaumont, and Mrs. Harrison, discovered me—who, with the friends, insisted upon our stopping one evening: we did so, and it was a time of power and great glory. The day following, we arrived at Mr. Wade's, of Sturton. Here, for the first time, I met with that venerable man of God, Mr. John Pawson. On my entering the room, he rose up, and turning to Mr. Wade, said—"now, sir, you can dispense with my labours; since Miss Barritt is come, I will return to Leeds." Mr. Wade stopped him short, saying—"Miss Barritt is come, and I am glad to see her; but it is your appointment, and I insist upon you keeping your place"—upon which he sat down. Soon after, Mr. Wade began to make enquiries relative to the great work in Nottinghamshire:—I related some particulars which had come under my own notice. Mr. Pawson listened, and soon, tears begun to steal down his venerable face. After tea, Mr. Wade proposed prayer—upon which, Mr. Pawson said, "Miss Barritt will pray with us:"—I did so, and felt my heart much enlarged and blessed. Mr. Pawson prayed afterwards, and we had a good season. His prejudice against women's preaching, melted away as snow before the mid-day sun; and from this time he became my firm advocate and friend. He preached to us that evening, with the Holy Ghost; after which, we held a prayer-meeting:—he stayed with us the whole of the time, and rejoiced to see some brought into the liberty of the gospel. Next morning, he took Mr. Wade aside—and insisted upon a promise that he would bring me to Thorner—to meet him in a month's time, where he had to hold a love-feast. I consented to the arrangement, and proceeded on my journey to Colne, in Lancashire.

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After stopping a few days, I returned, according to a previous engagement, to Mr. Wilson's, of Warton-Lodge, with whom I have had many precious seasons, when in the York circuit.—I then spent some days in Wetherby; and afterwards at Mr. Burrows's—where, I trust, some lasting good was done. After this, I met (according to appointment) that dear, aged, and venerable servant of God, Mr. Pawson—and spoke for him at Thorner, he being present:—we had a good time. In the afternoon, we had a love-feast, in which several souls were savingly brought to God: in the evening meeting also, some received good to their souls, and were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. I then returned to Wetherby, and laboured with Mr. Ogilvie: some good was done at Tockwith, and other places.

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November 26, 1800. I went to Greenholm, in the Otley circuit,—where there was (what I call) a most precious sight, viz. a number of children, happy in the love of Christ. Mr. Whitaker, who invited me, had been made a blessing to them: the power of God was much present with us, and a few more obtained mercy.

I have received a letter from Mr. John Nelson,—dated Wakefield, December 28, 1800, requesting me to come over and supply his lack of service, *he* being confined by a hurt received on his leg. In this invitation, he assures me—that Mr. Gaulter, Mr. Gloyne, and the leading friends, are united. But, thank God, I have many more doors opened than I can go in at. Praise the Lord for this! Many are prepared to receive the *word of salvation*, by whomsoever sent.

At Burley, the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal. I returned to Tockwith—Warton-Lodge—and Wighill; at which places, some found pardon, while others got their backslidings healed: God's dear children also, appeared much quickened, and raised. May God continue to bless the precious friends in that neighbourhood!—they are truly laborious for God, both at home and abroad, endeavouring to do good in every possible way. I have often felt, and could join the poet in those words—

> "Hereby we sweetly know,
> Our love proceeds from thee,
> We let each other go
> From ev'ry creature free
> Joyful to meet, willing to part,
> Convinc'd we still are one in heart."

* * * * * *

In the course of my experience and travels, I have met with many things, which to myself and others, have proved very serviceable in several cases of bodily affliction: and as I have ever felt it my duty to do all the good in my power, to the bodies as well as to the souls of my fellow-creatures, I have made these things known, both by verbal and written communications; and have often administered to the speedy relief of suffering patients—which relief has been gratefully acknowledged.

Having come to the close of the first part of my journal, I feel disposed to embrace the opportunity this circumstance affords, of recommending a few useful remedies to my readers, especially the *poor*, who may be in circumstances to which the remedies apply; and more especially, as in general they may be procured without either much trouble or expense.

For a Sprain.

1. Bath the part in good crab-verjuice.
2. Or, with hot vinegar and water, fifteen minutes, twice a day.

3. Or, mix a little salve turpentine, (as much as will lay on a sixpence) with flower and the yolk of an egg—spread the mixture on the rough side of a little allumed leather, and apply the plaister to the part. This last, cured me in a desperate case; having had to walk on crutches for six weeks.

For Sore Eyes.

Take, a halfpenny-worth of white copperas, and dissolve it in a pint and a half of spring water. Bottle it—and take two table-spoonsful at one time into a tea-cup, and air it. With a little linen rag, bath the eyes before the fire, for five minutes, three times a day. This has been known to cure, when all other remedies have failed.

Worms.

"A child may be known to have the worms, by chilliness—paleness—hollow eyes—itching of the nose—starting in sleep—and an unusual stinking breath."

For a child of four or five years old, take, a small pill of succotrine aloes, going to bed; *two,* for persons up-grown; and in the morning, take a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in warm water. Let this be repeated twice a week for a fortnight.

For a Cough.

1. Syrup of squills, and paragoric elixer—equal quantities.

2. Or, take 80 drops of laudanum—90 drops of tincture of tolu—3 drachms of syrup of squills—2 ounces of water, all mixed. Take one small tea-spoonful at going to bed.

3. Or, yolk of an egg—a spoonful of coarse sugar—a spoonful of oatmeal—the size of a walnut of butter—a pint of boiling water. Mix them all up together, and take a table-spoonful occasionally.

For a Sore Throat.

1. Suck a little saltpetre:

2. Or, saltpetre, sugarcandy, and spermaceti, equal quantities, bruised in a mortar.

For Hoarseness.

1. One drachm of the fresh-scraped root of horse-radish—4 ounces of water—8 ounces of sugar. *Directions*:—Heat the water; infuse the root with the water, for two hours; with the sugar, make it into a syrup. Take a tea-spoonful at any time.

2. Or, half a pint of new milk—half a pound of suet. Dissolve the suet in the milk. Drink it warm.

3. Or, 5 drachms of sulphurated oil—1 drachm of oil of anniseeds. Put them together in a bottle. Take *ten* drops on *sugar*, three or four times a day.

For a Consumptive Cough.

1. As many *watercresses* as will produce half a pint of juice—half a pint of best vinegar—8 ounces of brown sugarcandy—3 pennyworth of paragoric.

Directions. Obtain half a pint of watercress-juice, by pounding the cresses in a wooden bowl, to a *pulp*, and then squeezing the juice through a *muslin* or *lawn* cloth. Boil the juice, vinegar, and sugarcandy in an iron pot, to a thin syrup. Add the paragoric, and bottle it for use. Take of the mixture, *two tea-spoonsful* whenever the cough becomes troublesome.

2. Or, one pound of honey—a glass of rum—and a tea-spoonful of oil of olives. Mix together, and take a table-spoonful occasionally.

Consumption.

One scruple of quicksilver—6 grains of ipecacuanha, powdered—half a drachm of rhubarb—20 drops of oil of carraway-seeds—mucilage of gum-arabic, sufficient to form a mass of the whole—1 drachm extract of aloes. *Directions.* Make a mass of the whole. Divide it into 24 pills. Take 2 pills a day, until done.

2. Or, yolk of an egg—a table-spoonful of honey—table-spoonful of oatmeal; all well mixed. A pint of boiling water poured upon it, and well stirred up. Taken for supper every night.

For a Violent Cold.

1. Take, 25 drops of antimonial wine—and two

tea-spoonsful of paragoric elixer, in a little water, at bed-time, putting your feet in warm water.

2. Or, one gill of best white wine vinegar—a quarter of a pound of brown sugar—one glass of Rum.

Directions. Boil the vinegar to half a gill. Add the sugar, when almost boiled; then add the wine. Take it *night* and *morning*.

3. Or, one gill of best white wine vinegar—one egg—half a pound of sugar—half a pound of honey—half a gill of sweet oil—half a gill of rum.

Directions. Put the egg into the vinegar, and let it remain in until the shell is quite eat off, which will require 24 hours. Boil all together for the space of 10 minutes, except the rum, which add afterwards. Take a table-spoonful twice a day, till done.

For Pain in the Bowels.

1. Take, 1 ounce of tincture of rhubarb, and 20 drops of laudanum, for a draught.

2. Or, 6 tea-spoonsful of castor oil, with 10 drops of lavender.

3. Or, 12 grains of rhubarb—one drachm of magnesia—3 pennyworth of peppermint. To be taken when the pain is bad, or bowels costive.

Child's Bowels.

Oil of almonds, and syrup of violets. A tea-spoonful at once.

For violent Pain, either in the Bowels, or elsewhere, arising from Cold, or Rheumatism.

Take, 6 grains of Dover's powder (sometimes called compound powder of ipecacuanha), and the same quantity of powdered rhubarb, mixed with a little water, every four hours. If the bowels are too open, omit the rhubarb.

To promote Digestion.

Three pennyworth of cream of tartar—3 pennyworth of flower of brimstone—1 pound of treacle. Mix them well together. Take a tea-spoonful three times a day.

(a) *A full Emetic, for an up-grown Person.*

Two scruples of ipecacuanha powder—2 grains of emetic tartar. Mix these, and divide it into three equal parts, for three doses—one dose at a time.

A gentle Emetic, for a Child.

One scruple of ipecacuanha powder—1 grain of emetic tartar. Mix these, and divide it into three equal parts, for three doses—one dose at a time.

(b) *Another.*

Ipecacuanha, 1 scruple—tartarized antemony, 1 grain.

(c) *A Pill to be taken at Bed-time, after an Emetic, for Cleansing the Bowels.*

Calomel, 2 grains—opium, 1 grain.

(d) *A Powder to be taken in the Morning.*

Rhubarb powder, 15 grains—calomel, 2 grains.

* Note at bottom.

For Opening the Bowels.

1. Take, of aloes—and castile soap, equal quantities. Powder the aloes, mix well with the soap, and make it into pills. Take 2 pills at once.

2. Or, take 4 drachms of asafœtida—3 drachms of soccotrine aloes—4 drachms of julep. Make into pills, and take 2 at bed-time.

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* *Note.* One dose of the above-mentioned *Emetic,* marked (a)—*or* the one marked (b)—*and* the *Pill* marked (c) and the *Powder* marked (d) are all to be taken within *sixteen* or *seventeen* hours, *when the stomach and bowels are in a state of disorder*—as follows :—the Emetic at *six in the evening,* the Pill at *bed-time,* and the Powder about *ten the next morning.* If the Pill taken over-night does not operate freely after you have got up the next morning, it will be needful to assist it with *an ounce of Salts,*

A Receipt for keeping the Bowels in good Order.

Two ounces of flower of brimstone—2 ounces of tartar—2 ounces of Epsom salts. Boil them in two quarts of water, to three pints. Take a wine-glassful before going to bed.

Another.

Ipecacuanha, 10 grains—compound rhubarb, 1 drachm—calomel, 5 grains—tincture of rhubarb, a sufficient quantity to make 20 pills. Take 2 at bedtime.

Bilious Complaint.

Quarter of an ounce of powdered rhubarb—quarter of an ounce of castile soap—half a quarter of an ounce of powdered ginger—25 drops of oil of juniper. With simple syrup, make it into moderate-sized pills. Take 2 now and then.

Sickness, to cure.

Spirit of ammonia, about 20 or 30 drops, in a teacupful of water. If not at hand, take the same quantity of hartshorn.

For the Ague.

Take, 1 ounce of the best Peruvian bark, in fine powder—1 drachm of nutmeg—half an ounce of black pepper—2 scruples of salt of wormwood—2 scruples of snake root, in fine powder—and 3 ounces of simple syrup. Mix all together. At first, if the ague be bad, take a table-spoonful, three times a day, in red wine, or ale.

A Salve, for Sores.

Rosin and frankincense, 1 pound each—black pitch, 3 quarters of a pound—white pitch, bees'-wax, and mutton suet, half a pound of each—3 pennyworth of mastic. Mix all together—add 4 table-spoonsful of olive oil, and 3 pennyworth of Venice turpentine. Boil half an hour; strain through a cloth; and work it as shoemakers do their wax. This will generally cure green wounds, at once dressing.

A Pleasant and Cheap Beverage.

Three quarters of a pound of treacle, to a gallon of water—and half an ounce of cream of tartar. Boil the water by itself; pour it on the cream of tartar, and treacle; put about 2 glasses of gin to a gallon, and a few lumps of sugar, when bottled off. This is very useful in cases of dropsy.

Another—To make what the druggists call Pop.

Cream of tartar, 4 ounces—ginger, bruised, 6 drachms—sugar, 2 pounds and 4 ounces—boiling water, 3 gallons, infused till it is about new-milk warm—then add one quarter of a pound of yeast; stir it up, and let it stand ten hours; filter it through flannel; after this, let it stand about two hours. Bottle it in very small stone bottles, and tie, or wire down the corks. It will be ready for use in about 24 hours.—N. B. It will keep only a week or ten days.

Another—Bran Beer.

" To a quarter of a peck of sweet wheat bran, add three handfuls of hops, and ten gallons of water. Boil the whole together, in a copper, until the *bran* and *hops* sink to the bottom—then strain it through a hair sieve into a cooler, and when lukewarm, add two quarts of molasses or three pints of treacle, if thick. This will be sufficient for a 9 gallon cask. Before you pour in the liquor, which must be done as soon as the molasses or treacle is melted, put two table-spoonsful of good yeast into the barrel. When the fermentation has subsided, bung the cask close up, and in four days it will be fit for use. If you should choose to bottle any part of the beer, it will be much improved by so doing, and will be ready to drink in 6 or 7 days."

(This was copied from a newspaper.)

Another—Ginger Beer.

One ounce and a half of ginger—1 ounce of cream of tartar—1 pound of white sugar—1 table-spoonful of yeast. *Directions:* Let the ginger be well bruised; put the ginger, cream of tartar, and white sugar into an earthen vessel; pour on the boiling water; let it cool; add the yeast; let it stand till morning; skim it; bottle it, using good sound corks, and securing them with twine or wire. Keep it three days in a cool place before you begin to use it.

Another—Soda Water.

One ounce of tartaric acid—1 ounce of carbonate of soda. *Directions:* Divide the tartaric acid into 12 or 16 parts, and put them into *blue* paper; divide the carbonate of soda into 12 or 16 parts, and put them into *white* paper. Fill a tumbler-glass *three parts* full of clear drinking water; fill also a wine-glass *half full* of clear drinking water. Put the carbonate acid into the tumbler-glass of water, and the tartaric acid into the wine-glass of water. When dissolved, put the latter quickly to the former, and drink it off hastily.

Another—Ginger Wine.

To every gallon of water, 3 pounds of moist sugar—1 ounce of ginger, bruised—the rind of one lemon, pared thin. Boil them together half an hour; skim it well; put it into a tub, and let it stand until it is just warm. Add half a pound of sun raisins—and a little yeast, good. Stir it well every day, for 8 or 9 days—put in 4 ounces of isinglass. If Seville oranges can be procured, put one *whole* into the barrel, pierced with a fork, with the rind on.

Receipt for Blacking.

Ivory black, 2 pennyworth—sweet oil, 1 pennyworth—sugar, a quarter of a pound—the white of an egg. Mix all together, and then put in a pint of sour ale.

Another.

Ivory black, 1 quarter of a pound—treacle, 1 quarter of a pound—sweet oil, 1 pennyworth—vitriol, 5 drachms. *Directions:* Mix the ingredients well together, and then add a quart of beer.—(Or, leave out the vitriol.)

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FORMERLY
MISS BARRITT.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

With a Portrait.

PART II.

(The Profits will be devoted to Charitable Purposes.)

> "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Gal. iii. 28.—"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." 1 Cor. i. 27, 28, 29.—"God requireth that which is past." Eccles. iii. 15.

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YORK:
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PREFACE

TO PART THE SECOND.

The reasons why I have published a part of my journal are clearly stated in the preface. I had then no intention of publishing any more than what is contained therein. In compliance with the entreaties of many friends, I have concluded to publish a second part. But as many applications *have* been, and no doubt *will* be made to travelling preachers for the work, it is my duty to state that they cannot be had of the Methodist preachers, except from a few who have kindly offered to dispose of them for me, but they may be procured as directed at the bottom of the title-page.

I would take this opportunity of expressing my thankfulness to the *God of all grace* for the good acknowledged to have been received in reading the first part of my memoirs, and also the gratitude I feel to those kind friends for the information communicated of *important matters* omitted; and I wish to state, that several of those particulars are recorded in my journal, but *not* published for *reasons* assigned in the former preface, others are not noticed by me and had entirely escaped my memory till the communications came to hand. I have since recorded them, and at a future period probably some of them may be published.

The *poetic* effusion addressed to me by one of our travelling preachers is very grateful to my feelings and deserves my sincere thanks. That *females* were employed in the apostolic age of the christian church in preaching the gospel of Christ, is in my judgment set at rest, by Dr. Adam Clark, in his Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. On Rom. xvi. 12, the doctor says—"*Many have spent much useless labour, in endeavouring to prove that these women did not preach. That there were some prophetesses, as well as prophets, in the christian church, we learn; and that a woman might pray or prophesy, provided she had her head covered, we know; and that whoever prophesied, spoke unto others to edification, exhortation, and comfort, St. Paul declares*—1 Cor. xiv. 3. *That no preacher can do more, every person must acknowledge; because, to edify, exhort, and comfort, are the prime ends of the gospel ministry. If women thus prophesied, then* women *preached.*"

God has in all ages of the church called a few of his handmaids to eminent publicity, and usefulness; and when the residue of the SPIRIT is poured out, and the mellinium glory ushered in;—the prophesy of Joel ii. 28, 29 being fully accomplished in all its glory; then probably, there will be such a sweet blending into one spirit,—the spirit of *faith*, of *love*, and of a *sound mind*,—such a *willingness* to receive profit by *any* instrument,—such a spirit of *humility*,—in honour preferring one another; that, the *wonder* will *then* be, that the exertions of pious *females* to bring souls to Christ should ever have been *opposed*, or *obstructed*. May the Lord hasten the time! That the great head of the church may render the reading of the record of my labours and efforts to do good a still further blessing to the church and the world, is the earnest prayer of the reader's friend and servant for Christ's sake,

MARY TAFT.

RIPON WESLEYAN CHAPEL-HOUSE,
July 1, 1827.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF MRS. MARY TAFT;

COMPILED FROM HER JOURNALS, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

PART II.

JANUARY 6, 1801. About this time I was at Leeds and in the neighbourhood, and saw the arm of the Lord made bare, especially one evening at the public bands in Leeds it was a precious season.

I received a letter from Mr. John Nelson, and another from Miss M. Wilks, requesting me to come over and help them in Wakefield, and neighbourhood. May the Lord direct *me* in all things for his glory. The Lord knows, that I would be what HE would have me be, and do what he would have me do. Amen.

On the sabbath-day, at Woodhouse chapel, we had a powerful day: some souls could rejoice in the mercy of God. The week following, I spake at Headingley, Chapel Town, and Holbeck: that week, many souls were awakened, several were brought to praise a sin-pardoning God, and some obtained renewing grace.

* * * * * *

I received the following letter from Mr. Wm. Mc. Allum. A memoir of whom is published in the Methodist Magazine for 1810 page 149.

Lockington, 1801.

MY DEAR SISTER,

May God crown your soul with living fire!—that in his hand you may prove mighty to the pulling down of Satan's kingdom:—to this end, pray on—preach on—love on.—I pray, God help you so to do! Amen.—Glory be to God and the Lamb! Of late, I have been living next door to heaven: I am sure, I never enjoyed so much of the spirit of my Master, in all my life:—I feel willing to bear the cross and to follow Jesus.—Pray for me that my faith fail not. I am resolved by the grace of God, to live and die a revivalist. God help me to do so, for his name's sake. Amen.

I know you will be glad to hear, that God revives his work in this circuit. Glory be to God—many have been awakened and converted; and some fully sanctified through the blood of the Lamb! At Harpham, about eight miles from Burlington, we have a glorious work: the Lord is saving both rich and poor. The last time I was there, I joined *thirty* new members—but what is still better, the greater part are joined to the Lord. I have been at several new places in Holderness; and sure, such a display of the power of God, I have seldom before seen. We have some foretastes of a shower at Burlington-Quay, and in almost every part of the circuit. I beseech you, in the name of the Lord, come over and help us;—delay not;—the harvest is great,—the labourers few. Let nothing stop you from coming. Let me know how you are going on in your soul, and in your labours. I have a great deal to tell you, if God spare us to meet. I must conclude, praying God to bless you in body and soul for Christ's sake.

I remain,

Your loving brother in the gospel,

WM. MC. ALLUM.

I then returned to Mr. Burrows', of Woodhouse; and from thence, went to Birstall, to assist Mr. Emmett, and Mr. Beaumont. The Lord was eminently present the first sabbath-day, to alarm many, and there appeared a general awakening. I stayed with them about a month, and almost every day, sinners were awakened and converted to God; while others experienced a deeper work of grace. At Mr. Hargreave's, at Westgate Hill, several found mercy from the Lord—amongst whom were some notorious sabbath-breakers: we had a love-feast, in which the Lord was precious to many. On Monday, I spake in a church at Driglington, which two gentlemen had built: and notwithstanding it was a large place, many were obliged to remain without: several were awakened to a sight and sense of their sin and danger:—they both saw and felt their lost and helpless state:—most of them soon found the mercy of God.

At Morley, a place which had become proverbial for wickedness, and had stood proof against all the labours of our preachers for several years, I had a good time in speaking, and in the prayer-meeting: two or three, or more, found the mercy of God, and several others seemed alarmed; but as I was coming from the chapel, a man came up to me and said, "Can you tell me my fortune?" I answered, "Yes, if you live and die in the state you are now in, you will be damned to all eternity:" I went forward, and another said, "But do you think that is a true fortune?" I said, "Yes, and if *you* live and die as you are, you will be sure to go to hell." The Friday night following, many came to Birstall, to scoff and ridicule; and as they went home, (as I was afterwards informed) the ring-leader of them was taken ill, and died very suddenly: this, much affected the others, and the last night I was at Birstall, in the prayer-meeting, I heard two or three that were in deep distress for their souls, saying as they cried for mercy, "I never had any concern for my soul, till the woman told us our fortunes at Morley, at the Methodist chapel door:" I learnt afterwards that more than twenty at that wicked place joined the society. O the pleasure that is felt while poor sinners are crying after God!

I returned again to my dear friends at Sturton Grange, where we had a gracious season; also at Mr. Coulson's, of Milford Hall, where I had been many times before, and seen the arm of the Lord made bare. The Lord was with us at this time of a truth, and made it known by the effects produced.

February 7. I rested that night, and preached at Sturton Grange on the sabbath, to a crowd of attentive hearers: some good was done at Aberford: at Keswick, and at Shipley, the Lord was present both to wound and to heal. On the Saturday, I came to Colne, to spend a little time with my dear brother, having been previously invited by Mr. Day (the superintendent preacher) and the friends. I spoke in our chapel, but it was so crowded that there was scarcely any getting in: numbers were obliged to stand without. On rising up, after I had sung and prayed, the people became alarmed from an apprehension that the chapel was falling. This occasioned considerable confusion, and the more so, as the gallery had formerly come down, at one time, when Mr. John Wesley was preaching there; on which occasion many were seriously injured. At *this* time, numbers jumped out at the windows, both above and below: many were greatly bruised, and not a few lost some part of their garments; but thank God, no lives were lost: the alarm was occasioned by the crash of a form under the gallery. For the moment, I felt unutterable things; but as soon as I ascertained the cause of the disturbance, I gave out some verses, and sung with all my heart and strength. This produced attention, and many returned, that had gone away. My brother Robert said to a neighbour, "I will go in again, and hear my sister"--the other replied, "how can you think of going in, when I saw one of the beams had given way more than half a yard from the wall." This bespeaks the power of an alarmed imagination. Painful as this circumstance was, it serves to shew, that those who knew me best, and had been acquainted with me from my infancy, were ever ready to hear what I had to say for the Lord. After the people had become calm and settled, I proceeded—had great liberty in speaking—and upon the whole it was a good time: many were affected under the word: my soul was happy, and I felt very thankful for having had another opportunity of warning my neighbours and friends, for whom I have often shed tears in private. O, when will the time be, when God will make bare his arm! O Lord God, remove every hinderance for thy mercy's sake! I then went to my brother's, at Barnoldswick, and had there a precious season: some felt the awakening power of God; among whom was a cousin of mine, who in a little time was brought out of darkness into light, and soon after took her triumphant flight to heaven.

The sabbath-day following, I was at Burnley, and spake at noon and night: the Lord began to soften hard hearts, and open blind eyes: some wept aloud: the power of God was wonderfully present. Praised be his dear name! many, I trust, will remember this season of mercy for ever. I returned to Colne on Monday, and felt the Lord precious, while speaking: in the prayer meeting, my brother's eldest daughter found peace with God: it was truly a pleasing and an affecting sight, to see parents and children, first weeping, and then rejoicing together in the Lord: my soul cried out—

> "O for this love, let rocks and hills,
> Their lasting silence break,
> And all harmonious human tongues,
> Their Saviour's praises speak."

That night, my dear brother was filled with love and power from on high: while exhorting, in the prayer-meeting, the Holy Ghost rested on him, and very many felt the force of sacred truth: I rejoiced much in the Lord. I spoke afterwards at brother Key's, of Corybridge—then at Trawden—also, at Mr. Sagar's, of Southfield: the Lord was present: some were brought into distress; while others could rejoice in, and praise a pardoning God.

The following sabbath-day, I spoke again, at Burnley: many, who were pricked in their hearts, followed me to Southfield: in the prayer-meeting at night, several souls found peace with God. Dear Mr. Wm. Sagar, who had done much for the cause of God; and who had long desired, and earnestly prayed for its prosperity, now realized in some measure the wish of his heart, in regard to his dear family and neighbours. I returned to Burnley on the Monday: God was with us of a truth: souls were brought to cry out for mercy, and several were enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God.—On the Tuesday, I held a meeting at Worstorn: many appeared affected under the word, and professed to have received much good.—On Wednesday, I spoke at Pendlebottom, where two or three found peace with God. I returned with brother B.— to Colne, to rest; and on the Saturday we set off for Higham: it was a precious time to many, and some were awakened. Glory be to God! I then spake at Padiham: the Lord was present to wound and to heal: the dear souls from Burnley attended, and several found peace with God. At Simmon-Stone also, we had a precious season.

1801. I spake in our chapel at Colne, on Wednesday, and at Southfield on Friday.

* * * * * *

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Thomas Smith, a leader, and local preacher in the Nottingham circuit:—

Long Eaton, April 20, 1801.

Dearly beloved Sister,

These lines come to you, hoping that you are well in body and in soul. We have still good news to tell you respecting the work of God at Long Eaton. God is keeping us alive, and sanctifying souls to himself. He is giving us more souls to our hire; and still I can stick to my old text, *we have not lost one yet.* The Lord is still carrying on his work in Nottingham circuit, killing and making alive; and we have heard that God is still blessing your labours, and we are glad to hear of it. We approve of your preaching the gospel: we have cause so to do, for God has blest your labours amongst us, and made you a lasting blessing to this day. We know *that God has called you to preach his word,* therefore, fear not; cry aloud, and spare not; lift up your voice like a trumpet, and tell the people the error of their doings. *I shall ever love the thought of a* woman *preaching the gospel. I myself went to hear one out of curiosity, and God made it his opportunity to bless me with his grace, nineteen years ago;* and hitherto by his help I am come, and hope by his good pleasure safely to arrive at home.* We have remembered you in our prayers, and still we will. May you devote body, and soul, and spirit to his glory, and never tire till death your soul remove. All our love to you.

From your's, &c.

THOMAS SMITH.

March 15. At Burnley, I heard Mr. Day, and was at the love-feast; after which we continued a prayer-meeting till seven o'clock, when preaching began, during which, several found peace with God,—and one or two found purity,—while others professed to be raised, healed, and strengthened. On the Tuesday evening, I spake again, when the power of God seemed to attend the word to all: conviction flashed in all directions—some were comforted—and numbers were powerfully affected, and wept much: in the prayer-meeting afterwards, three or four more were enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God: some of these had been notorious sinners, but nothing is too hard for Omnipotence to perform. On Thursday night, I again held a meeting, at Mr. Sagar's: it was a precious season indeed: some more were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour, and give him glory.—*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!*

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* I believe the female referred to above was Mrs. Crosby. My husband's father, Mr. Taft, had invited her to preach at his house, at Sandyacre. Thomas Smith, then a trifling young man, attended (as did multitudes beside) out of mere curiosity, to hear what a *woman* could say; and the Lord made his handmaid the instrument of his conversion to God.

Sabbath, 23. Brother B.— accompanied me to West Bradford: the Lord was present with us: some came from Burnley. On Monday evening, I spake at Clithero: it was a time of conviction. On Friday evening, the great Head of the church was with us at Barnoldswick: I laboured in the open air: it was truly a season to be remembered by many.

Sabbath 30. I was at Colne, where I spake twice: many wept: it was a blessed season to my own soul, and I felt much for the people: my earnest desire was—that my neighbours, and old acquaintances might get savingly converted to God.

On Monday, I was at Burnley, with Mr. Gill, who had just added to the society in that place above fifty members, in two days: the greater part were happy in God. All glory to God and the Lamb! This was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes. From thence I went to Ackrington, and conversed with some who were enabled at that time to rejoice in the God of their salvation. On the Thursday, I spoke at Mr. Duckworth's, Haslington-Grange: several were under good impressions. I opened my mission at Haslingden, and found a hard time, though one was enabled to rejoice. From thence we journeyed to Blackburn; and after that to Bolton-Hall, where I had laboured before with some success; but Mr. T.—'s affair coming to light, in that circuit, proved a curse to many: a few, however, were at that time raised and healed.

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Sabbath-day, April 12, 1801. I assisted Mr. Chettle, at Preston: as I was giving out—"*He that spared not his own Son, &c.*"—a woman cried out, and dropped from her seat: I asked

Mr. C.— to pray for her; he did so, while I left the pulpit and went to her: she was in great distress of soul, but in a few moments was enabled to believe that the Lord had pardoned all her sins: I returned to the pulpit, and while we were singing—" *Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.*"—she arose, and her countenance declared what she felt: I then proceeded to discourse from the passage I had mentioned: I had much liberty; many tears were shed. I spake again at night: it was a season, I trust, never to be forgotten: several could praise a pardoning God, and Mr. C.— laboured with all his heart: God bless him! Monday night also, was a night of salvation to several souls. We went into the country on Tuesday, when two persons, who had come many miles to the meeting, found the pardoning mercy of God. On Thursday, we returned to Preston, where a circumstance occurred which I cannot omit:—dear Mrs. P.— at whose house I was, went out to fetch a little beer to dinner: she felt disposed to go to a different place to what she usually did, and as she came out of the house, a lady came by: my friend invited her into the house, saying, " Miss B.— is with us, and would be glad to see you:" the lady made some apology concerning her dress, but complied with the invitation: I went into my room, followed by this woman, who soon began to weep, and tremble, and confess her sin: I encouraged and invited her to come to Jesus Christ, assuring her of his willingness and ability to save: she wished me to pray for her: we kneeled down, and prayed for some time: her distress of soul increased much, and she left me in that state of mind: we appointed to meet the next day: she came accordingly, and after we had prayed together for some time, she found hopes of mercy and forgiveness springing up in her heart, which yielded her some consolation: after tea, we wrestled again for her in mighty prayer, and the Lord fully set her soul at liberty: she then rejoiced with all her heart. What appears remarkable respecting this woman, was—that she felt an impression the morning before, that she should see me, and why, she could not tell; but to prevent it, she went down by a back way: it was there, Mrs. P.— came out of the public-house and met her. How wonderful are the ways of God with his creatures! there is an unfathomable depth in the providence of God. "*O Lord, how unsearchable are thy ways, and thy judgments are past finding out!*" but eternity will discover the mysteries both of providence and grace. Lord Jesus, make me faithful to thy word and spirit. *Amen.*

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My brother came for me, and we returned from hence to Padiham. I spake in the afternoon and evening: some were deeply affected. On Monday evening, I spake at Burnley. I then rested a day at Colne, with my dear parents. On the Friday, I spake again, at my brother Hudson's, at Barnoldswick, and felt it good to be there. On Sabbath, April 26, at Easby, at noon, it was a solemn and affecting season. I spoke at Skipton, in the evening, to a crowded audience: two or three were enabled to rejoice in God. The mighty power of God was with us at Pateley Bridge, to soften the hearts of many; but the glory was departed from them before this. O Lord, revive thy own work, and in thy own way! Amen. From thence, we rode to Westwood and Tanfield, where I spent above a fortnight: I saw many brought to rejoice in the mercy of God, and was abundantly happy to find others standing steadfast in the liberty of the gospel.—Good Mrs. H.— wished me to attend her funeral, as the Lord had made me useful to her and the family, whom I hope to meet in a better world.

May 26, 1801. I rode with Mr. B.— to Mr. C.—'s, near Wetherby: I had a blessed season with them at Warton Lodge, and Wighill. On the 30th, we came to Burlington, where I met my valuable friends, Miss W.—, and Mr. R.—. I spent about six weeks in this circuit, with much comfort and satisfaction to my own soul, and I believe, some lasting good to others: I had the happiness of seeing many brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light: both the preachers were made a great blessing to the people, and saw fruit of their labours. I often think I can say with the poet—

"Who can describe the pain,
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to speak in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel;
Or who can tell the pleasure felt,
When stony hearts begin to melt."

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In this six weeks, I took a tour to Hull for a few days, and there met my valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, whom I much esteem in the Lord: we had reason to believe that good was done to many precious souls. One woman (of whom I heard afterwards) who had been in the society (if I mistake not) more than twenty years, but who had never yet obtained a personal and saving knowledge of God and his Christ, was now constrained publicly to declare—that she had not till now found mercy through the blood of the Lamb.

At Beverley, the Lord was with us, and souls were brought to the knowledge of the truth; as also, at Market Weighton. I arrived at this place about tea-time: many of the dear people were gathered together to meet me, whom I rejoiced to see. When tea was over, I begged to lay down one hour, that I might rest my weary body a little. They informed me when it was time to go to the chapel. I went very feeble and unfit for the great work; but while singing and praying I was encouraged, and blest, and felt a hope that God would make bare his holy arm. Indeed, I felt so impressed before speaking, with the power of God, and the worth of souls, as though I could not live unless good were done. On this occasion, the Lord did indeed condescend to work signs and wonders: many were in deep distress, particularly one, who has long been a travelling preacher among us; and not a few were brought into the liberty of the children of God. From thence I returned into the Bridlington circuit, and spent a few days with much profit to myself, and to many of the children of God; and several careless sinners were successfully warned to flee from the wrath to come, and invited to come to Christ for mercy and salvation. At Harpham, the arm of the Lord was revealed, and many were brought into the liberty of the children of God. Here, my old friend, Mr. George Bolton, from Tanfield, found me. He had come from thence to take me to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hawkswell, of West Wood, near Tanfield.

July 19. I accompanied Mr. B.— to Tanfield, by the way of York, Boroughbridge, &c., a distance of sixty miles; and notwithstanding I was much fatigued with riding so far on horseback, after the labours and exercises I had been passing through, yet it was one of the most pleasant and profitable journeys of my life; truly, the *love of God* shed abroad in the heart, makes all things easy. The Lord did indeed pour into my soul, a fulness of love, and joy, and peace. The prayer of our poet was indeed answered, in my experience on this journey, and afterwards.

> "O may the gracious words divine,
> Subject of all my converse be:
> So will the Lord his follower join,
> And walk and talk himself with me;
> So shall my heart his presence prove,
> And burn with everlasting love."

Our conversation by the way was truly edifying. The next day very many attended the funeral. The corpse was brought into the chapel, at three o'clock, and I spoke from—"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, &c.*": it was a time much to be remembered by many: there was scarce a dry face in all the place. She had been a pattern of piety from the time of her conversion to God. I afterwards laboured at Thornbrough: the Lord was present to do many of us good.

About this time, I received a letter from Mr. Isaac Brown, dated Pocklington, June 20, 1801, with a plan for a month—in which he says, "My wish is for you to pay us a visit—but *do not let it be a short one;* favour us with as much time as you can spare," &c.——

On Wednesday, July 29, 1801. I rode to Leeds, where the general Conference was about being held. I heard some precious sermons, and spent many valuable hours in company with some of the preachers. My good friend, Mr. John Pawson, was the president of this Conference. My residence was at Mr. Burrow's, of Woodhouse, where my brother and sister Barritt lodged. I found it a special good time, while hearing Dr. Coke read his letters on the work of God in America: surely, the Lord is abundantly reviving his work! How precious that expectation of meeting all the friends of Jesus in the upper world. It was here, that my sister Barritt informed me of my father being very cross with my dear mother: I felt exceedingly on that account: I left the room in great pain of mind—went into the chamber—and there wrestled and prayed much for my mother, and my father also: I particularly prayed, that God would stand by—save—and deliver my mother; and felt as though I could not give up without an answer: while I was wrestling—weeping—and praying, the Lord powerfully applied these word to my heart, "*I will deliver her*:" I came down stairs, quite satisfied, and rejoicing, but heard nothing particular till Saturday, August 8—when we were riding on our way home to Colne, my brother B.— called to me, and said,—"I have a letter from mother, which I would have shewed you before, but thought it would make you uncomfortable;" I replied, "Brother, is aught the matter with my father?" he gave me the letter, and I found to my astonishment, that my father had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which had taken away the use of one side, and so affected his sight that he could not discern one person from another: it happened, on that day, and perhaps in that hour, I was led so particularly to pray for him. I can never describe my feelings on this occasion: I lifted up my heart, and praised God that he was yet spared, and that now I was free from that anxiety which had long followed me on my mother's account: my constant cry now was—"Lord, spare him till thou hast made him ready." We arrived safe at Colne in the evening, and found my father confined to his bed—but to my surprise, heard him singing part of a song: I went into the parlour, and spoke to him: I told him, I was sorry to see him in his present situation, but more so, to hear he had still no relish for the things of a better world: he soon informed me, he belonged to the church, and intended to be buried there.

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On the sabbath-day week, I had to speak at Burnley, at noon and night: as I rode thither, it was powerfully impressed upon my mind—"tell the congregation his state, and beg their prayers for him:" I felt several suggestions to the contrary—but at night, after I had done speaking, I told the people I had one favour to beg, and hoped they would grant it, as I never could have such another in this world, and that was—their prayers for my father, describing his state. I kneeled down, but could scarce pray for weeping: I shall never forget the *Amens*, and *the Lord save him*, from the people: that night, the Lord was indeed in the midst of us, to do us good. I returned home in the morning, and as soon as I saw my mother, she said—"O Mary, what dost thou think has happened to thy father?" I said, "I know not, but hope he is not dead;" she said, "no, but last night came in young T.— T.—, and when he saw him put his hand to the wrong side of the bed to shake hands, he said to him—"you are going to die;" my father replied, "I hope not, John," said the other, "*you are indeed, and if you die as you are, you are sure to go to hell*, for you have been a great sinner;" my father said, "not so much as thee;" "no," said the other, "but I see, if I die as I now am, I also shall be damned to all eternity"—and added—" I cannot pray, but get your folks to pray for you, and I will do my best;"—so he kneeled down and said the Lord's Prayer, and they both wept: when my father heard my voice, he called out—" come, Mary, come and pray for thy father, it's the best work thou canst do now;" I immediately went in and prayed, and conversed with him: he confessed that he was a great sinner, and cried out much for us to pray with him, and for him, which we did perhaps ten or fifteen times a day, and he became very much in earnest with the Lord for mercy and salvation: if any one came to see him, he was very desirous for them to pray with him; and would scarce suffer me to leave the room on any account: thus he continued from about August 20th to September 5th. The morning before he died, his voice began to faulter, which when I perceived, I proposed that we all should join in prayer: the Lord was eminently present: after prayer, I said, " Father, how are you; do you feel—God loves you?" he answered, " *Yes, he does*;" I said, " but do you believe that when you die, God Almighty will take you to heaven?" he said, " *when I go, I am sure of it*:" my soul felt truly lightened of its load, and I could rejoice, though he was never able to speak to me afterward; but I believed, and do believe, I shall see him where pain can never come. I stayed a few days with my mother, and then took her with me to see some relations near Halifax, where I spake once (at that time), and some good appeared to be done. I returned again to Colne, September 27th, where I spoke at noon; and at Southfield at night: some felt the mighty power of God.

After holding meetings in some other places in the circuit, I went to Padiham,—from thence to Colne and Todmorden, and then to Underbank: some good appeared in several of these places, on this visit.

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Soon after this, I went to Bacup: the Lord was present to wound and to heal; and at Mill-End, the Lord graciously made bare his holy arm. At Rochdale also, some were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

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October 30. I rode to Manchester, to see my dear friends in the Lord, Mr. B.— and Mr. L.—, with whom I had spent many happy hours before.—On the sabbath-day, as I was walking up the stairs into the band room, a well-looking man plucked hold of my gown, and cried out—"stop, you are my mother;" I looked back, and said—"God bless you, I know nothing of you, but come forward, and let us hear all about it;" he came forward, and spoke his experience, the substance of which is in the following letter, which he wrote to me afterwards:—

Manchester, Saturday Night,
Half-past 11 *o'Clock, Nov.* 1801.

To Miss Barritt,

May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Last Lord's day, I addressed our friends in the *band* room as fellow-travellers, and told them, I felt the impulse of strong desire to tell them that I enjoyed great satisfaction and joy of heart—that I had come up with them on the road to God and glory,—and that I trusted to walk with them hand in hand in faith, hope, love, and obedience of the gospel, until we arrived before the eternal throne. What religion I have is of celestial origin; it comes from God, and leads to God: it is founded in the principles of right reason, and immutable truth, and I am much comforted in the practical process. My process is this,—I live every day, looking to,—believing in,—and patiently following the man of sorrows.—It was not always thus with me: here, I wish to tell you *when* and *how* this change took place; I am just two years and three months old, between six and seven o'clock. On Thursday, the 8th August, 1799, I was informed that there was a woman to preach at Shude Hill, and was asked, "Will you go to hear her?" From motives of mere curiosity, I went; Miss Barritt preached from these words—"*My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.*" After first speaking of the works of the Father, and secondly of those of the Son, she asked,—"Is there not something for man to do?" Here she preached repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ: as she went on, it pleased God to harrow up my soul; my conscience roared; I felt an intolerable load of guilt, and groaned out—"good God! my works are all on the wrong side of the question:" I saw nothing before me but a violated law,—an offended God,—and hell yawning to receive me as its cursed inhabitant. Here, for the first time, the crystal sluices broke loose, and my hardened countenance was drenched in briny tears. When the preaching was over, Miss Barritt said, there would be a prayer-meeting in the room, and any who had a concern for their souls, would do well to come in. I waited in the meeting with keen anguish and dread remorse: I did not then understand the nature of our prayer-meetings, and nobody spoke to me:—I went home when it broke up, looking on myself as an outcast both from God and man. I was asked by the family, what I thought of the preacher;—I answered, "I never heard her match;" and well I might say so, for Jesus had by *her* told me all that ever I did:—I retired immediately to my chamber, and spent a doleful night. The following day, I strove to reason myself out of it, saying—"shall I be so weak, as to give way to the vagaries of fancy; this can be nothing but the effect of an over-heated imagination!" but the mind soon recoiled upon itself,—"this is no over-heated imagination; this is reason convinced." In such miserable plight did I drag on, till Sunday night; I went again to the same place, and heard *her* on these words,—"*The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?*" Then, I concluded myself justly damned. When *she* had made mention of several great days spoken of in the scriptures, *she* came to speak of the judgment-day,—describing, the awful artillery of the final catastrophe:—thunders rolling! elements melting! graves bursting! rocks rending! and the Judge appearing! *she* asked, who shall be able to stand? and then, preached Jesus, the rock of eternal ages, as the only sure place of standing for self-condemned sinners: here, in the depth of boundless mercy I was enabled to lay hold by faith, on the Christ of God, as delivered for my offences, and raised again for my justification: my soul found peace in the blood of the Lamb: my load of guilt was done away: light and life, joy and health, took place of trouble and sorrow. Since that happy time, I have gone on my way rejoicing, and I am determined in the strength of my redeeming God, to hold fast my confidence, and the rejoicing of hope, firm unto the end. Good Miss B.——, my feelings are great, but I know not how to express my gratitude to you, as the blessed instrument in the hand of God, of saving my soul. But let me ask one favour more—*O do pray for me.* I have much to say, but I must defer it till we meet in heaven. May the Lord, more and more, in all respects, bless you, and give you many faithful seals to your ministry, who shall be to you a crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.

I am, your son,

In the assured hope of eternal life,

THOMAS SCOTT.

There were several brought to a saving knowledge of God, at Manchester, during this visit.—

In the meantime came my two valuable friends from Epperstone, near Nottingham, *viz.* Mr. Neap, and Mr. Millward: they came for me on purpose to open a chapel, which they had been the chief instruments, under God, of raising: they stayed three or four days before my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst, would suffer me to go with them, being determined not to return without me. We had a long ride together, and I was much fatigued, but God was with us: the sabbath-day more than made up for all our fatigue in journeying: the Lord brought several out of darkness into his marvellous light. I spent the following week in, and about that place, with some considerable success, and could still sing—

> " Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song,
> O that all his salvation may see!
> He hath lov'd me I cry'd, he hath suffer'd and dy'd,
> To redeem such a rebel as me!"

I spent about a quarter of a year in the Nottingham circuit at this time, and at many places I saw the arm of God made bare in the salvation of sinners.

At Spoonden, near Derby, I laboured with much success: several obtained mercy, who are still standing among the flocks of Emmanuel. From Nottingham, I journeyed to Bridgford: here the Lord gave me a few seals to my labours. From thence, I came to Farnsfield and Helam, where some good was done. Praise the name of the Lord! I rode from thence to Epperstone, and spake at night.

About this time, I received a long and pressing letter from the preachers at Bridlington circuit, inviting me to go over and help them. But I cannot go at present, and yet am thankful to hear that some fruit remain. May they be preserved to the coming of the Lord Jesus.

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On Monday, March 15, 1802. Accompanied by Miss Lomas, and another friend, I rode to Flintham, where I met Mr. Hickling: I spoke in a barn, and some obtained mercy from God, and also at *Nesall*, in the open air, by moonshine: the people stood with much attention, and many tears were shed, while I spoke as the Spirit gave me utterance, from—"*The end of all things is at hand, &c.*" After the meeting was concluded, several under deep distress came, begging we would pray with and for them: two or three found peace with God: praised be his adorable name! From thence, we travelled to Newark-upon-Trent, and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Hickling: we held a love-feast, and several found peace with God. On the Monday following, one young woman made a laugh of some of her acquaintance, and said many unpleasant things about those who cried out for mercy; however, she came to the meeting at night, and said, nobody should bring her down (as she called it).—In this meeting, the Lord was eminently present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive: several were constrained to cry out for mercy,—the dear friends encouraged them much,—and God was praised by many; but, when the meeting was concluded the second time, the before-mentioned young woman cried aloud for God Almighty to have mercy on her, or she should certainly drop into hell: her dear father, who had been a class-leader for many years, knew not the voice of his own child: I cannot describe the father's transport, when the daughter caught him in her arms, and cried out—"O father, God has had mercy on your undutiful child;" he could scarce believe his eyes or ears for joy, while we sung—"*Praise God from whom all blessings flow, &c.*" They went with us to our good friends, Mr. Egglestone's, where we supped, and praised God together.

March 23rd, accompanied by Miss E.— and another friend, I went to Mr. Dixon's, of Bassingham, where the Lord was present and precious to many. After the meeting, two men came into our friends' kitchen, and after supper, we had them in to prayer—but soon perceived that they were in liquor: I warned them of their sin and danger, and felt much blest in my own soul: I entreated them (if they wished to receive any good for their souls) that they would from that moment forsake all sin; they both wept, and promised they would by the grace of God; indeed, they seemed cut to the heart, and confessed, they were great sinners: I entreated them that, if they were sincere in their confessions, they would come in the morning, at nine o'clock, to family prayer; they promised they would: they then left us, but we observed them both on their knees, three times, before they got out of the yard; and we could distinctly hear them beg of God for mercy. In the morning, several neighbours came, and one of these men: he was under deep distress of soul, but the Lord spoke peace to his troubled breast, while we were singing that precious hymn—

"Spirit of faith come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the godhead known,
And witness with the blood."

Two or three more obtained mercy that morning, and praised a sin-pardoning God. From thence, we rode to Lincoln: here, the Lord was present and precious to many souls: I have seen several since who praise God for pardon and salvation, communicated to their souls at that time; others, who then received their first convictions for sin, never rested until the Lord spoke peace to their souls. All glory to God and the Lamb!

On the sabbath-day evening, we returned to Mr. Dixon's, and had a blessed evening in public worship. On Monday, it was their quarterly meeting. Mr. Gates, the superintendent preacher, invited me to speak to the people; which I did, in a large barn: it was a time to be remembered. At nine, the next morning, we had a public meeting: many found peace with God, and some went away under deep distress.

I received the following letter from Mr. Braithwaite:—

Carlisle, March 27, 1802.

My dear Sister,

For some time I have had it upon my mind to write to you, to request you would favour us with a visit in this circuit. There is a fair prospect of extensive usefulness before you, and numbers mention you in the most respectful terms, and express a wish to see and hear you once more. In some new places the "*Fields are already white to the harvest.*" *I believe you are the most likely person under God to raise and quicken, and more especially at Brampton and the Faugh.* Our own friends at these places are lively and affectionate, and yet not many outward people care to hear. I am persuaded were you to come they would "*fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows.*" Carlisle itself presents a glorious field, as multitudes of every description throng the chapel. In short, as I and my colleague would give you all the support in our power, I think, every thing else considered you will neglect a clear call of Providence if you do not come. I beg an early answer; say we may expect you, and when. The spirit of the revival is kept up among us, and you would meet with *no opposition,* but I believe much help and assistance, in the prayer-meetings.—When you write that you are coming, it shall be spread from "*Dan to Beersheba.*"—We have just concluded our quarterly meeting. I mentioned your coming before all the brethren, and they were *unanimous* for it. Wishing you abundant success in all your labours of love,

I remain your truly

Affectionate brother in Jesus,

John Braithwaite.

April 1. Mr. D.— accompanied me to Horncastle; we stopped about an hour by the way, and I spoke to a large congregation,—but we rode on, and left the greater part of them in tears, while Mr. Gates engaged with them in prayer. We got to my brother's, at Horncastle, in the evening, but he was out. We found Mrs. B.—, and nieces well. I praised the Lord for his tender care over me to the present moment: I am a child of many mercies; the Lord hath been long-suffering,—abundant in goodness and truth to me! On Friday evening, I spoke at Mr. Soulby's, about two miles from Horncastle, and on the sabbath-day, at Tetford, in the morning, and at Horncastle at night: it was a good day; many souls were much blessed. Praise the Lord! The week after, I met with my dear brother, whom I loved much, and from whom I had lately received many letters of invitation to travel with him (as well as from the people): his affliction had much shrunk him.

I spent about a quarter of a year with my brother, and in the circuit: we had many precious seasons: some good was done at Horncastle, but much more at *Tetford*, *Spilsby*, *Wainfleet*, *Boston*, *Billingay*, and Mr. Robinson's, of Langham-Row. That good old man told me, that he had had it on his mind for some years, that if the Lord would send *me* among them, his family would be saved; and, that when my brother was appointed for Horncastle, he believed his desire would be accomplished; that, he had prayed much about it, and that according to his faith it was done unto him. His daughter E.—, and after that, his son J.—, as well as many of their neighbours, were made happy in God.

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I received the following letter from Miss Egglestone:—

Newark, *May* 24, 1802.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

It is with pleasure that I take the present opportunity of writing to you. I thank you for your short note, but am sorry that paper is so scarce in Lincolnshire. I am glad to hear that the Lord hath been with you since you left us, and that he crowns your labours with success. May he do it more abundantly. As to these foul looks—and crying out for *order*, I assure you, it does not go down with me at all.—I have been almost fit to feel something of Peter's spirit, when he took out the sword to defend his Lord.—I very often think of, and pray for you, two or three times a day at least; and feel my soul blest in doing it. O may the Lord ever bless and stand by you, and cause the light of his countenance to shine upon you more than ever. I believe, your brother is not disappointed: he sees, you do shine like a little sun amongst the glow-worms, in Lincolnshire. God help you still to shine, and burn to all around. We have reason to thank God, he is doing something at Newark. Mr. Hickling admitted seventeen new members, and gave notes to twelve or thirteen more. Last sabbath evening, Mr. H. preached, and afterwards, held a prayer-meeting, which was pretty lively, but rather too noisy for some. Mr. —— prayed with one in distress, and she soon found peace,—as did another or two, while some of us were praying with her in Mr. H.'s house. You will be glad to hear of this work.—While writing this, I have received a letter from *Boston,* informing me of the good done while *you* were with them, for which I feel thankful, as I understand, they were in a dead state before. What encouragement, my dear sister, for you to labour on. The two women that found peace in the watch-night, when you were here, meet in the same class with me, and are very steady. My father and mother send their love to you, and say, their house is open for you at any time. Write soon, and let us know when you will be at Newark again. God bless you. Pray for your unworthy friend,

ELIZ. EGGLESTONE.

From Horncastle, I journeyed to Louth, and laboured a little with Mr. Hainsworth, and Mr. Slack, and saw some particular good done: several were brought into a state of favour with God, and others felt his cleansing, or sanctifying power. In that neighbourhood I found many happy souls, yea, some of the excellent of the earth;—they appear to have a burning zeal for the Lord of hosts, both here and in the circuit. At *Carlton,* the Lord was eminently present to save souls—William and George Mosby, commonly called the praying colliers, had been made a particular blessing here, and in many villages around; many that were brought to God in their meetings several years back, continue to this day, and are praising the Lord on their account.

About this time, I received several letters from preachers, and friends, inviting me to their respective circuits. The following shall be transcribed:—

Carlisle, May 25, 1802.

My dear Sister,

It is upwards of two months since I sent you a few lines to Nottingham, with the consent and entire approbation of *all* who attended the quarterly meeting, requesting you to come into this circuit without delay. Your expences would be borne, and every possible encouragement be given you. The people in general are prepared for your coming, and many anxiously desirous to see you.—You never had a clearer call I think to any place. I hope you will write by *return of post*, and say if we may expect you, and when. If this letter does not bring an answer, I shall be led to think you hold us in contempt. The people have asked, if I have received an answer to my last, till I am ashamed.—Wishing you much success in all your labours, and a safe and speedy journey to this place,

I remain your very
Affectionate brother in Jesus,
John Braithwaite.

* * * * * *

June 26, 1802. I came to Great Grimsby, and met with Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, to whom I had been under the promise of a visit almost two years, but never saw my way plain before now: here also, I found Mr. Poole, and Mr. Z. Taft, who laboured with Mr. Sykes, and with whom I had several happy seasons.—On the first sabbath, I spoke twice, in Grimsby chapel, to a large and attentive congregation: the Lord was present to assist the unworthiest of all his creatures, and to bless his people.

I received the following letter from Mr. Pipe:

Birstal, near Leeds, May 3, 1802.

My dear Sister,

I am desired by Mr. Pawson, and many of the friends in this circuit (which has my most hearty concurrence), to request that you will visit them again, as soon as possible. You made them a promise of returning, which they have not forgot, and for the fulfilment of which, they are waiting. *The Lord blessed your labours when you were here before: I have met with several* of your spiritual children, and have no doubt of your being useful if you will come again. This circuit abounds with backsliders; if you will come and seek them up, I will second your endeavours all I can. Remember, you will meet with *no opposition to your manner of proceeding, either from preachers or people, but on the contrary, will be assisted from all quarters.* I hope you have peace within your walls, and prosperity within your borders. The Lord is good! He is doing wonders in the world! O may he hasten his kingdom, in all its glory, and make his Jerusalem a praise on the earth. Mr. Pawson would have written to you, but wished me to do it, because I was better acquainted with you than he was. Please to write, and come very soon. Many will be glad to see you, and none more so than

Your affectionate brother,

J. S. PIPE.

On Monday night, I spoke again at Grimsby: several were under deep distress for their souls' salvation, particularly one old man, who had been acquainted, and had corresponded with our Rev. father in the gospel, Mr. Wesley;—but who had been a backslider near forty years (as I was informed). That night, two were brought into the liberty of the children of God. This day, my much-esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, spoke to me upon the subject of my union with Mr. Taft: I thought about it, but said little: indeed, at that time, I felt much against it in my own mind; but as they desired, and as it was my invariable plan, I did not forget to acquaint the Lord with it, and to entreat his direction. I trembled at the thought of missing my providential path, in any thing, more especially in a matter of such vast importance; or of grieving the Spirit of the Lord.

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On Tuesday, July 29, 1802, Mr. T.— accompanied me to Louth: it was their quarter day. I spoke in the evening: Mr. T.— gave an exhortation afterwards: it was a blessed time to many. I was happy to see my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hainsworth, with whom I had many precious seasons the year before, but was sorry to find Mr. H. very poorly in body. Mrs. Hainsworth, who for several years had laboured successfully in the word and doctrine of our Lord, was very helpful, in supplying his lack of service, at this time. On the Wednesday, we returned to Mr. Tomlinson's, of Humberstone: I had a good time in speaking to a large congregation, and some were much affected. On Thursday, Mr. T.— accompanied me to meet Mr. Sykes, at Limber: I spoke in a barn, to a large and attentive congregation: one backslider got healed, and several more were under deep distress. On the Saturday, I had a resting day, with Mr. T.— and Mr. Pool, at Nathaniel Lamby's, of Castor. On the sabbath morning, I spake at South Kelsey, and the power of God was present of a truth: it was a time of general conviction; the most hardened were led to tremble with Felix, under the mighty power of God, and several cried aloud for mercy, yea, roared out, by reason of the disquietude of their souls: some obtained pardon, and several, a sense of sanctification, by faith in that blood which cleanseth from all sin. I never was witness to a more glorious work, considering the number of people. In the afternoon, I was at the other Kelsey, in a large barn: it was a time of conviction to many, and great numbers wept much: in the after meeting, two or three found peace with God, and many more went away in deep distress. Afterwards, Mr. T.— accompanied me to Mr. Fox's, of West Raisin: we found them at family prayer. On the Monday, they went with me to Market Raisin, where we had a gracious season: it was their quarter day. Mr. Sykes administered the Sacrament: we had afterwards (what we call), a watch night, when, after evening preaching, two, three, or four persons generally give a word of exhortation; and then, the service is concluded with singing and prayer. Several souls found peace with God this evening, and some others remained in a state of conviction. On the Tuesday, I rode with Messrs. Tomlinson and Taft, to Humberstone, where I heard Mr. Taft preach his last sermon at that place, from—Numbers x. 29. "*We are journeying to the place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel:*" it was a precious time to me, and many others. On Thursday evening, I spoke at Tetney: the people heard attentively, and some seemed desirous, but I do not know that any received any particular good.

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On Friday, the 9th of July, my dear Mr. Taft told me his mind fully relative to the subject of our union; and on the Thursday forenoon, while at prayer, the Lord so fully convinced me that it was his will, that I durst not say any thing against it. This, never was the case with me before; for, though I had never said, either directly or indirectly, to any one, that I never would change my situation, yet, hitherto whenever I was written, or spoken to upon that subject, I saw many things against it; but not one objection could I raise, nor any reason could I bring in my own mind against my union with Mr. T.; his person,—his behaviour,—his employment,—his friends,—his property,—&c. were altogether calculated to court my esteem: I felt a union with him, which though I did not fully acknowledge, yet I durst not, nay I could not, resist: the prayer of my heart then was—"Lord, if this be thy will, let it be further proved by my mind never varying:" it was so; I never felt a change, for a moment, from that day to this:—I am sensible, that this was the Lord's doing, and very marvellous in my eyes. O, how shall I sufficiently praise my covenant-keeping God, who hath hitherto stood by, provided for, and led unworthy me by a right way!

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On sabbath-day, the 11th, after having spoke at Binbrook in the morning, I assisted Mr. Taft, and Mr. Poole, in the love-feast, at Tealby: Mr. Taft preached. I spoke in the evening: it was a day to be remembered for good to many precious souls; the Lord was with us of a truth. On the Monday, Mr. Taft went with me to Mr. Fox's, of West Raisin, where we rested that day. On the Tuesday, Mr. Sykes and Mr. Taft set off for the Bristol Conference. I spent that week in that neighbourhood: some souls got awakened, and some were brought to a knowledge of God. All glory to God, and the Lamb!

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The following letter I received from Mr. Bond:—

Salmondby, June 28, 1802.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

Not knowing when I should have the great pleasure of seeing you again, I have had an impression upon my mind to write to you.—I can truly say, that the Lord hath made you a messenger of good to my soul; and I can praise him, from the ground of my heart, for sending you into this part of his vineyard; and blessed be the Lord,—there are many more that can testify the same thing; for, perhaps you were never made a more general blessing to any people, for the numbers, than you have been to us at Tedford. There are five that have begun to meet in class, and many more are under serious impressions; indeed, our numbers increase almost every meeting. But it is not among these only;—believers also, are quickened: our prayer-meetings are attended with a divine blessing, in a very wonderful manner. We can say, the Lord is verily in the midst. Praise his holy name! Last night, at our prayer-meeting, it was pleasingly solemn to see the slain of the Lord. One backslider got healed—another justified—and three more remained under deep conviction.—Our dear friends and sisters are, as it were, *new made;*—many more are getting clean hearts;—and, we are now a band of love. The young man that found peace, at Brinkhill, exceeds almost any I ever saw, in zeal, and diligence.—I believe, he would follow you through the kingdom. The school-mistress is very happy,—but distresses herself, for fear she shall never see you again. Now, my dear sister, I must, in the name of the society, and in the most earnest manner, entreat you to come again to us. *soon as possible;* for, we believe, the *Lord hath most assuredly called you.*—— My wife joins in love. May the pleasure of the Lord still prosper in your hands wherever you are; and grant, that in every place, you may be as useful as you have been with us. I believe your name will long be precious in this place. There has not been one prayer-meeting since you left us, but you have been prayed for—that the Lord may bless you indeed.

I remain, dear Sister,
Your's, in the best of bonds,
EDWARD BOND.

* * * * * *

On sabbath-day, July 18, 1802, Mr. T.— went with me to Tealby: I spoke in the morning to a crowded congregation, and the Lord made bare his arm to save several precious souls. In the afternoon, we came to Market Raisin: here, I spake in the evening; several cried aloud for mercy, while others praised a sin-pardoning God. The week following was a precious season, in that neighbourhood. I spake at West Raisin, in Mr. Fox's barn: it was a time never to be forgotten by some; sinners were awakened, and cried for mercy in all directions; and I suppose eight, or more, were raised from a state of extreme sorrow and distress, to rejoice aloud in the God of their salvation. At Walesby, some good was done,—but more particularly at Bealby Mill, on the Friday night: five, or six, to our knowledge, obtained the favour and love of God; among whom was a young gentleman, who was captain of a ship, and who had come a considerable distance on the preceding sabbath, to see and hear a woman preach, (as he expressed it). He, at that time, got so convinced, and awakened to a sight and sense of his lost estate, that he had not rested since that evening: the Lord set his soul fully at liberty, when, he got his aged father in his arms, and praised God aloud for a praying Father. His Father had been a Methodist for many years.

On the Saturday, I returned to my good friend, Mrs. S. of Grimsby. I spake at Claythorpe, on Sunday morning, and at Grimsby in the evening: the Lord was with us; many expressed themselves as having got much good. Two or three more, the week following, obtained a sense of the divine favour. I travelled a few days with Mr. P.— and Mr. Truston: we rejoiced together in the prosperity of Zion; indeed, the Lord had crowned the labours of his servants abundantly, this year, in this circuit; there were left, between one and two hundred increase in the society, independent of removals and deaths.

* * * * * *

Mr. George Sykes was very much attached to Mr. Taft. They had been acquainted from early life, and their affection was mutual. Mr. Sykes lived at Nottingham when he was called out to travel; Mr. Taft also, lived in that neighbourhood. It is well known by those who were acquainted with Mr. Sykes, that he was very singular in his habits, and mode of expression; and though he was proverbially grave and solemn himself, yet he often produced a degree of levity and lightness in others. I understand, that when he got up to speak in the Conference,—the preachers anticipated something that would at least excite a smile. The Conference was, this year, at Bristol, and at the earnest request of Mr. Sykes; Mr. Taft accompanied him thither. When the numbers in society were called for,—upon Grimsby being named, Mr. Sykes said, "I left 530 members;—how many there are now, I cannot tell,—for Mary Barritt is knocking them down like rotten sticks." This, as might be expected, produced a smile, but I did not hear that any other observations were made.

I received the following letters from Mr. George Robinson :—

Langham Row, July 3, 1802.

MY DEAR AND WELL BELOVED IN THE LORD,

——— You have an interest in our private and public supplications, at the throne of grace ;—and when praying for you in public, there are many hearty Amens, by all our friends : every day, some are entreating me to do all I can to get you here again. Last Sunday, Mr. Rought put down seven new members. We are fully assured, that there was much more good done while you were here, than what we knew of, or expected, while you were with us.—It is now, near forty years, since I first took the preachers into my house,—but none of them have been made so useful to my family as my dear and well beloved, sister Barritt.—I wished to have come to *Raisin,* to have solicited your return with me,—I have never before seen these parts so white for the harvest of the ingathering of souls.—I conclude, by praying you, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you will come over and help us.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

GEO. ROBINSON.

From the same :—

Langham Row, August 7, 1802.

DEAR MISS BARRITT,

I was in great expectation of seeing you again, at my house, before this time. But though I have been disappointed in not having the pleasure and edification of your company, preaching, prayers, and christian conversation, which I believe would have been very profitable to me, and my dear family and neighbours, all round,—where, I believe, there is a field, ripe for the harvest.—Yet, I doubt not, but that the Lord has blessed your labours in the conversion of sinners, and edification of believers, where you are; and my prayer is, and shall be, that God would continue to bless you.—I pray however, that he may incline and draw you to visit us, once more, and that soon.—I am thankful that your dear brother (whom I greatly love) is appointed to labour in our circuit, the next year. May the Lord abundantly bless his labours—his soul, and family, for Christ's sake. Since you left us, my class has increased from 30 to 42; also, my poor, stammering way of speaking in public has been blessed. When I spoke from Numbers x. 29, &c. and Matt. xxv. 46,—several persons were convinced of sin, and brought to the knowledge of faith. O! how glad should I be for *you* to spend one week with my daughter Elenor, in going from house to house, to talk and pray with the people;—among whom I have laboured,—with whom I have prayed,—and for whom I have done all in my power, that they might hear the word of eternal life, for nearly forty years past.——

I remain, your

Affectionate brother in Christ,

GEO. ROBINSON.

On Saturday, August 7, 1802, Mr. Pool accompanied me to Louth, where I spent the sabbath with much comfort to myself; and many of God's dear children were much blessed. On Monday, the 9th, I came to my good friend, Mr. Sutton's, of Tetford: the Lord was with us, to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive: much good appeared here. O, that the Lord may save that dear people!—On Tuesday, I rode to Horncastle, where I rested till the Thursday. I then went, and spoke at Mr. Magor's, Greetham, and returned to Horncastle on Friday. On Saturday, Mr. Taft returned from the Conference, and came to me at Horncastle, according to appointment. On the sabbath-day morning, we rode to my brother and sister Barritt, who were gone to Tedford: I spoke in the morning, and Mr. Taft at night: it was a good day; two, or more, found peace with God. On the Monday, we returned to Horncastle: Mr. Taft preached at night. On the Tuesday morning, August 17, we were married, in the presence of Mr. Simmonite, and a few other friends: my brother gave me to Mr. Taft; after which, we returned to his house. After breakfast, we prayed, and committed each other into the hands of the Lord. We then took chaise for Boston and Spalding; and on the Wednesday, proceeded in one of the London coaches for Canterbury, my husband's appointment. We arrived at London on Thursday morning. After we had rested a little, and refreshed ourselves, we went to see a few of Mr. Taft's friends; particularly, one pious family, who had treated him with all possible affection and kindness, when in London for a few months together, several years before. There was one thing I remarked in the course of conversation, which was as follows:—one of the daughters, Miss B.—, informed us, that a few nights before, she dreamed that Mr. Taft was just married to a pious, useful woman; and as soon as she saw me, she thought I was the person. After tea, and prayer, we parted with this dear family, Mrs. B.— putting something into my hand, in token of their love and affection for us.

On Friday morning, about five o'clock, we took coach for Canterbury, which is (I think) near sixty miles south of London. I went in faith, sensible, that the Lord would be with us; and fully determining, through his grace, to do what I could for that God who had done so much for unworthy me. We arrived in Canterbury about five o'clock, and went to some kind and affectionate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parnel. After tea, the stewards came, and wished my husband to preach, as it was preaching night, and as neither of the other preachers had arrived;—"but," says one of them, "we wish to inform you how we are circumstanced, and we thought it better to do it before preaching, lest you should be pained at hearing it afterwards;"—he then informed us, that at the last quarterly-meeting, Dover and Canterbury had agreed to be separated, and that they had sent their request to Conference, desiring to have two preachers appointed for Canterbury, and one for Dover;—but, as the Conference had not acceded to their request, they had called a meeting, and fully agreed, notwithstanding the appointment of Conference, still to be separate from Dover, and to prevent the appearance of *partiality*, they had concluded to take the two first on the list. In conclusion, they wished Mr. T., if he had no objection, to go to Dover the next day. We told them, we would go, and expressed our thankfulness for the manner in which they had conducted themselves toward strangers. Mr. T. preached with much liberty and power: I prayed afterwards, and heard a few *Amens*, in the gallery. On the Saturday, we took coach for Dover, and arrived at the ship-inn, about nine o'clock at night, where we slept; it being doubtful, whether the friends, at Dover, would receive any preacher or not;—for, though they had agreed, at the quarterly meeting preceding the Conference, to be separate from Canterbury,—

yet, as Conference had not separated them, they did not wish to be separated by Canterbury. Mr. T. asked Mr. W. whether he must return to the inn,—he told him, he must, and they would have a meeting early next morning, after which, he would see him again. I would just observe here—that no sooner had Mr. Taft gone out from our room in the inn, than I fell down on my knees, and began to beg of Him who had the hearts of all in his keeping, that he would open our way, and make us a blessing to the people his providence might design us to be among. As soon as I rose from my knees, there was a rap at the door; thinking it was Mr. T., I said, "walk in:"—the door opened, and an aged lady moved toward me with the door in her hand; I begged her to walk in; she said,—"dear madam, I am sorry to disturb you, but have you any one poorly, or are you so yourself,—can I be of any assistance? if so, I should be glad:"—I thanked her for her kindness, and told her, I was not poorly, neither had I any one with me at present—adding, "I will tell you how it is;—I am a perfect stranger in this place, and so is my husband too;—he has left me here, and gone to seek some friends which we hope we have in this town, though unknown to us at present; and as I wish to do nothing without acquainting the Lord, or asking counsel from him, I have been praying that he would direct us, and abundantly bless our coming to this place:" tears immediately sparkled in her eyes, and she replied, "very good,"—wished me a very good night, and then withdrew.—In a few moments, I heard a rap at the door again, I said, as before,—"walk in," thinking it to be Mr. Taft,—but the same lady came forward, with tears in her eyes, and after some apology, said,

" will you have the goodness to step a moment or two into the next room, for I have a young lady with me, and we are going to France tomorrow,—she heard you pray, as well as myself, —I told her what you said, and she cannot rest satisfied without seeing you:"—I straightway followed her, and in her room, saw a young lady in bed, weeping: as soon as I went to the bedside, she got her arms about my neck, and prayed God to bless me: I spoke very freely to them both, for some minutes, concerning the work of grace upon the soul, and what we might obtain and enjoy through Christ; and then kneeled down, and prayed for them with all my heart. I shall not easily forget what love I felt for the souls of these two strangers:—they both wept, and prayed God Almighty to bless both them and us: they then saluted and thanked me, and I took my final leave of them. O that the Lord may bless them both, and may we meet in glory! Amen.

1802. In the morning, we breakfasted at Mr. W.—'s, who informed us—that the stewards and leaders had called a meeting, and concluded —that Mr. T. should be invited to preach that sabbath; and on Monday, they would consult further upon the subject of his staying: their design in all this was easy to discover, and I do not much wonder at their acting in this way,—when I consider that Mr. Taft was a perfect stranger to them, and had only been a travelling preacher one year;—when I consider also, the situation of Dover;—the outward hearers, society, &c.;—that the preacher would have to stay one year at the least, and preach regularly, during that time, five sermons a week, in the same pulpit, to the same people;—that he would have the care of a class, besides his other public and private labours;—and that it would consequently require a person of some considerable abilities, as well as piety, to render him acceptable and useful in such a situation. There was one thing which I could not help noticing before the service began:—Mr. W.— took upon him to inform Mr. T. how he must preach, intimating, that loud speaking, hasty and strong expressions, &c. would by no means be acceptable or useful at Dover. Mr. Taft preached at ten,—at two,—and at seven in the evening: the Lord was eminently present, and afforded the needful assistance. In the evening, I prayed after the service, and Mr. Taft met the society, during which, I felt the Spirit of God like fire in my bones,—but what to say I knew not; I felt such power from above, that I knew I must say something; I stood up therefore, entreating the people to bear with me: I was a perfect stranger to them, but not to God, and as fully believed that God, even our God, had as surely sent us to them as ever he sent Joseph into Egypt. I immediately felt relief, and the Lord gave his blessing: several were much affected. We went home that evening, with Mr. Grace, to a room provided for a single preacher. During the religious services of this day, and indeed afterwards, I felt what it is utterly out of my power to describe. I must confess, I feared there was but little more than the form of religion among those who attended the house of God, and indeed I suspected there was something very defective even in this—so much looking at one another—moving the hand, or nodding the head—there appeared but little reverence, and devotion—and as to any Amen, not a wisper could be heard, except at reading the prayers, which are regularly performed here twice on the sabbath. Mr.

Wesley's abridgment of that excellent form of words is read, generally by a layman. Mr. Manger, I confess, read the service in a very becoming manner. But this I had not been accustomed to, so that the whole service, when taken together, was so different to those I had left, that had I not known the fact, I should not have supposed we had been in a Methodist chapel. Surely, the Lord will answer his Spirit's cry in my heart, and give us some more zeal, and life, and feeling. The Lord grant it soon, for his name's sake! Amen.

On Monday evening, Mr. Taft preached again, after which, the stewards and leaders met to determine whether he must be received as their preacher: they expressed a great deal of satisfaction. My husband had previously informed them, that I should not be any additional expense to them. During this week, we visited the people, and exhorted and prayed with them, from house to house. On Wednesday, I exhorted a little in the prayer-meeting. On Friday evening, Mr. Taft preached again; and on the sabbath-day, three times: it was a good day to many;—the congregations were considerably larger,—but I felt much, and was constrained to weep, when I saw with what light and trifling countenances the people entered the house of God. They looked upon us at first in a strange way, particularly me, as though I had come out of another land; for it appeared very strange there, to hear a woman pray to Almighty God, though numbers of them could be heard to pray aloud for damnation. I think, one of the oldest members in the society told me, he had never heard more than three prayers from all the women he had ever seen at Dover.

On Wednesday, September 1, I spoke again a little in the prayer-meeting, which was held in a private house: very few, in general, attended; however, we had more this week, and a strong desire was expressed that I would speak more largely. The third sabbath was a good day indeed: my dear Mr. Taft laboured with all his heart, and many appeared to feel under the word. On Wednesday, I spoke again at the prayer-meeting: many attended; the Lord was present; and I felt much for precious souls, insomuch, that I thought, if my way was not soon opened to labour more for the Lord, I must go and speak to the people on the sea-shore: I thought I could not live without doing that which I was as sensible it was my duty to do, as I was of my own existence. This week, a friend came from Deal, to ask us to go there: we consented, and went, September 11, 1802. I spake twice on the sabbath: the Lord was with us of a truth; many wept much. My husband preached at noon. I felt my soul truly thankful for this opportunity. We returned again to Dover, on the Monday. Mr. T. preached at night, as usual. This week, a friend came to our lodgings, and informed me, that he had a large place which had been occupied as a chapel, but lately as a warehouse, and that if I chose, he would fit it up as a place in which I might labour for the Lord: I gladly accepted the offer, convinced, that the circumstance was an answer to prayer.

On Saturday evening, September 18, I spoke at Dover, for the first time, in a public place of worship, from that passage—Job xxi. 3. "*suffer me that I may speak; and after that I have spoken, mock on:*" there was a large congregation, and many appeared much affected with the word. On the sabbath-day following, I spake in the workhouse: some of the poor people appeared concerned about their immortal souls. On the Wednesday following, I spake again in the chapel, which the gentleman before-mentioned had opened for me: he soon came more fully forward himself, and joined our society. On the Saturday evening, I spoke again: the Lord was with us to awaken many, and some felt the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. And also on Wednesday evening, September 29th, when the Lord was present to bless our souls. We had, by this time, received several invitations from Canterbury: we went on Saturday, October 2nd; Mr. Taft having engaged a travelling preacher to supply his place at Dover. I spoke three times, in the chapel, at Canterbury, by invitation from the preacher and stewards;—and Mr. Taft once: we had very large, and in general, attentive congregations: many appeared to feel the force of divine truth. We returned to Dover on Tuesday, and I spoke at the usual place on Wednesday: the congregations in both places much increased, and some began to meet in class. During our absence, the friends at Dover had chosen new stewards. This week, the following paragraph appeared in the Kentish Herald, published at Canterbury, October 7, 1802:—"On Monday evening, a sermon was preached in King-Street chapel, in this city, by Mrs. Taft, a female preacher, in the connexion of the late Rev. John Wesley. The novelty of a female preacher naturally excited great curiosity; many hundreds of persons were present, and others were prevented from getting in for want of room. The text of her discourse was from the first epistle of St. John, the first chapter, and the ninth verse—"*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us* *our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;*" which she supported with many judicious and well-grounded remarks; and being possessed with great fluency of speech, she attracted great attention from the whole of the congregation."

About this time, a young man came to Dover, to enquire after us: he found us at our much-esteemed friend, Mr. Reynold's. After a little conversation, he addressed himself to me, and said—" I suppose, you know nothing about me, but can you recollect being in the city of York?" I answered in the affirmative; he said, " I was there, brought to a knowledge of myself, and of God;—in a fit of grief, I had listed for a soldier, and at that time was in York. One sabbath forenoon, seeing great numbers of people walking on the street, I asked them, what was to be done so soon in the forenoon? and was informed, a woman was going to preach; I pressed in among the crowd, and you spake from—" *Behold how he loved him;*" and as you came towards the latter end of your discourse, you shewed,—that he had not only loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, but *all of us;* and then enquired, what returns we had made for such dying love,—at which, my sins all looked me in the face; I cried for mercy with all my heart: the Lord heard my cry, and I went away a changed man. I began from that time to live a new life: it was a life of prayer and praise,—but soon after this—I, with some more of my companions, were drafted out to Deal, in Kent, which was a great trouble to me,—but a few of us began to pray in the Baptist chapel, till they forbade us; then, we sought out for a room, and hired one of Mr. Baisden, gardener: the Lord soon awakened him, his wife, and several more." To my astonishment,—this was the same Mr.

Baisden that came to invite us, and who took us into his house. How wonderful are the ways of God!—mysterious in his providence,—unsearchable in his judgments,—and his ways past finding out! Well, "*what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.*" The young man added further—"soon after we left Deal, I got my discharge, and am settled in business at ——, near Tenterdon." I asked him, how he knew of our being at Dover?—he said, "as you came hither, Mr. T. preached at Canterbury, on the Friday evening, and you prayed afterwards: there were two friends present, out of the Rye circuit, who came back on the Saturday, and dined with me; and upon my asking them whether any of the new preachers were come, they said, yes; we have heard the young man; and his wife prayed afterwards: by this, I was sure it were you,—so was determined the first opportunity, to come and make myself known to you, and your's." He prayed with us, and we wept and praised God together. He encouraged me to labour on, in the name and strength of the Lord, who had surely seen there was need of us in Kent. This interview, as well as several others, with this dear man of God, was a great blessing to me.

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On Saturday, October 9, 1802, I went again to Deal: I spoke three times on the sabbath-day; and met a class on Monday night. We had three or four new members, who wished to cast in their lot with the people of God. I rejoiced to hear one or two crying out for mercy, and was more thankful still, that two found peace with God. I spoke to them on the Tuesday night: the Lord was with us, and his presence was precious to many. On Wednesday, I met Mr. T. at Easterby, and spoke there that evening.

On Friday, Mr. T. returned to Dover; and I spoke at Sandwich, for the first time. After the meeting was concluded, a well-dressed, aged woman, came to me and said—"I know you,—I both saw, and heard you, about two years since:"—I replied, "God bless you, I never saw you before that I know of," and wished her good night. This good woman, not satisfied with my answer, went to her class-leader, Mr. B.—; (she had been a steady woman for many years, and though she lived several miles in the country, she seldom missed her class)—she said to him, "I dreamed, about two years ago,—that a woman came and preached in our chapel, and was made a great blessing to my family;—and that they were all brought into the way to heaven, particularly, a wicked son, who has lain much upon my mind:" she added, "this is the woman I saw in my dream; and I fully believe the other parts of it will be fulfilled." On the sabbath-day, I assisted Mr. Sykes, at Margate. This woman's wicked son, hearing of this strange phenomenon (as he called it), came to hear. In the discourse, I was particularly led to speak in this way:—"I believe, where parents are truly devoted to God, and pray for their children, as they ought,—the children of such faithful, praying parents, will have hard work of it to go down to hell:" this sentence was like a nail fastened in a sure place; the young man thought within himself,—"I have been trying for many years to get down to hell, but I will try now, by the help of God, to get to heaven:" he was much convicted the ensuing week, insomuch, that he was severely tempted to put an end to his existence,—but some of our dear friends observing his distress, and to whom he opened his mind freely, were rendered a blessing to him;

they encouraged him to trust in the Lord, and unite with his people; he did so, and soon found peace to his soul.—Religion, at this time, was at a very low ebb indeed at Margate; and there being lately erected a very large and beautiful chapel, belonging to Lady Huntingdon's connexion, our preachers were deprived of many of their hearers; however curiosity, at this time, brought many to attend; and some wept, and appeared to feel under the word.

I wrote the following letter to my husband:—

Margate, October 16, 1802.

My dear Mr. Taft,

I hope you got well and safe to Dover. God bless—be with—and every moment cause his face to shine upon you. We returned with Mr. R.— and Mr. Brewer, from Margate. I was glad to see my dear, good old Lancashire friend. At Sandwich, the chapel was well filled; there were more than could sit down: the Lord was truly present; many tears were shed. I spoke from—2 Cor. v. 11. My own soul seldom felt more. I was surprised when coming down from the pulpit;—a gentlemanly person was speaking to Mr. R.—, and I could just hear him blessing God for sending me into this country;—Mr. R.— looked amazed and confounded;—the gentleman then turned to me, and said—" I have come from Canterbury, on purpose to hear you again,"—and he did this with all the affection of a Yorkshire Methodist.—Praise the Lord, my dear, that ever we were at Canterbury! He followed us to Mr. B.—'s, and informed me, that his dear wife had got much good with us. Before he left us, I found that he was a *Baptist* minister, at Canterbury: he prayed with us, and said, " *I was with several ministers last Thursday, when you and your's were much prayed for.*" O, my dear, what kindness from entire strangers, and persons too, of another persuasion !—But the Lord is the same, and those who have much of his Spirit, it may easily be known and felt.—I heard Mr. Sykes last night, from—" *No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.*"—The Lord has given me that promise, over and over.—We have breakfasted with one local preacher, and we are going to dine with another,—Mr. Pyke (I think) they call him. He and his wife were here last evening, and seemed very friendly. Many enquire after you. Lord help me, and teach me what to do and say, that may be most for his glory.—The Lord is good and precious, and keeps my soul in perfect peace. I long to see you, my dear, best friend, whom I *most* love in all this world. Be mindful of yourself, for my sake. Mr. Sykes, and Mr. Brewer's love.

I am your's,

MARY TAFT.

On Tuesday, I returned to Dover, and spoke on Wednesday evening to a very large and attentive congregation ; again on the sabbath evening : the Lord made bare his arm, and powerfully worked in the hearts of many. On the sabbath, I heard Mr. Taft three times : it was a precious day to my soul, and to many others. Praise the name of the Lord !

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By this time, I had received letters from, and had wrote unto, most of my corresponding friends, since my union with Mr. Taft. All that wrote to me, expressed their affection and well-wishes, in as strong language as they did before my marriage, two or three persons excepted ; to one of those I wrote twice, but received no answer. Then, Mr. Taft felt it on his mind to write, which he did ; and in a few days received an answer, in which my friend was pleased to say,—he believed God had called me to some great and extraordinary usefulness,—but, that although I had been very useful, I had now missed my way, for, I ought not to have married any one,—and that he believed I should soon leave the Methodists. This good man did not inform Mr. Taft what law I had broken, either human or divine; and what is very remarkable, this same good man, a few years before, had no objections I should marry one of his sons, and hinted that desire to me in letters, which I have now by me. There were two other persons, the one at Nottingham, and the other at Manchester, who refused to answer my letters to them, on the same grounds;—but glory be to God, he changes not, but still gives me his approving smile,—and not only so, but continues to me many, very many valuable friends, and raises me up others wherever his providence casts my lot: and though religion is at a lower ebb in the south of England, than in the north, yet God is the same, and the consolations of his Spirit are neither few nor small.

On Wednesday, I spoke again at our new place: the Lord was present, and several were refreshed. We had begun to meet some in the way of a penitent class, who had lately received good.

The following letter came to hand, directed:—

To the Stewards, &c. of the Methodist Society, Dover.

Birstal, October 25, 1802.

My dear unknown Friends,

It is now about thirty-three years since I was at Dover, or any place in that neighbourhood, so that, I suppose there is no person, now living, who has any remembrance of me; yet nevertheless, I cannot help wishing the prosperity of the work of God among you: it is but too well known, that this has been for some considerable time at a very low ebb in Dover: I therefore could not help thinking that it was a kind providence that Mary Barritt was stationed among you, and that by the blessing of God, *she* might be the instrument of reviving this blessed work among you. Perhaps there never was a time when the Lord so greatly condescended to the curiosity of mankind, in order to do them good, as the present. He has been pleased to raise up, and send forth, all sorts of instruments. Men, almost of all descriptions,—poor men, rich men, learned and unlearned,—yea, black, as well as white men, and if he is pleased to send by a *woman* also,—who shall say unto him, What doest thou?

The late Mr. Wesley was very much opposed to women preaching; yet, when he saw that the Lord owned and blest the labours of Mrs. Crosby,—Mrs. Fletcher,—and the late Miss Hurrel, he was obliged to allow, that the Lord is sometimes pleased to go out of his common way, for the good of his poor creatures,—and therefore, he would say nothing against women preaching, in extraordinary cases. As to myself, I have long thought it more difficult to prove that women ought not to preach than many imagine. Let any one seriously consider—1 Cor. xi. 5. "*Prophesieth with her head covered.*" Now, prophesying there has generally been understood to mean preaching. If then, the women never did preach at all, why did the Lord by the apostle give these instructions respecting their heads being covered or uncovered?—I have been no great friend to women preaching among us,—but when I evidently see that good is done, I dare not forbid them. I seriously believe Mrs. Taft to be a deeply pious, prudent, modest woman. I believe the Lord hath owned and blest her labours very much; and many, yea, very many souls have been brought to the saving knowledge of God *by her preaching*. Many have come to hear her out of curiosity, who would not have come to hear a man,—and have been awakened, and converted to God. I do assure you, there is much fruit of her labours in many parts of our connexion. I would therefore advise you, by no means to oppose her preaching, but let her have full liberty, and try whether the Lord will not make her an instrument of reviving his work among you. I am an old man, and have been long in the work,—and I do most seriously believe, that if you yourselves do not hinder it, God will make Mrs. Taft the instrument of great good to you. Take care you do not fight against God. Many will come to hear her every where, who will not come to hear your preachers. Let these poor souls have a chance for their lives: do not you hinder them.

I am, though unknown,
Your affectionate friend,
And brother in Christ,
J. PAWSON.

(Continued.)

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

From a pretty long acquaintance with Mrs. Taft, I most heartily unite with our honoured father, Mr. Pawson, in beseeching you not to hinder her exercising her talents among you; for, I most assuredly believe—that God has called her to declare the glad tidings of salvation to the world,—and that he has already honoured her in the conversion of multitudes.

Your's, affectionately,
J. S. PIPE.

* * * * * *

October 30, 1802, I went to Canterbury: some got a real concern for their souls during this visit, whom I hope one day to meet before God. I returned to Dover, November 4, and spoke on the Wednesday, in my new place; and on Friday evening, for the first time, in our own chapel, by an invitation from the stewards and leaders: indeed, I should have been invited to labour in it before this time, but for one person, who stood opposed to female preaching. This same person, during Mr. Taft's absence from Dover, had chosen new stewards, and hinted to one of our friends, that he had proposed one on purpose, because he believed he would oppose Mrs. Taft's labouring in our chapel. Mr. Taft submitted to this, though it was contrary to our rules and customs. At this, one of our stewards, and nearly the oldest member in the society, took himself out, and positively refused to take a ticket, until I was invited to speak in our own chapel: he thought, as all the hearers and members wished it, except one person, and a relation of his, who had been appointed steward, that the Lord was grieved with them for not doing it. In this particular, our good friend and aged brother missed his way; he should not have refused to take his ticket, and thereby throw himself out of society; besides, this gave an advantage to *one* who was seeking an occasion against us. Hence, he went to London, and charged me with dividing the society, and I know not what. I committed my cause into the hand of God: I knew, and the Lord knew, that we were all peace and harmony, but for one person, and about another or two, whom he had influenced to oppose my speaking in the chapel; but he must have seen, and felt, had he been possessed of spiritual sight and feeling, that God was among us of a truth. I prayed for him with all my heart, but I felt exceedingly, as I always do, when I am fully convinced that any person is *standing in God's way*. The Lord supported me, and most assuredly gave *me an answer* to prayer, though not exactly in the way I wished. Surely, there is a retributive providence. Soon after we left—*his sins found him out*, and he was removed *out of God's way*. He has once or twice been restored to membership; but, if I am correctly informed, he has not been in society for many years.

About this time, Mr. T. received a letter from the chairman of the London district, saying that,—he had been informed, that there was much disturbance at Dover, and that an actual division had taken place in the society, on account of Mrs. Taft's preaching; intimating, at the same time, that if this was not put a stop to, he must be under the necessity of calling a district meeting, which he was loath to do, not only because of the expense, but because of the unpleasant consequences which might follow.—Mr. Taft wrote an immediate answer.

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Mr. Allen to Mrs. Taft:—

Church-Fenton, Sept, 26, 1802.

Dear Sister,

I received your's of the 8th instant, and shall be always glad and thankful to hear from you. We can still pray for one another, though at so great a distance. I confess, I was somewhat surprised at your change in life, having heard nothing about it till it had taken place. Some are ready to blame you, but I am far from holding the docrine of devils. I believe that God will still be with you, and make you a mutual blessing to each other.—This is the main end of marriage. This makes all things easy, whereas, the absence of this, makes all things hard. *Love* seasons, and sweetens every state:—love composes all controversies:—in whomsoever this properly prevails, to them only, marriage is what it should be,—a pleasing combination of two persons into one *home*, one purse, one heart, and one flesh. The ground of this *love* is the will of God. Your yoke-fellow has taken you, I believe, as thinking you to be the properest person he could fix upon, in life, to help him in the way to heaven. See to it then—that this be your constant aim in all you say and do. I am sorry you are sent so far from us, and into such a barren wilderness; but God is at *Dover* as well as at *York*, or *Nottingham*, &c. &c.—You must pray, believe, and labour still, and you will see the wilderness blossom as the rose. I will help you by prayer,—and many others will do the same.—We had Mr. Smith this morning; he took for his text—"*My heart is weaned as a sucking child, &c.*" We had part talk about you last night. We have a good work among us.—The Lord is with us. My wife, son, and many friends, send their love to you. Please to give our kind love to your partner, and tell him to use his endeavours, soon as possible, to get into Yorkshire.

Your affectionate friend,

And brother in Christ,

WM. ALLEN.

I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Lord, who knows all things, that he should just at this juncture of time, put it into the heart of one of our oldest travelling preachers, Mr. John Pawson, to write to the stewards of Dover, in favour of my *character*, *labours*, and *usefulness*.—Another travelling preacher wrote to them in the same way. This, I have ever looked upon as a particular providence,—that God should put it into the heart of this good old apostle, to write to us, and to the stewards, in the way and manner he did, and just at the very time when we stood in need of such encouragement; for, his letter was dated the same day as the letter Mr. T. received from the chairman of the London district. Truly, the Lord knew our situation, and sent timely help.

Soon after this, Mr. Taft received another, very affectionate, letter from the chairman of the London district, in answer to his; and as the Lord continued to unite the people,—to revive his work,—and to multiply Zion's converts, we heard no more complaints afterwards.

November 6. We went to Deal, and had a very good day: the Lord was very present and precious in the love-feast. We returned to Dover on Tuesday, and on Wednesday evening I spoke as usual. On Friday, the 19th, I left Mr. T., and spoke at Birchington; and on sabbath-day, at Margate. This people, like many others, too often lose, during the week, the good they receive on the sabbath-day. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Brewer stand by the work: there are several steady members, and faithful friends to Methodism in this place: some got awakened this visit, and two, or more, found peace with God.

I returned to Dover on Wednesday, and preached on Friday evening. On Saturday, the 20th of November, I went with Mr. Coff, to Hamstreet. One of the travelling preachers in the Rye circuit, and Mr. Roff, a local preacher, had been over to Dover some time before, to give me a proper invitation, which I now embraced with thankfulness. On the sabbath-day morning, we had a glorious time: many souls cried out for mercy, and others praised the Lord aloud. In the evening, I spoke at Woodchurch: the Lord was with us, and many were alarmed. On Monday night, at Tenterdon: it was a good time; I saw many in tears, and apparently much distressed: two were enabled, by faith, to lay hold of Christ for mercy, and to rejoice in God their Saviour: the young preacher was present, and several local preachers. On the Tuesday morning, we had a time, I trust, ever to be thankful for. After breakfast, at a dear friend's, at Tenterdon, we sung a hymn, and spake a little of the things of God,—but while a gentleman from Rye was praying, the power of God began to come down: we prayed on till we could pray no longer;—prayer was truly turned into praise: some were on the floor,—others in different postures, pressed down, and overpowered with the power of God. Praised be his adorable name! At night, we went to a house in a wood, and the power of God mightily prevailed there; seven found peace with God, that we knew of: the first, was an old grey-headed man,—he began to tremble from head to foot, and to cry out aloud for mercy; and others appeared in agonies of distress, till the Lord spoke peace to their souls: indeed, the glory of the Lord seemed to fill the place. On Wednesday night, I spoke again at Tenterdon, when two found the Lord to pardon all their sins, and several remained under conviction. On Thursday morning, at family prayer,—one who had been seeking the Lord for years, obtained the favour of God. I met a class in the evening, and two more were brought into a more glorious liberty. O the power of divine grace!

On Friday, I held a meeting at a village, four miles from Tenterdon: the power of God was present to wound and to heal: two or three obtained the mercy of God, and a great many, formerly hardened sinners, were convicted in their consciences.*

I returned to Canterbury the third time, and spoke morning and evening, but could not see much abiding fruit. Had not means been made use of to hinder, I doubt not but great good would have appeared here; several of the people seemed very desirous that the Lord would revive his work.

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* We have heard since, to the joy of our hearts, through the medium of a letter from a local preacher in that neighbourhood, that many of these are still going forward in the way to the kingdom.

I wrote to Mr. Taft as follows:—

Tenterdon, November 26, 1802.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

Not knowing what time I may have on Saturday evening, but expecting very little, I gladly embrace the present moment to write, more especially, as I have such good news for you,—such as I never had since we came into *Kent*. We arrived safe at *Hamstreet*, about ten o'clock, bless the Lord, as well as I could expect. I spoke in the morning from—Psalms, "*Create in me a clean heart, O God, &c.*" There was a very large congregation, and what was still better, there were but few dry faces: God was present, to wound, and convict. I spoke in the evening, about five miles distant: some felt much: we had a prayer-meeting,—but nothing out of the common way, only some said, they were never so happy before. On Monday, I came here, and met the young preacher and Mr. Roff, &c. &c. I spoke in the evening, and our dear friends held a watch-night; it was a time of conviction. On Tuesday morning, in one of our friend's houses, God did so abundantly pour out his Spirit on believers, as I seldom witnessed;—the *local* preacher, and travelling preacher seemed filled, unutterably full, of glory and of God: the cleansing blood of Christ went indeed from heart to heart. I have seldom felt so much, at one time, in all my life; it was a penticostal shower indeed. O, how I wished you had been there,—but you were not forgot.—On Tuesday evening, we went to a place called *Penordom:* they would have me speak; I did so, and it was a blessed season: one found peace while I was speaking.—(We had five or six preachers present.) We had a prayer-meeting afterwards,—and souls begun to cry aloud for mercy; one old grey-headed sinner cried aloud, and trembled from head to foot, for about one hour, and then rose rejoicing and praising God: eight or nine more found peace with God. An old preacher, from Rye (a most precious man, who I thought much resembled Peter), stood up in the midst of the congregation, and shouted out—"*This is God's work;* read, when you get home, the second chapter of Acts, &c."——I stayed here all night; and next morning, at family prayer, the Lord begun to work on the mistress of the house: she is the tallest, and one of the fattest women I ever saw;—she cried out, I think, an hour, and then arose rejoicing in God her Saviour: and a young woman, at the same time, found the Lord to pardon all her sins. We returned to Tenterdon on Wednesday night, and had a good time in speaking: one that we knew of, found peace, and many more remained under conviction. Yesterday morning, two more found the Lord, at family prayer. Last night, I met the class, and two, if not more, found the Lord to cleanse them from all sin.—I can only inform you of a part of the good done, at present.—You know, I should be in my element.—If *you* were here, I could live and die with this dear people.———

Canterbury, Sabbath-day, two o'clock.—I received your's very late last night.—After writing the above, I have felt much on account of your *affliction.* I have often thought, I should never know how much I loved you, or how dear I held you, till you were afflicted.—I begin to feel it now.—If I had wings, I should have flown to see you last night.—I could sleep but little; but could pray, believe, and give both you and myself to God.—He is wise, and all things do work together for our good; for, we *do love God.* My dear, let us love him more than ever. God is so good to me, I know not what to say. I am finely in body, and very happy. O help me to praise the Lord a thousand times more than ever! Though I slept but little last night, I have felt no want to-day. I have had a glorious season: there were very few dry faces in Canterbury chapel this morning. I will attend, in some measure, to all you say, and come at the time.—Do take care of yourself,—for you are dear to me.

From your unworthy,

MARY TAFT.

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On Monday, November 29, 1802, I spoke at Sittingbourne. Mr. Child, the Calvinist minister, would have me speak in his chapel. I may say of him, he is a most precious man of God; —one of the most charitable and affectionate souls I ever knew. This venerable servant of Christ, as soon as I had done speaking, stood up and said, "The Lord has certainly stepped out of his common way this night in order to do you good. The truths you have heard, if not properly improved, will surely rise up against you in the last day." He then begged, in the most tender and affectionate manner, that they would all begin to seek the Lord. This was one of the best seasons of my life: the Lord was very present to many; some felt his healing influence, and others experienced his cleansing grace. In dear Mrs. Bates', afterwards, the Lord much blessed many of our souls.

On the Tuesday, I returned to a village six miles from Canterbury, where God was present of a truth: many obtained salvation; several of these were from Feversham.

On Wednesday, December 1st, I returned to Dover, spoke again in our own chapel, and had a good time: many present appeared to feel. We had also blessed times in visiting the society from house to house: much good was done in this way.

On Saturday, the 4th, I went again to Deal, and laboured with much fruitfulness to the people, and satisfaction to my own soul. I returned to Dover on Tuesday, and met a class in the afternoon. On Saturday, I went the third time to Margate: I there delivered my soul with all freedom, and felt it very good. O, that I may never forget to be faithful, like one that must one day give an account unto the Judge of all! I spoke again at Birchington, and at Sandwich, on my way home: I felt the Lord truly good to my soul. O, what a consolation arises from a consciousness of being in the way of duty!

About this time, my husband received the following letter from the stewards of the Methodist chapel at Sheerness:—

Sheerness, December 9, 1802.

DEAR BROTHER,

We were very happy to hear of Mrs. Taft's usefulness at Sittingbourne last week; several were convinced of sin, and others were brought into the liberty of the children of God, the account of which no doubt Mrs. Taft has already given you. Several of our friends were in expectation of having the pleasure of Mrs. Taft's company in this part of the Lord's vineyard, when so near us last week, but my dear partner could not prevail upon her at that time to accompany her. We therefore now solicit the favour (if agreeable to Mrs. T.) of her spending a few days with us, as soon as convenient; and we believe much good will be done, many being desirous of hearing for themselves. We therefore hope we shall not be disappointed in our expectation. Shall be happy to see you with Mrs. Taft, if convenient, Many friends unite us in love, &c.

Your's, very affectionately,

WILLIAM GREATHEAD, } Stewards.
JOHN SOLE, }

On Sabbath-day, December 19, I endeavoured to sound the gospel trumpet once more at Dover: I felt much of the Lord's presence, and many wept. O, the goodness of God to such a poor worm as I am. May I love and praise him more, and serve him better!

I received the following letter from Mrs. Parnel:—

Canterbury, December 9, 1802.

My very dear Mrs. Taft,

My spirit most cordially unites with your's, and I adore the divine hand that brought us acquainted with each other.—It is through your instrumentality that I have been brought to experience a greater share of saving grace.—I praise God for keeping my soul in perfect peace since I saw you. Not one thought hath arisen to cause me to *doubt*, or to disturb my peace.—I am humbled in the dust before God, and am enabled to leave all in his hands.—Though borne down with sickness, the Lord sustains me. I trust, my dear friend is still in peace,—and that Mr. Taft and yourself will be instruments of abundant usefulness in Dover. I hope to hear from you soon. My dear friend,—pray for me, that I may be humble and thankful.

I remain your affectionate friend,

Ann Parnel.

December 26th, I spoke at Dover at night. The Lord be praised! he strengthens me beyond my expectation, both in body and mind. May his name be praised by me in life and in death. Amen.

Thursday, the 30th, I went to Deal,—and on Friday to Sandwich, and had a good season: many felt the word precious to them, and others got more fully awakened. On Wednesday, I preached at another village in the country,—and on Saturday, the 8th of January, 1803, I was at Canterbury, and felt it good in speaking to the people. On Monday, I journeyed to Sittingbourne, and laboured with success : several found peace with God. On Tuesday, (if I mistake not) I went with dear Mrs. Greathead to Sheerness, where the Lord made bare his holy arm, to wound and to heal : many could praise God in the land of the living. O, the wonders of his grace! From thence, I accompanied Mrs. G. to Chatham,—but there was such a crowd I could not speak that night: I spoke next morning, at five o'clock, to a crowded chapel: it was a time to be remembered in Chatham. On the Tuesday night, I laboured at Rochester, both the preachers, Mr. Crook and Mr. Holmes, as well as the people, having previously invited me.

On Wednesday, January 27, 1803, I returned to Dover, and had some blessed times of power and peace. Praise the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!

On the 30th of January, 1803, dear Mr. Taft accompanied me to Deal : he walked on to Sandwich on the sabbath morning, and preached. I laboured at Deal, and afterwards went to him, and spoke at Sandwich on Monday night. Mr. T. then went to preach at Dover, while I rested at Sandwich, on Tuesday. In the evening, I went with our dear friends to the chapel, and thought I would only pray once among the rest, as we intended to keep a prayer-meeting, After three or four had prayed, I gave out these lines—

" A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,"—

This sung, I went up into the desk, (for I felt moved of God in a particular manner) and then added—

" A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

From these lines, I gave a word of exhortation, as the Spirit gave me utterance. I spoke of the state of the soul by nature and practice, and the work necessary to be wrought therein before any could be fit for heaven. While I was speaking, I observed three women in one pew, and she who was nearest the door, wept much: I desired a soldier who was near me to pray, during which, I went and kneeled down by the side of the woman who was weeping, and clapped my hand on her shoulder. I enquired, how she was?—what ailed her?—whether she knew she was a sinner, and was weeping on that account?—she acknowledged, that she did, and was much distressed: she said, " I have praying parents about two hundred miles off,—but I have wandered here, and forgot God;—Lord have mercy upon me!" then turning to her neighbour, she said— " this night puts me in mind of my dream;— I have three children, and when I was big of my first, I dreamt that I was walking down a fine broad road, and all appeared pleasant about me,—but there came a woman and clapped her hand on my shoulder, and said, this is the broad road that leads down to hell;—I thought, I started, and said, 'Oh! what shall I do? or whither shall I fly?'—the woman said to me, 'there is a narrow road here on the right-hand, —it is but rough, but turn into it, for it leads to heaven:' "—The poor woman, bathed in tears, turned herself, snatched hold of my hand, and said—" you are the very person I saw in my dream;" and added, " I hope in God, that this night I am turned out of the broad way, into the way that leads to heaven:" she said further, to her neighbour, "how astonishing it is, that of all the years I have lived in this town, I never was in this place before." I exhorted her to meet in class, which I learned afterwards she did the following sabbath-day, when she related the whole affair to Mr. C.—, of Margate, who laboured there afterwards. Her husband came to hear Mr. Taft, the next time he preached there, and was awakened to a sense of his wretched state and condition: he had been astonished at the change in his wife.

Some time after this, as I sat in a friend's house, at Sandwich, this said woman came in; the mistress of the house said to her—"many of us know how you have been used;"—she pleasantly replied, "you know a little, and but a little; when I have been too poorly to get out of bed, I have laid from morning till night, without any refreshment,—for, when my husband came home, he would not give me so much as a drop of water;—and many days, he has locked the butter from me, and marked the loaf, so that, when my children have cried for bread, I durst not give them any:" she then exclaimed, with looks of exceeding joy, while tears started in her eyes,—"*now*, I have nothing marked, and nothing locked."—I cannot describe the pleasure I felt,—but cried out—"bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name."

Wednesday, February 2, 1803, I went to Minster: it was a time of conviction, and one backslider obtained mercy. On the Thursday, I went to Upstreet: there was much snow upon the ground, which made me have an uncomfortable journey. There, I met with my dear valuable friend, Mrs. Parnel, from Canterbury. I held a meeting at night: it was a season not to be forgotten; some felt present good,—and next morning, a young woman from Canterbury found the Lord to pardon all her offences.

On Friday, I spoke at Mr. G.—'s,—but unbelief too much prevailed with some; the servants however, were much affected.

On Saturday, I returned to Margate, and had a good day: some appeared to be wrought upon by the Spirit of God,—but oh! how hard for persons to get on in the good way who are not favoured with proper means. My dear Mr. and Mrs. Brewer were very happy. God for ever bless them! On Tuesday, the 8th, I returned again to Sandwich. A man having died suddenly, I was desired to speak on the occasion; I did so, with great freedom, from—"*set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live*:" rich and poor wept much; it was a gracious season, and we had a full chapel. On the Wednesday, I returned to Dover, and we felt something of the first christians' spirit, when they went from house to house, and eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart. God for ever bless this dear people! I laboured on the sabbath-day morning and evening—and the Lord was with us of a truth. The week following, I spent at Dover, with Mr. Taft, and the dear people whom we much love in the Lord.—February 20th, I spoke at Dover again, and rested the following week. We had blessed times at the classes, and while my husband laboured in the word and doctrine.

On February 27th, I spoke again at Sandwich: the chapel was well filled, and my own soul was much blessed: numbers seemed sensibly to feel the presence of God—yet my heart was led to cry, "O for a Yorkshire shower of salvation, or such a breaking down as I have seen there." On the Monday, I returned to my dear husband, at Deal: he had been preaching there: at night, I warned them to escape for their lives. We continued a prayer-meeting afterwards, and some got their faith much increased for a greater work. On the first of March, we returned to Dover, and spent a comfortable week. Praised be the name of the Lord, he still continues with me,—blesses my own soul,—and, in a measure, owns my labours of love: I felt my own soul much blessed in pleading with God, for Dover. I again laboured on the sabbath, with all my heart; and during the following week, visited much from house to house, praying and exhorting.

On Saturday, March 12, I went again to Canterbury, and endeavoured to be once more clear of their blood;—for, I expect to meet that people in the judgment.

1803. On Monday, March 14, I spoke at Barton, six miles from Canterbury, where the Lord was present: several felt his softening power, and my own soul was much refreshed. All glory to God and the Lamb! But I cannot omit remarking the goodness of God, in a certain instance. As I came to this place, from Canterbury, in a post-chaise, with the mistress of the house, her maid, and another woman, to whom I had been speaking of the things of God,—the latter seemed to pay little regard to all that was said,—but when we came to the hill going down to Barton, one of the side-leathers which upheld the chaise, broke; at which, one of the horses began to strike, and soon struck the man from the seat,—the sight of which, caused me to pray aloud, "Lord save us, Lord save us." I felt a sweet calmness, and a recollection of mind,—instantly realizing the presence and salvation of God; and let down the side and front windows, being fully assured that we should be overturned. The horse continued to strike, and push the other on, till it came to the side of the hill, when the chaise was overturned, and broke to pieces: I burst open the door that was upward,—jumped out,—and assisted my friends. The carnal woman now began to bless and praise the Lord that she was in company with praying people; she saw none but God could have delivered us in the way we were delivered, and clinging round me, cried out, "Glory be to God, he hears and answers prayer; if you had not been here we had all been killed." She had her shoulder a little bruised; none of us were materially hurt,—but both the wheels run over the driver, and he was a great deal bruised; he recovered however in a few weeks. I waited at Feversham till the coach came up, and went in it to Mrs. Bates', of Sittingburn, where I spoke at seven o'clock: the room was crowded, and I felt great freedom while enlarging on, and applying these words—"*then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, &c.*": two or three persons were enabled to rejoice in the mercy of God: my soul was glad to find that those who had got good in our former meetings here, stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

On Wednesday, March 16, I went with dear Mrs. G.— to Sheerness, and was much blessed while we spake of the love of God to our souls by the way.—On Thursday evening, at the prayer-meeting, many wept and were much distressed; several were enabled to rejoice in God before we left them.

I received the following letter from Mrs. Parnel:—

Canterbury, January 5, 1803.

My very dear Sister Taft,

Your precious letters are so many "Cordial drops that heaven in my cup has thrown."—The last drew from my eyes refreshing tears;—it raised in my heart chaste hallowed fires. How gracious the Lord is in giving me the affections of some of *His* dear children; these, my soul delights in;—to you, and others of the same cast, my soul is knit. I anticipate the happy time when our disembodied spirits shall surround the throne of God,—

"And day without night
We shall feast in his sight,
And eternity seem as a day."

Glory be to God, he keeps me day by day! every morning in particular I feel much of his presence—great freedom of access to him, and at times such divine emanations from Him as the body is ready to sink under; yet I durst not say, "*Turn away thine eyes*"—but rather, "O Lord, enlarge my heart to make thee more room!" I find your advice exceeding suitable and necessary, and through mercy I am enabled to attend to it.—Mr. Wesley's Treatise on Perfection, I think, I fully approve of, and have found it very profitable and instructive; but above all, He blesses me with *His* own word, and many precious promises are applied to my soul. Adored be His great name, I have not lost my confidence a moment: I am enabled to look up to him for momentary help, and in the way of faith and prayer, I have been preserved, from any thing that brings condemnation. I feel I have not a grain of independent grace or strength, but I see such a freeness and fulness in Christ, that I have only to sit down under his shadow and I find *His* fruit sweet to my taste. The Lord has blest my soul much in visiting the sick lately;—I there learn the value of *precious time*—and *precious souls.* I am thankful the Lord blesses your soul and prospers your word. I feel you very near in my approaches to the throne. O my dear love, pray for me, that I never may measure my steps back to earth again. I know I must be ever upheld by the arm of Omnipotence, or I shall *gravitate to earth.* I have had a very satisfactory letter from Mrs. Greathead: the Lord is evidently with her. Mr. Creed, from Sittingburn, still holds on his way. They want you at T.——, and solicit me to forward it, and go with you. Love to Mr. Taft. Near twelve o'clock, Sunday night,—farewell,

Your ever affectionate,

ANN PARNEL.

On Friday night, I spoke to a large congregation: it was a time of conviction. On Saturday, we visited from house to house, and had the happiness to find those standing in the good way, who were brought into it when I was here before.

On Sabbath-day, March 20th, I spoke forenoon and afternoon: the Lord was with us of a truth; and at night we had a prayer-meeting, in which many, young and old, rich and poor, were much affected: many cried out for mercy, and a few that had believed were seeking purity of heart.—On Monday, in company with Mrs. G.—, and a few other precious souls, I went in the packet to Chatham, and spoke at seven o'clock, to a large and attentive congregation: many wept, and rejoiced in God. O that the Lord may save this place, and people with an everlasting salvation!—Here, I met with a letter from my dear partner, in answer to mine, in which I had informed him of my danger and deliverance. I transcribe the greater part of it:—

Limekiln-Street, Dover, 21*st March,* 1803.

MY DEAR MARY,

My spirit is with, and my best wishes, and most earnest prayers, attend you in all your labours of love. I was about preparing to write to you when your favour came safe to hand. I *am thankful* to you for your *kindness to me,*—and to *God* for *his superabundant kindness towards* and *over you:* "*had not the Lord been on our side,*" says David, "*when our enemies rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick.*" I read in the scriptures, and experience corroborates the awful truth, that *Satan* is the sworn enemy of God's dear people. Your danger and deliverance put me in mind of what *mother Barritt* said in her last.—I have no doubt or scruple on my mind, but many have acted under *Satanic influence* in their opposition to you, though themselves perhaps have thought they have been doing God service; and now *Satan* finds he cannot stop your progress or usefulness in *Kent,* but that those few who have risen up to oppose, sink in their influence almost into a *nonentity* in the church: he may, for aught I know, call in to the utmost of his power, the inanimate part of creation to aid in preventing your usefulness, or stopping your progress in the church,—but what a mercy you are in the Lord's hand, and not in the hands of men, or devils,—and while Jesus lives to save, and while God's *power, wisdom, faithfulness,* and *love* remain, you need not fear: though a host encamp against you, yea, though all the combined powers of earth and hell unite. I can believe for you, far better than for myself; bless the Lord, I can trust you in his hands, *your hairs are numbered,* and whatever is done to you, is as done to Jesus; he will very soon wipe off every vile aspersion that has been cast upon you; he will put to silence and confusion every tongue that has risen up against you; but let us ever remember that the Lord saves us by human means and instruments, our bodies as well as our souls; therefore, I once more give you an apostolic injunction,—"*Take heed to yourself*"—your body,—its health, the mode of its conveyance from place to place;—if *wine* is needful, take it for thy *stomach's sake;* if *rest* is needful, take it for the glory of God, and greater good to souls.—As to myself, I am as well as your absence will admit. Last sabbath was a precious season in the forenoon and afternoon to me and others: in the evening, I had a barren time. I have been out a good deal among the friends.—*I am a very awkward housekeeper*, and indeed I do not like to leave the service of the Lord to serve tables: as the servant of the Lord and his people, I think pretty well if I can provide five sermons a week for the temple service, without providing for these *earthly, vile, dying* bodies;—besides, this *looks like usurping authority over the woman;*—in this respect, as well as in every other, I want my dearer self,—but still, if the Lord hath greater need of you at *Chatham,* I must and will submit, hoping to see you at the time appointed.—My love to dear father Crook and wife, and inform him, I shall be happy to change for a fortnight, or a month, if agreeable to him, the friends here would be happy to see him, &c.—if so, it had better be *now*, as soon as this month's magazines are delivered out, there being no particular business just now requiring the superintendent preachers in their respective circuits. Give my love to brother *Holmes,* the preachers' families, and all the dear enquiring friends; tell them, I want much to see them, to make my grateful acknowledgments in person for their kindness to you. I have just found out a young man, who has lately got saving good here; I expect him at the class this evening. May the Great Head of the Church be with, and ever bless and direct you and me and all those who love him in sincerity.

I am thine as ever, and for ever,
ZACH TAFT.

From Mr. Pawson to Mr. Taft:—

Birstal, January 24, 1803.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We were very sorry to hear that you met with such a cold, not to say, unkind reception both at Canterbury and Dover, but were made glad by the account you gave us in your letter,—that the storm was blown over, and that your way was made plain. How well it is for us on a great variety of occasions, to commit our cause into the hand of the Lord by earnest prayer and supplication, and then to stand still till we see the salvation of God. He hath the hearts of all men in his hand, and he can turn them into our favour when it will be best for us that it should be so.—I am very glad that those good men at Dover were not offended with my letter, and much more so to find that the *door was now opened wide for the partner of your life, to use the gifts which the Lord hath given her, for the enlargement of his kingdom.* He will send by whom he will send, and it does not become us to say to the infinitely wise and blessed God,—"*What doest thou?*" but rather to rejoice when we have reason to believe that he doth good by the instrumentality of any one. An apostle could rejoice, even when Christ was preached out of envy and strife. I have long been convinced that the Lord takes such methods, and uses such instruments in reviving, increasing, and carrying on his work, as hath a direct tendency to hide pride from man, and so convince every one that this is the work of God,—so that no flesh may glory in his sight, but that he who glorieth, may glory in the Lord. While we see that the help that is done in the earth, the Lord doth it himself, we shall be in little danger of self-exaltation, but we shall willingly give the praise to him, to whom we see it is most justly due, and how sensibly do we feel that we can be only happy in so doing. While gratitude overflows our hearts, and our spirits bow before the Lord under a deep sense of his goodness, we enjoy solid peace, and permanent pleasure; in short, we can only enjoy real happiness in "That one way which the Lord hath appointed,"—in being wholly devoted to him who is the God of all consolation.

We have heard but little concerning you since we received your letter. I write, therefore, in order to request the favour of a line, informing us how the work of the Lord prospers in your hands. *I do assure you, it will give us heart-felt pleasure to hear that the Lord attends the ministry, even of a woman, with abundant success.* Therefore, do let us know how you go on. The work of the Lord has long been in a low state in the south of England, except in London itself, and if HE is pleased to revive it by any means whatsoever, it will be matter of great thankfulness to the simple hearted followers of God : *and who can tell but he may make your beloved wife the instrument of doing this, and so confound the wisdom of the wise, and lay the pride and haughtiness of man in the dust.* We are all through infinite mercy tolerably well at present, bless the Lord ! We greatly want an outpouring of the Spirit. We greatly long to see the work of the Lord revive. My wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Pipe, unite with me in kindest love to you both ; and we unitedly pray that the Lord may be with, and abundantly bless you, and prosper his work in your hands.

I am affectionately your's, &c.

J. PAWSON.

On Wednesday, I rode to Maidstone, in Kent, where we had a gracious visit from the Lord : several trembled under a sense of the guilt of sin, and my soul rejoiced much to see conviction fly in all directions. O may I meet them at the right-hand of the throne of judgment, in the last day !

Maidstone, Thursday, March 24, 1803. Praise the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless, and praise his holy name ; He hath raised me up from the image of death once more, and again shed abroad his love in my heart. HE is mine, and I am HIS. Adored be thy name, O Father ! Son ! and Spirit ! that thou shouldest thus bless—and own—and honour—*a worm.* I again present to thee my *body, soul,* and *spirit,* my husband, my all. Own and use us for thy glory. I am fully satisfied that our coming into *Kent* is for the glory of God, and the good of many souls. Prejudice, especially against the labours of females in the church of Christ, and more especially in our connexion, is flying away in all directions. This I have seen in every place; and who knows but I may live to hear of several pious women being raised up of God to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Lord hasten the time if it please thee! I have met with some who have been much drawn by the *Spirit of God* to active usefulness in his vineyard—and they have had many misgivings—and painful feelings for shunning the cross in neglecting what they are convinced the Lord requires at their hands.

On Friday, I returned to Sittingburn; from thence, I went to Canterbury; and on Saturday, I met Mr. Taft at Deal. On Sunday, we spent our day with much comfort and peace, and many felt the force of truth. On Monday morning, I went to Sandwich, and had a precious season in the evening: many were much blessed. On Tuesday night, I laboured at Easterby: several were alarmed, and some trembled much. On Thursday, Mr. Taft spoke at Minster, for Mr. Sykes,—and I spoke at Bishopsbourn on Friday: we had a large congregation, many wept. O the power of God to soften the hardest heart! Mr. T. preached at Margate on Friday evening: it was an awakening season; but the people here are some of them, I fear, wise above what is written,—while others are too much buried in the world. The Lord give them Mary's heart; they have many hinderances, and but few helps.

Sabbath, April 3, 1803. I spoke twice here to a large, polite, and attentive people; they appeared to feel a little. O that God would revive his work of heart-felt religion, and primitive Methodism amongst them! Amen. Mr. Taft preached this day for Mr. Sykes, a few miles distance, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Sykes preached for Mr. Taft at Dover.

On Monday evening, he preached here again: many felt it a very good time. We returned to Dover, where I laboured on Friday evening; my own soul was much strengthened: this people have become very dear to me. O that we may praise the Lord all together in heaven!

From Mrs. Bate :—

Sittingburn, April 4, 1803.

My very dear Mrs. Taft,

Last week, I have had the pleasure of hearing several expressing themselves with warm affection, and love to God and yourself, that once they were blind but now they see.—One good, sincere man joined us last sabbath, whose experience is very clear;—he is truly born of God,—and if he never see you more on earth, he will have reason to rejoice in eternity for a *woman preacher*.—The Duddington friends, I believe, pray for you night and day. I think, there are six or seven seals to your ministry there, and we believe there is a good work begun on the minds of many more: we expect three more will come to class. Friend Creed, Miss D.—, and some others, we expect will leave us shortly. Several are gone into eternity since you left us. O, my dear friend, that I had you near me to strengthen and help me, in visiting the sick and dying, and to strengthen and help my faith in God.

Your affectionate friend,

F. Bate.

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About this time, I received the following letter from a son in the gospel, whom the Lord gave to my ministry, several years before, while labouring in the city of York. He was then a soldier in his majesty's service. He was afterwards drafted to *Deal*, and was an instrument in introducing Methodism into that place. He has now got his discharge, and resides in the Rye circuit:—

Ashford, April 5, 1803.

DEAR MRS. TAFT,

My heart and views towards you are the same as ever. I consider it a duty to speak of your usefulness. and have always done it since God converted my soul, through your instrumentality. I did this when there was no probability of my ever seeing you again in this world, or of telling you, that you were the means of my conversion to God. O my dear friend, while you were speaking and praying in York, it was to my soul as though I was on the borders of heaven, and not to me only, but to multitudes besides. I never shall forget York—Tadcaster, and Wetherby love-feasts; and the very many precious souls that assembled with me, to tell what the Lord had done for our souls, through your instrumentality. Bless his holy name, for bringing you into this part,—that the people may see and hear what I have so long asserted and mentioned about you. Do come with Mr. Cobb to Tenterdon, and I will meet you there. The people are all enquiring after you, and wish to know when you are coming.—My soul rejoices at your name being mentioned.—I oppose all that comes in my way, both preachers and people, that speak against you. Bless the Lord, I silence all when I begin to tell how you were the means of my conversion, and tell them of the love of God shed abroad in my heart. They see and confess it is the work of God. Had it not been of God, I should not have continued *four* years when a soldier, and thank God, I continue to this day. The Lord bless you, and Mr. Taft,—and may you enjoy all that happiness I wish you. So prays

Your ever loving son in the Lord,

GEORGE LEES.

I spoke again in Dover, on the sabbath-day, April 10th, in the evening,—and Mr. T. preached twice.—The week following, we sought out the people from house to house, and entreated and warned some of them with tears; they were quickened, and our own souls much blessed.

Sabbath-day, 17th, I had a gracious season at Dover, in hearing twice, and labouring once: God was present, in his ordinances, among his people.—I feel very thankful for the privileges we enjoy of a religious nature,—more especially, for that of a preached gospel,—a privilege I cannot sufficiently prize, and for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful,—to sit under a heart-searching ministry of God's word, and to hear those who will deal faithfully with our precious souls,—who are determined to be clear of our blood. May the good Lord help me to treasure up his word in my heart, and bear more fruit to his glory! This week we were much blessed in the more private means of grace, and in visiting the people of God in this place.

On Saturday, April 23rd, Mr. T. accompanied me to Sandwich, and returned to Deal on Sunday morning, to preach. I laboured with all my heart, those words being particularly impressed upon my mind—"*Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price, &c.*"—and God be praised, his work is reviving a little here.

On Monday, I returned again to Deal to my dearer self, and endeavoured in the evening to sound the gospel trumpet. Oh! that this people may never forget the goodness of God to them.

On Tuesday, we returned again to Dover, and felt much of the power of God in going from house to house. I spoke once on the sabbath-day, and felt the Lord near to me in giving me strength according to my duty. To his name be all the glory. Out of perfect weakness he ordaineth strength.

On Wednesday, May 4th, I spoke again at Dover, and it was not in vain; several individuals received particular good, and the people of God were in general much blessed.

On Saturday, the 17th, I rode with Miss R.— and Mr. C.— to Hamstreet, in the Rye circuit, and laboured at Buckingham on the sabbath morning: here, God was present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive. At night, I spake at H——, to a large and attentive congregation: several were in great distress of soul, and a few cried out aloud for mercy. On the Monday, I laboured at Tenterdon: we had a good time. Glory be to God! Mr. Pinder, and many friends from Rye, met me here, and we rejoiced together in God.—How soon the people of God get acquainted with one another; they all speak the same language, and what a union of spirit subsists between the simple and sincere followers of our Lord Jesus Christ! There are many praying, lively souls in this circuit;—the Lord for ever bless them, and send them labourers after his own heart.

1803. I went again to Benenden, and had the happiness to find that those who were brought to God the time before, had stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and several others had joined the society. I can truly say from my heart with the apostle John—" *I have* *no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth.*" Glory be to God! many do to the present in Kent, and numbers in the north. I am happy to receive many letters from these; it rejoices my heart to hear from my children in the Lord, and never since I knew HIM, paid any money more freely than that which I pay for the postage of letters, especially those which give me an account of the work of the Lord prospering, and the prosperity of the souls of those who write them.

From Miss Wilson:—

Sinethwhite, May 25, 1803.

MY DEAR MRS. TAFT,

I received your kind letter, and was glad to hear you were well both in body and soul, and that the work of God continues to prosper in your hands. It seems to me that you are just in the way of providence: the Lord help you to labour on, and own, and crown your endeavours with abundant success. We go on but poorly here;—we cannot get the people to hear: we have good times among ourselves, but we want our neighbours with us. The Lord have mercy upon their precious souls! I can truly say, I long for their salvation. Glory be to God, I feel a clear title to heaven, and my soul thirsts to be more like Jesus Christ. *I feel more than ever determined to labour for the Lord:* he pays me good wages. Glory be to his name! I believe we shall yet rise! My brothers and sisters are all alive and labouring on. There seems the best prospect at Knaresborough.—Wetherby seems worse than ever. O pray for us, that the dry bones may begin to live and become a great army for Jesus. I think all our members are getting on in the heavenly way, and we have had some increase. Glory be to God! We have a good prospect at Walton. We are going to the love-feast at York on Tuesday;—they are expecting an amazing shower;—

the Lord send it, and baptize our every soul! I know you will say, Amen. Well, my dear sister, *we will begin afresh, and labour more than ever in the best of causes.* I sometimes feel such a glory to rest upon my soul, such power with God, and such faith and love for sinners, as I think I never did. I am getting into a greater glory; but it seems long before I am established in this glory. It is not the witness of sanctification I mean, but you know the glory I mean.—O tell me how to get rooted herein.—My love to Mr. T. Accept the same from your's,

ISABELLA WILSON.

On Tuesday, I had the happiness to labour at Biddington, at an old man's house, who found peace when I was here the time before. Numbers had taken knowledge of this grey-headed old man, that he had been with Jesus. We may say on this man's account,—

> " But Oh! the power of grace divine,
> In hymns we now our voices raise;
> Loudly in strange hosannahs join,
> And blasphemies are turn'd to praise."

This was a glorious time to many. Praise the Lord! We returned to Tenterdon after the meeting; and on Thursday, came to Woodchurch. Here, I was much blessed in hearing some pray in the prayer-meeting, who were brought to the knowledge of God the last time I was here. Oh! that the Lord may keep them by his mighty power,—that they may be "*steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.*"—On Friday, the 13th, I returned to Dover, to Mr. T. Praise the Lord, we are on our way to the kingdom!

On sabbath-day, the 15th, I assisted Mr. T. once: it was a precious season throughout. On

Wednesday evening, I spoke a little,—and on Friday, for my last time: the chapel was well filled, and many wept much, especially the young members of our society, and the new converts who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth this year. O may I meet these at the right hand of God! Amen. I could take this people to record, that I was clear of their blood. I trust, I shall ever endeavour by the grace of God to keep this in view. It was not man, nor the praise of man, which induced me to call sinners to repentance. I never did, and I hope I never shall pay much regard to their praise or dispraise,—to the smiles or frowns of breathing worms,—so that God's name may be glorified, sinners saved, and I be clear when God judgeth the world, having finished the work he called me to do.

On Saturday, Mr. T. accompanied me to Deal. I spoke to them on the sabbath-day; it was a day of power. Several of our dear friends from Dover followed us: we all felt that parting was amongst the disagreeables we are subject to in this wilderness state. O may we meet before the throne, and praise the Lamb among his blood washed throng, in nobler strains above for ever!

On Monday, I spoke for the last time at Sandwich; it was an affecting season. Praise the Lord for his infinite goodness to me, and to others! I went to Margate on Tuesday, May 21st, and spent the week in visiting the friends from house to house. Dear Mrs. G.—, from Sheerness, met me here. I spoke twice on the sabbath: the Lord was with us, and much fruit appeared. May it be like bread cast upon the water, to be found after many days. On the Monday morning, we took the coach at five o'clock for Canterbury, where we rested a little, and went to Sheerness in the evening. On Tuesday, we visited the people from house to house. On Wednesday evening, I spoke to a crowded congregation: many were much affected, and the people of God were fed. Praise the Lord O my soul for his abundant care and love to me! We left Sheerness next morning, and sailed for Chatham. Here, Mr. T. and I parted for the present; he went to Dover, and I went to London, accompanied by Mrs. G.—, where we arrived in the evening. We spent a little time very agreeably and profitably with that dear man of God, and valuable minister of Jesus Christ, the Rev. Dr. Coke, at Mr. Pearson's. May the Great Head of the church reward this family for their kindness to me, a perfect stranger. If the Lord will not forget a cup of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, surely he will not forget the abundant kindness of his followers to his pilgrim. Benevolence is a duty incumbent upon all.—"*Be not forgetful to entertain strangers*," is the divine command.

From here, I wrote as follows:—

London, June 3, 1803.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

We arrived safe here at Mr. Pearson's last evening before nine o'clock. We had a good time in the coach,—very profitable conversation on the things of God,—passengers quite agreeable. I feel better than expectation. Bless the Lord for all his goodness to unworthy me! Mr. Brewer is *now* gone to take our places in the coach for Nottingham. I hope, my dear, you are safe arrived at Dover. We often conversed about you, and I very often prayed for you as we travelled along. The good Dr. Coke did not forget you at family prayer this morning. He *thanked me* for the Sheerness collection. He is very friendly,—God bless him! He is near finishing his Commentary, This family are very affectionate and kind, and so is Mrs. Greathead;—I know not how I must leave her. My dear, I long to hear how you are in body and mind. Look to God in all things, and depend fully on him. Do not study too much, or write too long at a time. You are seldom at a distance from my thoughts, and never from the prayers of my heart. I rejoice that ever I saw you, and hope, I shall again see and be with you on earth and then in heaven. I am very happy, and fully saying,—"*Thy will be done.*" Bless the Lord O my soul! Pray on for me! I know God answers your prayers.

Your's,

M. Taft.

On Saturday morning, I took coach about five o'clock, accompanied by my good friend, Mr. Brewer, from Margate. We arrived at Nottingham on sabbath-day morning, about six o'clock, the 5th of June. We then took chaise for father Taft's, who received us with all possible affection. I spoke at Stapleford in the evening, to a large congregation,—and on Monday evening, at Nottingham: several found peace with God afterwards in the prayer-meeting, and I rejoiced much to see my dear children in the Lord standing fast in the truth. O may we praise the Lord for ever! Surely—

"*Our* days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, or thought, or being last,
Or immortality endures."

1803. I spoke on Wednesday, at Long Eaton,—and spent a very comfortable afternoon with dear father and mother Taft, and Mr. Brewer, at *Mr. Howitt's:* one soul found peace with God. After speaking in the evening, we returned to Stapleford, where we met with my brother-in-law, Doctor Taft, who had come from his circuit partly for the purpose of meeting me here. The remembrance of his *tenderness, sympathy*, and *affection*, on this occasion, is deeply engraven on my heart; knowing my situation, that I soon expected to be confined, though I had already travelled near two hundred miles, and had yet to travel about one hundred miles further, to my mother, who lived at Colne, in Lancashire. He felt much for me, and gave me every needful advice and direction. On Friday, the Doctor accompanied me and Mr. Brewer in the coach as far as Sheffield, where we arrived in the afternoon. Here I saw many of my dear old friends. I then took coach for Leeds, where I met with my much-esteemed and highly valued friend, *Mr. Bramwell.*

* * * * * *

On Monday, June 15th, I rode in a one-horse chair to Sturton, to see my old friends, who received me very affectionately, notwithstanding their former prejudices on account of my marriage. We rejoiced together, and praised the Lord for all his wonders of providence and grace! "*O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.*"—Romans xi. 33. I returned again to Leeds the same evening, and heard Mr. Muff. On Tuesday morning, at six o'clock, I took coach for Bradford. Before I set off, Mr. Bramwell came early in the morning to Mr. Baisden's, where I lodged, and accompanied me to the coach. He said many things to persuade me to stop another day, and go with him to Mr. Burrow's. (He gave me some hints which surprised me, as I loved the Methodist connexion next to my life.) This I could not accede to, knowing my situation;—but had I known all his views and intentions, I certainly should have consented, and in that case, might have been the means in the hand of the Lord, of preventing some of the painful circumstances which followed.

I felt much of the presence of the Lord as I rode this stage:—the driver was a man that feared God, and was united to his people. My dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. L.—, of Bradford, would have me go to breakfast with them. This family are my children in the Lord, and I hope will be my crown of rejoicing in the great day of God. My soul rejoiced much to find them in the way to the kingdom. Oh! that they may endure as seeing Him by an eye of faith, who is invisible to the eye of sense. After breakfast, Miss T. S.— accompanied me in a post-chaise to Colne, in Lancashire, where I met with my dear mother, and brothers, and sisters. Here I felt disposed to praise God for all his mercies, and could truly raise my Ebenezer and say, "*hitherto the Lord hath helped me.*"

This week, I was fully employed in seeing my dear old friends; Mr. and Mrs. Booth in particular, who were then stationed in the Colne circuit: we had some precious seasons together. O my soul, praise the Lord for all the blessings he hath conferred on such an unworthy creature!

On sabbath, June 19th, I heard Mr. Booth, and found my own soul much blessed. The beginning of this week, I felt very strong and remarkably well, but began to be rather poorly on Thursday evening. I was a little worse on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning, between one and two, was brought to bed of a girl. This was according to my faith; I always believed that I should not suffer as many do.

Though I was near three hundred miles from my dear Mr. Taft, yet I was quite resigned to the will of God, whether for life or death,—though I fully believed the Lord would raise me up again; for it passed through my mind continually that my work was not yet done. The Lord was very good to me during my confinement; and what very much strengthened my faith and increased my joy was—that I frequently heard from my partner, and found that the Lord was still with him, among the dear people who I had left at Dover.

I wrote to Mr. Taft, part as follows:—

Colne, Wednesday, 29th June, 1803.

My dear Love,

I sit down with great pleasure to write you a few lines, to inform you of God's great goodness to unworthy me: I have been up a little every day—have dressed our dear Mary, for the first time—and nursed her a good deal to-day. She is much like her father, and very good—far better than her mother was, I believe. I rejoice to hear you intend to be here next Sunday fortnight—on more accounts than *myself* and the child. Mr. Booth has already published for you and my brother being here that day, and holding a love-feast, &c. &c. The people are for coming ten and fifteen miles distant. The leaders and stewards are for having you at Colne—if not this Conference, yet soon as possible. If you come by way of Bradford, enquire for Mr. Lee, dealer in wood, &c. the greatest part of the family are my children in the Lord. They will be glad to see you for my sake. I got breakfast there, and Mrs. Lee came with me to Colne. My love to all the classes, and to father and mother Eldridge, and all friends.

Your's, for ever,

M. Taft.

Letter to Mr. Taft:—

Colne, July 10, 1803.

My dear Love,

I have just received your's, for which I am truly thankful, and I must say,—"*verily, there is a God that revealeth secrets.*" I was awakened out of a sound sleep this morning by your telling me—that the Lord had stood by you, and that you had come through honourably. I *praised the Lord and believed.* But what a confirmation when I read your lines this morning. Glory for ever be to our God! No weapon formed against us will prosper, while we live near to God. O may our every breath be prayer and praise! Praise the Lord, I have had no hinderances, and am wonderfully recovered. Our folks say, I am bleached. I have been down stairs, and into different rooms. I hope to-morrow, or next day, to visit the neighbours. It has been published over and over for you to preach next sabbath—and to hold a love-feast with my brother, whom we expect in a day or two. My love to dear father and mother Taft. Lord bless them; they have sacrificed their all to God and his cause—in giving up their two sons to his work—who were *both* so well provided for in this world.—Their kindness to me I shall never forget. The Lord will reward them. Our dear little Mary has been pretty well. The Lord bless and bring you safe to Colne, where many will rejoice to see you, but *one* in particular more than all the world,—yea, much more. How good has the Lord been to us! We will give him glory, and again repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

Your's,

M. Taft.

In about a month's time, I spoke again for God, in our own chapel at Colne. The following Lord's day I spent at Burnley, with my dear husband and brother Barritt, who had come over to stop a few days, after their return from Manchester Conference. My husband preached here at noon, and I laboured at night: it was a day to be remembered for good by many. The sabbath-day following, Mr. Taft preached at Colne: it was a precious day to us and to many others.

* * * * * *

My husband attended the Conference at Manchester, and from thence came to me here. We felt desirous to be removed, on account of being nearer our relations; but for fear of doing wrong, we consented to return to Dover, if the Conference judged proper. Our stewards and leaders sent the following letter to the preacher who was the representative of the preachers of the London district to the Conference:—

"The interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, particularly among the Methodists, has been at a very low ebb here for many years. When it pleased the merciful providence of God to send Mr. and Mrs. Taft here, we had three classes, and about fifty or fifty-five names among us; one of these (who had not met in class for half a year before Mr. T. came) has since left us, two have been cut off, about eight or ten left the place, and one has died happy in the Lord.—It pleased the Lord, through the indefatigable labours of his servants, to revive his work in the quickening of his people—restoring discipline—and by an increase of hearers. Mr. T. proposed at the leaders' meeting, to form a penitent class; we agreed to it—it has been made a blessing to many souls. In a few months there were twenty in it—fourteen of these obtained justification by faith.—It was proposed that Mrs. Taft should meet the single woman alone; she did so, and that class consist now of sixteen. Afterwards, another class was formed, consisting of ten or twelve persons, and there now remain eleven in the penitent class.—Mr. Taft is universally received and highly esteemed by our hearers and members; and Mrs. T. also, with the exception of about three persons.—Now, dear Sir, we wish these honoured instruments of the Lord to be continued among us another year.—The revival has been gradual—and the prospect of good still increases; but we have other reasons why we think Mr. Taft should continue among us—we have it in contemplation to make some improvement in the chapel by way of enlarging it, and of adopting measures to lessen the debt; now it cannot be supposed that a stranger can have that knowledge or influence with the people as Mr. Taft.——&c.

We are, &c.

D. White, *Leader.*
W. Manger.
Wm. Eldridge, *Steward & Leader.*
W. Chandler, *Steward.*"

I understand, our friends at Dover defeated their own purposes, by urging their request to the Conference in language too strong and positive.

On Tuesday, August 16, 1803, we left Colne, accompanied by my brother and sister Barritt and family, to Epworth, in Lincolnshire, to which we were appointed by Conference. We arrived at Snaith, in Yorkshire, (which was a part of our circuit,) on Friday afternoon. My brother preached, and went forward for Epworth next morning. On Saturday night, Mr. Taft preached here; and on sabbath-day morning, I spoke a little,—but this place is very low and languid indeed, as touching spiritual things. Oh! that they may rise out of the dust! On sabbath afternoon, Mr. Taft preached at Rawcliff, and at night at Swinefleet: I prayed afterwards, and spoke a few words to the society,—but the people could hardly believe their eyes or ears, and there was a whispering among the people to know who it was that was praying and speaking among them. The reason of this was, that a report had reached them some time ago, and had (as I afterwards found) been circulated many hundreds of miles,—that, I had died in child-bed.

On Monday, we came to Epworth, as we had no regular plan of the circuit with us. Here, I met with several who had been praying for years that the Lord would send me among them.

On Tuesday night, I spoke to many attentive hearers: my constant cry was—"Lord, if thou hast sent us hither, own us, for Christ's sake." Mr. Taft preached the night following, and the day after, we returned to the other end of the circuit. On sabbath-day, I spoke at Snaith, and Mr. T. at Rawcliff. At night, I laboured at Swinefleet. This was a good day. Praise the Lord! the hearts of many felt his mighty power. On Monday, Mr. Taft preached at Whitgift: it was a good season. On Tuesday night, I spoke at Adlingfleet: the power of God was made known to many. Glory be to God! he healed some souls who had of late been trifling. On Wednesday, Mr. Taft preached at Garthorpe, on the duty of *Self-examination*; the word was applied with power to most of those who were present. Praise the Lord for a heart-searching ministry of his word! On Thursday night, I spoke a little at Luddington, but it was a barren time: the people seemed very hard; there was a cause for this which we did not then know. O that the Lord may remove the

" ——— hind'rances out of the way,
And soften each unyielding clay,
And melt it into love!

On Friday, we came to Owston-ferry: the Lord was good, and helped Mr. Taft to labour with all his heart: the people received the word with joy. This has been an highly-favoured spot. O that they may improve their opportunities, that they perish not after all. Amen.

September 3. We came again to Epworth. On sabbath-day morning, Mr. T. went to Crowle. I laboured at Epworth in the afternoon,—and by particular request, spoke on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Wilkinson, who had been a valuable member of our society: it was a time not to be forgotten by many. Oh! that the little seed sown may produce a blessed crop; indeed, we have already heard of several souls who are now happy, and who received their first awakenings at this time. I trust, others will rest no more till they obtain mercy. All glory be to God! I feel particularly enlarged towards this place and people, knowing that this was the place of the nativity of our ever to be remembered father in the gospel—Mr. John Wesley.—Mr. Kilham's division has been a serious stroke to the prospects of the work among us in this place; it has indeed, too much separated chief friends,—husbands and wives, parents and children,—so that there are but few left among us who have borne the burden and heat of the day. O that the Lord may raise up and build his church here more abundantly. Praise God! we have already a pleasing prospect of this,—which makes my heart cry out in the language of the poet,—

> "Lo the promise of a shower,
> Drops already from above,
> But the Lord will shortly pour,
> All the spirit of his love."

1803. On Wednesday, September, I went with my husband to Wroot,—but did not feel for them as I felt for the Epworth people, though some are truly alive to God: we have this hope concerning them, that God heareth prayer. On Thursday, Mr. Taft preached at West-Woodside, they are very low here, but that power which raised the dead, can bring them forward. On Friday, the Lord was with us at Ferry: we had a large congregation, and many appeared to feel. This place has never risen fully since Mr. W.— withdrew himself,—though we have many steady, pious friends, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and are desirous for the Lord to revive his work, and are willing to submit to it any way, or by what means or instruments it may please him to make use of. The cry of my soul is—

> "Come Lord from above,
> The mountain remove,
> Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love."

On sabbath-day, I laboured at Birnham, in the morning; it was a glorious season: some wept aloud, and many felt the mighty power of God. The cause of religion has been very fluctuating in this place, and at Epworth. O that they may now rise to fall no more! Mr. T. preached at Epworth, and at Belton in the evening: the Lord blessed his labours. I had a good time while speaking at Epworth, and felt my faith and love much increased towards this place and people. O for that faith that cannot ask in vain! Surely, I feel a little, and wait for more.

On Tuesday, I spoke at Derrythorpe, to more than could get in: the Lord is among this people; there are about eighteen happy souls, many of whom praise God—that they ever saw and heard the despised colliers. O that the Lord may continue to work, and enlighten the minds of the dark,—for surely, these have been like heathens in many respects.

On Friday, I spoke at Amcotts, to a large congregation, but did not feel the liberty I wished. We slept at the house of one of the friends of God,—who informed us, that both he and his dear departed wife had much cause to rejoice they ever saw that man of God, William Moseby.

September 17. We rode to Swinefleet. I spoke in the morning, and Mr. T. in the evening: we had precious seasons; the people are very lively. This is the place, concerning which Mr. Wesley makes such honourable mention in his journal. In one place (I think he says), they are the most gentleman-like farmers he ever met with,—but this is not all that might be said:—our good friend, Mr. Laverick, built a chapel at his own expense, and laboured in it occasionally himself, as a local preacher; but in a few years afterwards, this place being too small, they pulled it down, and built a new one,—two or three times larger than the former one, which we have crowded with people on a sabbath-day evening; and truly, the glory of the latter house far exceeds that of the former. There is another circumstance which ought to be recorded, for the credit of this place—they have no lock upon the chapel door, and have never had any occasion for one since it was erected. We afterwards rode on to Rawcliff, where Mr. T. preached a little after one o'clock; it was a good season. This chapel was built by faith, in an astonishing manner,—by dear Mrs. Ward (now in glory),—some account of whose life and death ought long since to have been published to the world, but her record is on high. I laboured here in the evening, and Mr. T. went on to fulfil his appointment at Snaith. We had the chapel well filled; but the people at first appeared as if their only motive was to see me, and to satisfy a vain curiosity,—yet, I was convinced the greater part, before we had done, felt the mighty power of God.

On Tuesday, September 20th, I spoke at Newland, and hope not in vain. There are a few in this place who live in the prospect of a better country, and these are particular friends to God's dear ministers and people.

Wednesday, 21st. We rode to Templehurst, where I spoke in the evening. There are not many wise, nor rich, nor mighty called; in general, God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise;—yet, bless the Lord! there are a few exceptions, and this family is one. Praise the Lord! his presence was with us of a truth,—there are some appearances of good beaming forth in this neighbourhood,—and we hope the Lord will do greater things than these. We admit, that leaves of profession will not do,—that appearances of good will not satisfy the Lord of the vineyard;—he expects *fruit* from all the trees which are planted in his vineyard;—we nevertheless expect leaves, and blossoms, and buds, *before* the fruit appear:—we ought therefore to be thankful for such appearances,—and if we are possessed of that charity which hopeth and believeth all things, we shall judge favourably from all appearances of good, and think (much less believe) no evil where none appeareth.

On Thursday, September 22, we rode to Baln. The enemy has sifted this people as wheat. Oh!

that the Lord may preserve the sincere, and cause his face to shine on this dull corner of his vineyard. On Friday, we went to Gowdall, where the Lord has a few who love him in sincerity;—but Oh! for more life and love, and a greater spread of divine grace in this place. Mr. Taft preached at Snaith on Saturday night: it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; many felt the force of truth. I spoke on sabbath-day morning: the chapel was well filled: many wept,—and several, in the after meeting, found peace with God. This place remains very low and dull; those who received good came, for the most part, out of the country. At night, I spoke in the Methodist chapel at *Thorne*, which is in the Doncaster circuit,—having previously received an affectionate letter of invitation from *Mr. Hickling*, who then laboured in that circuit. We had a crowded house, and many tears were shed. The Lord is with this people, after all the injury which *schism* has done among them. I rested at Thorne on Monday, the 26th, and was at the prayer-meeting in the evening, where one man found peace with God. On Tuesday, the 27th, the friends sent for me to Bomlydown: the Lord was with us of a truth; many felt the mighty power of God,—and the next morning, three or four were brought into liberty. I trust, these are such as will be found of him in peace at last. I felt my own soul particularly blessed among this poor dear people. On my way to Epworth, I spoke again at Thorne, and had a good season. Praise the Lord, for strength of body and mind to do his work! I respect this people highly, and hope to meet them in a better world. On Friday, one of our dear friends accompanied me to Epworth: we had a comfortable journey, and rejoiced in the Lord as we rode along, saying—

"And if our fellowship below,
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

On Sabbath-day, October 2, 1803, I spoke at Epworth again, felt much for the precious souls of the people, and was much blessed in my own soul while speaking. Oh! that God may give me the desire of my heart on this dear people! There are numbers here who feelingly praise the Lord, from a sense of his goodness towards them.

* * * * * *

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. George Thompson, travelling preacher:—

Inverness, October 20, 1803.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

May grace, mercy, and peace be the blessed portion of you and your's. No doubt, you will be surprised at receiving a letter from one unknown to you. I am a person whom you may have heard of when at *Cockermouth,*—being there awakened ——— at the house of Mr. George Bow, my father-in-law, when you were there. It was some months after this, before I could conclude in my heart to give myself wholly up to God—but after a variety of trials, of different kinds, I at length joined the Methodists, and am now become a preacher in their connexion.—*I have reason to praise God, that he ever brought you into Cumberland, to make you a messenger of good to me.* May God be your guide unto death, is the prayer of

Your son in the gospel,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

On Tuesday, October 4th, I went with Mr. T. to Beltoft. Here are some who have heard the word for many years, but I fear to little benefit. Bless the Lord, however, there are a few who love him in sincerity. The fear of man bringeth a snare. Oh! that God may deliver this people from it.

On Wednesday, we rode again to Wroot, and met with the clergyman of Fillingham, and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Powel. These are two of the friends of Emmanuel, who, I dare say, can make that appeal both to God and man, which Mr. Fletcher does to the inhabitants of the parish of Madeley, and to the world at large, in his Preface to the "Appeal to matter of fact and common sense," where he declares, he "*had rather impart truths, than receive tithes.*" Oh! that all the clergymen in our land were of such a mind. Glory be to God for a few, yea, for a considerable number, of this stamp. May the Lord speedily increase the number! for,

"———Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath; to blast the man
Who gains his fortune from the blood of souls?"

We had a good time this evening; Mr. and Mrs. Powel prayed afterwards,—and we rejoiced and were glad in him whom angels worship.

On Thursday, we rode to West-Woodside. I spoke, while many wept, and some were much comforted. Oh! that the Lord may remove every hinderance out of the way, and carry on his work of grace more speedily, for his mercies' sake! Amen.

On Friday, we were at Ferry, where Mr. Taft preached. I believe the people felt with me, that it was good to be there.

About this time, I saw a letter from Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, to Miss Drury, of Doncaster, from which I transcribe the following sentence: "*I am fully persuaded—that St. Paul's arguments against the praying, &c. of women in public, are founded on the custom of the Oriental nations,—not to admit the mixed companies of men and women on any occasion, excepting only among their own kindred,—consequently, so far as European manners deviate from the Oriental, the force of these arguments are inapplicable to us.*"

On Sabbath, October 9th, I spoke at Owston-Ferry, about nine o'clock: I felt the Lord particularly present and precious; his arm was made bare. We had a love-feast afterwards; many spoke, and praised God aloud. Glory be to his adorable name, surely this place will rise, if the people be faithful!

In the afternoon, Mr. T. preached at Epworth,—and I spoke at Belton in the evening, to a crowded house. The people seemed quite amazed, and I trust some little good was done. O that the Lord may pour out his Spirit in this neighbourhood, and save the inhabitants from eternal ruin. Mr. T. preached at Epworth on Monday night: the melting power of God attended his message, and many hearts were praying for success.

On Tuesday, the 11th, I rode with Mr. T. to Derrythorpe, where I endeavoured to explain to them the nature of godly fear. On Wednesday, we went to Mr. Fowler's, of Gunhouse, where we had a precious season among the dear people. The Lord is with them, though some have lately forsaken them, Demas-like, having loved the present evil world.

On Saturday, we rode to Crowle, where I

spoke on the sabbath-day, for the first time. Here I remained till Wednesday, October 19th, and had some precious seasons: the awakening power of God came down among the people. One woman cried out aloud in one of the prayer-meetings, and soon found peace with God, in a glorious manner.

From this place I wrote to Mr. Taft, as follows:—

Crowle, Wednesday, 14*th*, 1803.

MY DEAR MR. TAFT,

I cannot omit this opportunity of informing you, I am yet where you left me, and cannot tell whether I can get home to-morrow or not,—for I cannot get till they please to carry me, and they will scarce hear me on that subject. If it continue to thaw, I beg to go to-morrow,—but they will not promise me. However, bless the Lord, I am well!—and Mary-Ann, we think, grows wiser, and prettier every day, Thus much for temporal things.—The night you left us, many came to Mr. Scotchburn's. I spoke to them as a class; they spoke freely: it was a good time.—Last sabbath, I spoke to the people, morning and evening. The chapel was well filled in the morning, and crowded more than ever in the evening. It was said, that more than one hundred went away who could not get in. The Lord was powerfully present both times: many wept, got much blessed, and more fully saved. On Monday, we went from house to house,—and yesterday morning, at one house, the Lord opened many mouths in prayer, and some were made to rejoice in God their Saviour. Last night, I met them again, and took down the names of those who were willing to cast in their lot among us, and meet in class. Fifteen came forwards, to form a new class for brother W. Chapman; and the enquiry of many more is,—"What must I do to be saved?" *One young man gave in his name, who was awakened the last night you preached here.* I cannot tell half the good that is doing here.—It was such a time, last night, as I never saw before in this circuit: some praying,—some crying aloud,—and some praising God. I have to speak again to-night;—the Lord help me;—may it be a powerful time! My dear, I hope the Lord has taken care of you this cold weather, and abundantly blessed your labours. God grant we may have much cause to rejoice when we meet again, which will be next week, please God. If I cannot leave here till sabbath-day, they will carry me to Bilton, according to promise.

Your's, most affectionately,

M. Taft.

On Wednesday, I rode to Templehurst, but stopped a little at Rawcliff, and held a prayer-meeting. Here, I met with a woman who had got awakened when we were here before, and soon after found peace with God. This evening, I spoke at Mr. Smith's, of Temple, where four young ladies from a neighbouring village came to meet us: two of them went away, praising God, that he had blotted out all their transgressions. Oh! that the Lord may save them to the end! I rested at Temple on Thursday, and laboured at Gowdall on Friday evening: it was a glorious season, and my soul felt much of the power of God.

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On sabbath-day morning, I spoke at Snaith: many, from different parts of the neighbourhood, were under conviction,—and some found peace with God; it was a time of great good. At noon, Mr. T. preached at Rawcliff, and rode on to Swinefleet. I stopped, and spoke in the evening, at Rawcliff, to a crowded congregation: many wept, and felt the power of God. On

Monday, I preached again at Newlands, and the Lord was with us to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive. On Tuesday, I spoke at Snaith; the chapel was full of attentive hearers. The inhabitants of this place appear naturally to be very proud and high-minded,—but the grace of God can humble, and bring them down to his feet, when nothing else can. May the good Lord work an effectual change, for his mercies' sake!

On Wednesday, October 26th, I laboured at *Thorne*, for the third time,—and felt the Lord very precious. Surely, the Lord intends to do great things in this place!

> "Oh! for that faith which conquers all,
> And doth the mountains move;
> And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
> And perfects them in love."

On Thursday, I returned to Epworth. On Friday, Mr. T. came in, and we rejoiced together for the Lord's goodness to us, during our absence from each other.

On Sabbath-day, the 30th, I spoke at Epworth, the fifth time. Praise the name of the Lord,—he is beginning to prepare the hearts of the people, we trust, for a great work! O for power with God to prevail for the people! My soul travails in birth for them till Christ be formed in many more hearts! Mr. G.—, and the stewards of Retford, were so kind as to invite Mr. T. and myself to preach occasionally in their circuit. We went accordingly to Misterton, accompanied by father Taft, where we spent a blessed day among the people. Praise the Lord, I trust some fruit will still remain! On Monday, we returned to Epworth. Our dear brother, Doctor Taft, came from Thorne, and preached at night: it was a time to be remembered for great good to many. Oh! that the Lord may continue to work, and own the labours of his sent servants! This was a gracious week to me. The sabbath-day following, I began a new class, with our dear Hester, my servant-girl,—and another young woman. Some of our friends did not seem to approve of my attempt to form a new class,—but wished me to meet with them, in order to unite those who were brought in, should the Lord continue to revive his work, in the classes already formed,—as some of them were but small, and badly attended. The oldest class-leader, a pious man of God, wished me to relinquish the idea of beginning a class with so small a number as three, and invited me to meet in his;—I told him to take care of his own, and I would seek for fresh ones. He has since acknowledged the propriety of my conduct in this particular.

About this time, I received a very affectionate letter from Mr. Hainsworth, inviting me to go to Gainsborough, and giving me full liberty to preach in any part of his circuit.

November 13th. I spoke again at Epworth: after the prayer-meeting was concluded, I informed those, upon whose minds the Lord had evidently begun to work, of my intentions of forming a class for penitents, and beginners. The sabbath following, we had five; the Lord was present. I spoke again at Epworth, from these words, which were particularly impressed upon my mind—"*The axe is laid at the root of the trees, &c.*"—it was a time of conviction, and the Lord continued to work powerfully in the prayer-meeting.

November 29th. I went to Owston-Ferry, where I spoke on the sabbath, to a large congregation; the Lord was with us. I spent some precious days among this people.

December 3rd, we went to Crowle. I spoke at night, and in the morning,—and again on the Sunday evening; they were truly times of weeping,—some for sorrow,—others for joy. "*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*" Praise the Lord, O my soul! I felt great liberty here on Thursday night: many were present, and some were much affected.

On Sabbath, December 11th, I spoke again both morning and evening:—at noon, one of our local preachers preached: it was a day to be remembered by some. On the Thursday following I had a good time, and the awakening power of God was present. On the week days, I visited them from house to house,—and exhorted some of them with tears to leave their sins, and turn to God.

Sabbath-day, December 18th. I laboured morning and evening, as before: it was a blessed season; several were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. The latter end of the week, I returned again to Epworth;—I should have left sooner, but for the severe weather—judging, it would not be prudent to remove with my little child. In this, the Lord was wise and gracious, for during this visit near twenty souls received evident good, and were desirous to unite with the people in christian fellowship. When I got back to Epworth, I did not find the people going forward quite so well as I expected;—I felt, and wept, and prayed much for them. I spoke again to many hearers, and felt much of the power and presence of God;—I felt as though my soul was almost in an agony for the salvation of others. I can indeed adopt the language of the Psalmist, as applicable to my feelings for his church and cause—" *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.*"—Psalm cxxxvii. 5, 6. This week, I spent principally in seeking up souls, and found myself much blessed in so doing.

January 1, 1804. I spoke again to a large congregation, from—" *Is it well with thee,*"—and saw several much affected: we continued a prayer-meeting, and two men, from Belton, found peace with God. The week following, I was much engaged with God both in public and private, for the revival of his work here. The last night being new-year's eve, we had a watch-night, which continued till the new year commenced. It was a time to be remembered for good to many. My dear brother, Mr. John Barritt,—and my husband, were much assisted. Indeed, we are all, most affectionately united,—and as there is no difference in sentiment upon the subject of female exertions in the cause of God, we have not a jarring string. It *seems* as if *preachers*, *leaders*, *stewards*, *trustees*, *members*, and *hearers*, were all of one mind on this subject. Surely, the work of the Lord will prosper!

January 8th. We had a small increase to our class,—several sincere seekers after God. While speaking, I was much blessed, and saw some brought to a knowledge of the truth.—This week, my soul was encouraged by them who love and serve the Lord; and at the latter end of it, I went to Ferry, where I had a blessed season, and saw some brought to God. O that I could praise the Lord a thousand times better than I have ever yet done! God help me, for thou art the portion of my soul;—thou art my all, and in all!

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January 22nd. I spoke at Epworth, with some power, from—"*Ye are not your own, but bought with a price, &c.*"—the word forced its way to the hearts of the people, and many of them were much affected. This week, I visited several who were seeking the Lord.

My husband received a letter from an aged travelling preacher, chiefly with a design to encourage me in my work, but that part of it for obvious reasons is not printed.

January 21, 1803.

DEAR BROTHER,

Mr. Blackborne left a few lines at my house, signifying, that he could not find Mr. Mather's letter; but on a second search, he informs me that he has found and forwarded it to you. ——————————— The times are very cloudy. However, I am confident the French cannot hurt us without a commission from God.—My faith seems to say,—"*Be ye not terrified,—let not your hearts be afraid.*" I mourn for the sins of the land. We do not seem to understand the way of heaven with guilty nations. However, we have yet the sea, and a gracious providence, between us and our enemies. "*The just shall live by faith.*" You will probably have heard that Thomas Richardson died at Dominica on the 9th of October last. His course was short, but very glorious. The Lord prepare us to follow. Love to Mrs. Taft.

I am affectionately your's,

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On Sunday, I spoke again at Epworth with great freedom, from—“*The end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer.*” The people were much crowded, but they appeared still at night, except a few sighs and groans. Surely, the Lord will give me *souls.* It is the salvation of souls for which I pray, and live, and labour.

January 29th was a blessed day: Oh! that I may not forget it! and again in the evening, when the Lord constrained some to cry out for mercy. Several were brought to God this week, and my class continues to increase.

February 5th. While speaking, the Lord was eminently present. I went, this week, from house to house. On Thursday evening, in what we call Lower Epworth, I had a gracious season; three or four young girls cried out for mercy,—and two of them found peace with God. All glory be to God and the Lamb for ever! my soul says, Amen.

From hence, I wrote to Mr. Taft, as follows:—

Epworth, February 20, 1803.

MY DEAR LOVE,

Finding a letter can be at Snaith to-morrow, at noon, I gladly embrace a moment to write to you.—Mary-Ann's pox has not took effect, while Miss Storry's has. How can we account for this? Thank God, we are all well. I spoke at Birnham last night; many wept, and some could rejoice in the Lord. We had four more to our class last sabbath,—and I expect three more the next. Praise the Lord,—souls still get pardoned here, nearly every day. But what will they say here to your plan? I dare not tell them one word about it,—yet whatever you believe, may be for the best; my will submits, and I hope my better judgment will hereafter see it right. Lord direct you in all things for his glory!—Mary-Ann shouts more than ever; surely, she will be a singer. Take care of yourself,—and the Lord make you, a thousand times, more useful—prays

Your's, for ever,

MARY TAFT.

February 12, 1804. I held a meeting at Belton; some old sinners were cut to the heart, and wept much. I returned home in the evening, rejoicing—that the Lord Jehovah was my strength, and my song, and had become my salvation. Oh! that I may live to love and serve God, a thousand times better than I have ever yet done. I felt much of the glory of my Redeemer resting on me, while I was engaged in finding out some of the poor and needy. O that they may be God's peculiar care! Blessed be God, the poor have the gospel preached to them in its purity.

On Sabbath, February 19th, I laboured again at Epworth: we had a praying, weeping season, many hearts were much affected. On Thursday evening, I spoke again at Belton: the little chapel was crowded, and several cried aloud for mercy: two or more obtained peace with God. I returned home, rejoicing in the God of my salvation. O that I may meet these with joy before the Judge of all! Amen.

February 26th. I spoke again at Epworth, from—"*The Lord added to his church daily such as should be saved,*" with much power: many were alarmed,—some felt that the Lord had power on earth to forgive sins,—and many of the believers were much strengthened, and felt their want of purity of heart. My class, which begun with three, besides myself, was now more than twenty,—and the greatest part of them enjoyed a sense of the divine favour. About this time, I also formed a class of young women, or rather girls; we have twelve or more in this class, several of whom are not only awakened, but feel peace with God, through Jesus Christ. Oh! that they may stand, and after having done all, stand fast in the faith of the gospel! On Thursday night, I spoke again at the lower end of the town—and felt, while describing the true Israel of God, that the God of Israel was present,—but more so, in prayer, afterwards. Indeed, the power of God was so abundantly present, that I could only shout—Glory! The whole place seemed filled with the spirit and power of God. The cries of those in distress, overpowered my voice, and the voices of others engaged in prayer for them. Dear brother Saxton prayed, and stopped a little, and prayed again: three or four, that we knew of, found the Lord to save from the guilt of sin. My full heart cried out—

"Let such amazing love as this
Be publish'd all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degree,
And worthy of a God."

On Saturday morning, March 3, Mr. T. took me to Snaith, where I spoke on sabbath morning, with some liberty;—but, O Lord, what can be done for this people?—they might seem to belong to some other country—somewhere in the frigid zone, on which the sun scarcely ever shines. Oh! that the Sun of Righteousness would shine upon them with his benign and heavenly influences,—and warm and melt the frozen hearts!

I spoke at Rawcliff on Monday night: the people here, are in a better state, and begin to feel more and more after God. I hope the death of our dear sister Ward, will prove the life of many more. She was a pious, holy woman: in her, the graces of the Spirit of God shone with peculiar lustre,—particularly, patience and resignation under a great weight of affliction. She read her bible twice through, upon her knees, before God, with much prayer and self-examination. Oh! that I may follow her as she followed Christ!

On Tuesday, I laboured at Newland, at our dear valuable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes;—it was a good time. I rested with them that week, and found it profitable for myself and others.

On Sabbath, March 11th, I spoke again at Snaith, in the morning,—and at Rawcliff in the evening: this was a day to be remembered. Praise the Lord, several felt his converting grace! —On Monday, we kept a band-meeting; it was a precious season: many new members got their mouths opened, and spoke for God. On Tuesday, I preached at Cowick: the Lord was with us, and I trust some good was done. Let all the glory be ascribed to God! If there be any good done, it is the Lord that doeth it,—and he is worthy of all the praise! On Friday evening, I laboured again at Gowdall, and had a blessed time. Thanks be to God!

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March 18, 1804, I spoke at Snaith: several felt the presence of God,—especially some from Rawcliff, where I was in the evening. Praise the Lord, O my soul,—and forget not all his benefits! On Monday, Mr. Taft, myself, and some others, went to Arming, where the Lord has lately begun a good work. Some of the most respectable people in the town are well affected towards religion, and receive the messengers of the Lord into their houses. I believe this was a time to be remembered for good to many.

On Tuesday, we rode to Carlton: there were many to hear, but their behaviour seemed rather wild and disorderly. I understood, some of them were Papists, there being many hereabouts:—however, there are a few sincere, pious souls even here. Oh! that the Lord may remember this place, and answer the prayers of the faithful! On Wednesday, we went to Temple, where I addressed the people with much freedom. All glory be to God!—he is working in this part of his vineyard also; but Oh! for a mighty shower!

On Thursday, Mr. Taft preached at Baln; and I at Mr. T.—'s, on Friday: the Lord was with us of a truth; several appeared to be in distress for their soul's salvation, and one was enabled to praise the Lord for his forgiving love. On Saturday, we returned again to Snaith. I spoke in the morning: we had a good season; three or four found peace with God,—and again at night. I rested on Monday; and on Tuesday, a friend came for me from Selby, where I continued till Friday, the 30th, and spoke twice. I found it good to be among my old friends: several felt the healing and restoring grace of God. On Friday, I held a meeting at Gowdall, with much satisfaction to myself, and I believe some benefit to others.

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April 1, 1804, I spoke at Snaith: it was a time of refreshing as from the presence of the

Lord. At night, I was with our dear friends at Rawcliff; it was a good time: one woman cried out aloud, and found peace with God. On Tuesday, the Lord was with us at Newland: it was a blessed season to many; the power of God rested on the people. For ever be his name adored! On Wednesday, I returned to Mr. Mallinson's, of Snaith, to Mr. Taft, who was very poorly in body. He had a violent cough, which we have reason to believe, was partly occasioned by his sleeping in two beds which were not very dry. What a pity it is that persons are not more careful in this particular. I am afraid that many preachers suffer much from this cause. It would be much better, if persons would occasionally use, what are called, their spare beds,—or put them upon, or under, the beds which are slept on every night.

On Friday evening, accompanied by some of our friends, I rode to Pollington, to supply my husband's lack of service. I had a very large congregation, to which I spoke with much freedom: many were in tears, and some could rejoice in God their Saviour.

April 8th, I was again at Snaith, and felt the Lord to help me much, though I was much affected on account of my dear husband being now laid aside from God's work;—my cry was, —"Lord, spare him, if for thy glory, and may we both profit by this affliction."—Amen. In the evening, at Rawcliff, I endeavoured to enforce upon them their work for eternity. May the Great Head of the church give his blessing! On Tuesday, we set off for Epworth,—and on Wednesday, for Nottinghamshire, where we arrived safe on Thursday night. Mr. Taft was very sick most of the way, and coughed much. We spent more than six weeks at our father Taft's, before Mr. T. was able to take his stand again on the gospel field. I spoke to the people at Stapleford,—Long Eaton,—Draycott,—and Sandyacre, and found the Lord precious to my own soul, and doing good to others. Praise God, I had another opportunity of seeing some of my dear children in the Lord, who continue to stand fast! May they be kept faithful!

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May 25th, we returned again to Epworth; the people received us almost as though we had been raised from the dead. I believe, the Lord had heard and answered their unceasing cries for us, particularly for my dear partner. Praise the Lord, for all his goodness to me and mine! We both preached at Epworth on the sabbath-day, and had a season not to be forgotten: the hearts of many seemed to dance for joy, to find my husband thus restored to them. We had blessed times in visiting the people, and we rejoiced together that God had kept them from falling.

June 3rd. I preached at Epworth twice, and felt the Lord to answer prayer. Oh! that the work of God may never be hindered in this place! the Lord prevent it for his name's sake!

On Wednesday, we rode to Temple,—and on Thursday, to my good old friend, Mr. Allen's, of Church Fenton. They sent out among their neighbours, and got a good congregation. Mr. T. preached to us, and many were much affected. Glory be to God for ever! On Friday, we rode to Tanfield, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, where I found several of my children in the gospel doing well. Oh! that they may continue to stand fast, and after having done all, to stand. Amen.—Mr. T. preached in the morning, and I spoke at night: it was a precious day to many; I could truly say with the poet—

> " How happy are we,
> Who in Jesus agree,
> To expect his return from above;
> We sit under his vine,
> And delightfully join,
> In the praise of his excellent love."

On Monday morning, we set off for Wetherby, accompanied by two of our dear friends in Jesus. They came with us to Boroughbridge, and then, after refreshing ourselves altogether, our friends, with tears, took their leave of us, and we rode on. We had not gone above a mile, when on looking back, we saw our two friends coming after us; they had concluded to go with us to Wetherby,—for they wanted more religion, and were in hopes of getting it that night. We had a good time in conversation all the way, and got to Mr. B.—'s in the afternoon. Mr. T. preached at Wetherby that evening,—and afterwards, we had a prayer-meeting: both of our friends obtained the blessing they were thirsting after, and left us about eleven o'clock that evening to go home. On Tuesday morning, Mr. B.— went with us to Mr. J. W.—'s, where we breakfasted, and Mr. W. afterwards accompanied us to York. We dined at Mr. Blackbourne's, of Lufforth, and then rode on to Mr. A.—'s, of Fenton,— where I spoke to a barnful of people, many of whom felt much of the power of God. Praise his holy name! On Wednesday, we came to Mr. S.—'s, of Temple, to dine,—and then rode on to Reedness, where a congregation was waiting for us. I spoke a little, but felt much wearied with my journey: many were affected. On Thursday, I spoke at Addlingfleet, and had a precious time. The Lord is among this people; they are truly alive.

June 15th, I laboured at Ferry with much liberty,—but this people seem slow of heart to believe even what the Lord Jesus Christ has said.

June 17th, I spoke at Crowle to a large congregation, where the Lord was present to raise the hearts of the people. This is a highly favoured spot: they have two acceptable and useful local preachers, which is a great privilege to the church of God; but there are also many deists,—yea, some avowed infidels, who laugh at, and ridicule those things which are sacred and divine. May the Lord have mercy upon them, before iniquity proves their everlasting ruin!

June 18th, we returned to Epworth, and had a gracious season in speaking to this dear people, whom I much love in the Lord. I hope some of them will be my crown of rejoicing.

June 22nd, I laboured at Amcotts, but did not feel as I could wish; the enemy of souls was there to withstand the offers of grace.—Next day, we came to Swinefleet, where Mr. T. preached at night: it was a solemn time; many felt the force of truth, and rejoiced in God their Saviour. I spoke in the morning: many were in tears, and I felt particularly happy. We had blessed times at Rawcliff, and Snaith, afterwards. On Monday, we returned to Rawcliff,—and found many striving together for the faith of the gospel: we had a blessed season among them.

Tuesday, June 26th, I spoke at Newland, and apparent good was done. The day after, I laboured with all my heart, at Temple, to a large congregation,—and felt it good to be there:—many were alarmed. Oh! that they may sleep no more in their sins. On Friday, I spoke at Gowdall, where we had many hearers.

July 1st, I spoke again at Snaith, and Swinefleet: it was a good day to many, and my own soul felt very happy in God. On Monday, we came to Crowle, it being the quarter-day. Mr. Taft preached,—and we continued speaking and praying till about ten o'clock: many rejoiced in God. On Tuesday, I returned with a friend to Reedness, and spoke at night to a crowded congregation, many of whom were much affected. This season, I trust, will not soon be forgotten by either saint or sinner. At a prayer-meeting, the night after, one woman cried out aloud, but did not seem to obtain relief. On Thursday night, I spoke at Garforth, for the first time, with much freedom,—and saw numbers in tears. Praise God, that the poor have the gospel preached to them! On Friday, I spoke at Crowle again: the Lord was with us indeed; many hearts were truly glad in the salvation of God. On Sabbath, I spoke again with much freedom of soul, and felt much love to the precious souls of the children of men. The Lord has some precious jewels in this place;—a few pearls among the rubbish, such as, I trust, will be eternally saved. My soul feels much united to them. I expect to meet them in the judgment,—and to spend an eternity with them in heaven.

July 11th, I spoke at Wroote,—and many seemed concerned for their never-dying souls. Oh! that the eyes of sinners in this place may be opened, and kept open;—and may the few that have believed continue to shine, and increase to the perfect day, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

On the sabbath, I spoke again at Epworth: the Lord was with us; several felt much, and were stirred up afresh, to cleave to God, with all their hearts. The glory of God continues to rest on this place, and people. On Tuesday, I was at Belton: we felt the softening power of God,—and the hearts of many did rejoice in God their Saviour. I was much pleased to find the dear souls standing fast in the faith, who had been brought to God. Oh! that they may grow up as calves of the stall.

On July 19th, I held a meeting at Burnham: one woman found peace with God,—and several more were under distress. Oh! the goodness of our God to his poor worms.

On Sabbath-day, at Epworth, I had a good time in hearing the truths of God, and in pleading with him for the souls of the people.

On Thursday, July 26th, I spoke at Burnham: it was a time of particular encouragement to believers, and I felt my own soul humbled before God that I had not lived more to his glory, and done more for that best of Beings, who had done so much for unworthy me.

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One forenoon, having taken a walk to visit some of the people, I passed a house where a child was crying most pitifully. I stopped a moment to listen, and then went into the house. I said to the mother, "what is the matter with your child?"—the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, said, "I have little or no milk, and believe it is crying for hunger." I said, "let me give it some milk,"—which the child took with great eagerness. I then requested her to bring it to our house every day, at a certain time, which she did,—and in about a fortnight it was so much altered, that her husband said, "the preaching woman has cured my child;—I will go to hear her,—perhaps she will cure my soul." He came, and got awakened; his wife also,—and they both united with us in class, and soon found peace with God. O may I meet them in heaven! What a vast variety of circumstances does God overrule, and make subservient, to the salvation of souls.

July 29th, I laboured again at Epworth: many were present, and God was made manifest to both saint and sinner, while I endeavoured to shew—what should be done unto the man whom the King of kings delighteth to honour. On Monday, I rode with a friend to Reedness. I felt the Lord present all the way, and found our dear friends looking upward. I had a precious season in the evening; many wept much. Oh! that much good may be done, for Jesus' sake. On Tuesday, I rode with a friend to Addlingfleet, and found the people all alive. My soul was much blessed in the work of the Lord,—but I long to see it go on more rapidly, in this part of his vineyard.

August 3rd, I returned to Epworth. On the sabbath-day, I spoke at West-woodside, in a barn, to a large congregation: many were much affected, and several cried out for mercy,—but I did not feel as I could have wished, in speaking. O Lord, help me to feel more for thy cause, and the salvation of souls! On Monday night, I was in the lower end of Epworth, and felt the Lord was with us in a blessed manner.

On Friday, August 10th, I spoke at Ferry: some appeared affected, and wept much,—but Oh! that the hinderance were removed from this place.

August 12th, I had a powerful season at Epworth; I felt much for precious souls: the Lord was with us, and it was a time of love and peace. Oh! that God may continue to keep the lambs of his flock, as he hath hitherto done! Amen.

On Friday, I preached at Amcotts, with much more freedom than before: one sinner cried aloud for mercy, and found peace. On Saturday, we rode to Swinefleet, and found a stranger there who promised to preach for Mr. Taft. We then rode on to Snaith, where I talked to the people in the forenoon. Mr. Taft preached at Rawcliff,—after which, we rode to Bawtry, where I spoke with much liberty to a number of attentive hearers.

On Monday, August 20th, we arrived at father Taft's, of Sandyacre. We found our dear parents tolerably well, both in body and mind. On Wednesday, I spoke at Stapleford to a number of my old friends, but did not feel the liberty I wished.

Sabbath-day, August 26. Mr. Taft preached at Nottingham in the morning, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: it was a solemn, precious season to many. I laboured in the evening, and felt it good to be among my old friends, with whom I had received many gracious visits from the Lord. It gave me pleasure to hear, that many of my spiritual children stand fast in the Lord. Oh! that they may continue to shine, more and more, to the perfect day!

September the 8th, we returned to Epworth, where I had an opportunity of hearing Mr. J. W.—: he laboured with all his heart. On Monday, we left Epworth, to exchange with one of the preachers in the Gainsborough circuit. As we proceeded, one of the wheels of our chair broke down suddenly: through mercy, we were not hurt. I looked up to heaven, and cried out, "Lord, this is among the all things which do work together for good to them that love thee." My husband left me with some friends in the village, and went on to Gainsborough, where he just arrived in time to preach. The friends who entertained me, soon found me work to do. The accident had been rumoured abroad, and their little chapel was full of people in two hours time. I spoke freely, and have a hope that some fruit may yet appear. On Wednesday evening, I spoke at Gainsborough, to a large congregation, and found the Lord to help me. Oh! that I may praise him whilst he lends me breath.

September 6th, I laboured in the country, and had a gracious season. Praise the Lord! On Saturday night, Mr. T. preached at Scotton: the house was well filled, and it was a precious season to me and many. This has long been a highly-favoured spot,—and some of the most valuable of God's jewels live here. Oh! that God may add unto them daily such as shall be saved.

On the sabbath morning, I spoke with much freedom of spirit. At one o'clock, Mr. Taft preached at Kirton, to a very genteel congregation,—but too many appeared as though they were only hearers of the word. I spoke at night, but the word had not free course, as I could have wished.

On Monday, I spoke at Scrowby,—and Mr. T. made the collection for Gainsborough chapel, as he had done in most of the places in the circuit, by particular request of the stewards. This prevented us from continuing a prayer-meeting afterwards, which I have often found attended with special good.

On Thursday night, I spoke at Mr. Bishop's, of Susworth: this is a family truly devoted to God. We had a blessed time,—praise his holy name! On Friday, I spoke at Laughton, to a crowded audience, and felt much freedom. On Saturday, my husband preached at Scotton,—and the Lord was eminently present and precious to many. On the sabbath morning, I spoke again; it was a good time. In the afternoon, Mr. T. preached at Kirton, with more freedom than before. I laboured at night, and felt I had power with God: many wept much, and we had a blessed prayer-meeting; one young woman appeared to have got much good. On Monday evening, we were at another village, where many were much affected: in the prayer-meeting, two women from a distance, found peace with God. On Saturday, we returned to our good friend, Mr. Thompson's, of Gainsborough. On Sunday, at noon, Mr. Taft preached with much freedom,—and at night, I spoke in a full house: the Lord was with us, to wound and to heal. I spoke again on Monday night, and continued a prayer-meeting in the vestry: two or three found peace with God,—and one old man was powerfully wrought upon, but did not find peace. Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Taft, on their return home, found this old man in the market-place, upon his knees, crying to God for mercy; they encouraged him a little, as they conducted him home. May the Lord save him, for his mercies' sake! Amen.

September 25th, we set off for Saltfleet, to bathe our little child. Oh! that the Lord may give his blessing. We laboured there, and at Louth, alternately, the two or three days we continued at that place. On Saturday, we returned to Gainsborough, where I spoke at noon,—and Mr. Taft at night. The Lord was with us of a truth. All glory to his sacred name!

On Thursday night, October 1, 1804, I spoke at Epworth. On Saturday, Mr. Taft took me to our dear friends at Amcotts, where I stopped a fortnight, and I trust not in vain. We had some precious seasons together: several obtained peace with God,—and one professed that he had found the Lord to cleanse him from all sin. Oh! the goodness of God in the land of the living!

* * * * * *

October 26th, I laboured at Ferry, and we had a love-feast afterwards: many spoke of the gracious dealings of God with their souls; it was a season of much joy; several of our young girls from Epworth spoke, some not more than twelve, fourteen, or sixteen years of age. Several of these had been the means of their parents' conversion to God, by their pious example, and many prayers.

The following is a letter to Mr. Taft, from Mr. Furness:—

Doncaster, November 1, 1804.

My dear Brother,

We are sorry that Mrs. Taft can only spend so short a time with us; however, we must wait a more favourable opportunity, and accept, with thankfulness, the short proposed visit, at the time specified in your answer to my former letter, viz. at Aukley on Friday evening, November 9,—and on Saturday, come forward to Doncaster.—I shall publish for Mrs. Taft to preach on Sunday, at two o'clock, and at six in the evening, at Doncaster; also, on the Monday evening. On the Tuesday, we will convey her safe, through divine providence, to you at Snaith, according to your request. Mrs. Furness, along with the Doncaster friends, and myself, join in love to Mrs. Taft, and self.

I remain your truly affectionate
Friend and Brother,
J. Furness.

November 7th, I spoke again at Epworth, and felt the Lord to stand by me, and strengthen me. On Wednesday, I laboured at Belton: several were in distress. On Friday, the 9th, I spoke at Aukley, to a large congregation. On Saturday, a friend took me to Doncaster, where I spoke twice on the sabbath-day,—and again on Monday night, to a large number of attentive hearers. The new chapel was well filled: these were precious seasons to many,—and one woman, that we knew of, found peace with God. On Wednesday, I had a meeting at Temple-Hurst: it was an affecting season indeed; the Lord was with us of a truth. The Lord is sometimes received by the rich as well as the poor,—and wherever the Lord is himself received, the door is always opened for his servants. On Friday, I spoke again at Gowdall to a full house; and on Saturday night, I heard Mr. Taft at Snaith: it was a good time to me and many. Praise the Lord!—On sabbath-day morning, we had a large congregation, and I saw several much affected: one woman found peace. We left them praying, and rode on to Rawcliff, where Mr. Taft preached: it was a precious season to many. From here, he proceeded to Swinefleet. I spoke at Rawcliff, at night, to a large congregation: many felt the Lord at work upon their minds, and my soul was much blessed with the dear people. I spoke to them again on Monday evening, with great comfort to my own mind: we had a fellowship-meeting afterwards, and many spoke of the dealings of God with their souls, with much freedom and clearness.

On Wednesday, November 21, I laboured at Hatfield, and felt it a gracious season: one young woman who had been awakened in one of our meetings about a year ago, found peace with God,—and several more were under convictions. On Thursday night, I spoke at Hatfield-Woodhouse to a large congregation: it was a time of awakening to many. I hope to see some of them at the right-hand of God.

From Mr. George Thompson, a Wesleyan itinerant preacher, to Mrs. Taft:—

Ayr, October 22, 1804.

My very dear Sister,

I received your kind letter,—and though I have not written to you sooner, it was not because I had forgot you. I trust, I shall always keep in remembrance the instrument that was the means in the hands of God of first rousing me out of nature's darkness. Since I wrote to you before, I have had many joys and sorrows; but I bless my Redeemer for still keeping my head above water, and enabling me to find my duty to be my delight,—so that my soul is kept flourishing—my eye single—and, if I mistake not, my heart unreservedly given to God. Praise his name! my labour has not been in vain in the vineyard of the Lord; for I have the pleasure of seeing many seals to my ministry. I have often thanked God for casting my lot in Scotland, and I still feel grateful for this providential circumstance. At present, I have no desire to go to any other place, than where the Lord shall send me. In this circuit, we have a favourable prospect of good. A few souls have been converted since Conference,—and I trust, we shall have a prosperous year. I hope, brother Taft is happy in the Lord, and that your united labours will be crowned with great success. I shall be happy, if I live, to see you, and still more so, to meet you in heaven. The Lord bless and preserve you both

I am your's, sincerely,

George Thompson.

Friday, November 23rd, I returned to Epworth with dear Mr. H.—. May the Lord reward him and his for their kindness to unworthy me! On the sabbath-day, I spoke at Belton,—after which, we had a love-feast: the Lord was with us of a truth; many spoke with much freedom, and several were in deep distress,—one was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. I had a precious week at Epworth; the Lord was powerfully present in the prayer-meetings.

On Saturday, December 1st, I rode with Mr. Taft to Crowle: he left me there, and went on to preach at some distance. He returned to us in the evening. This day, the Lord helped us both, and the people seemed to feel much. We rejoiced together in the grace of God. Oh! that we may rejoice together in the kingdom of heaven. On Monday, we returned to Epworth, and felt much of the presence of the Lord. On Thursday night, I met Mrs. S.—'s class of young girls: it was a glorious season; there were eleven present, ten of whom could rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. Several of them prayed afterwards with such fluency of speech, and fervency of soul, that I was quite astonished.

December 9th, I met my own class, and was much blessed. I find, they are getting forward in the good way,—standing fast in the liberty wherewith Jesus Christ has made them free. I spoke at night to a large congregation, from these words, which were much impressed upon my mind—"*The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, &c.*" The people appeared much encouraged and strengthened. This was a week of temptation,—but the Lord was near to help me. Praise his holy name! On Thursday evening, I held a meeting in Lower-Epworth, but did not feel the liberty

I wished, though many appeared blessed of God.

On Sabbath-day, December 16th, I had good seasons in our class, in hearing God's word, and in labouring at night. All glory to the Lamb! I feel much united to this people in the Lord. May he save them for ever, for his name's sake! I had a good week in private, and in visiting the friends. Oh! how precious is the sound of Jesus' name!

On Sabbath-day, December 23rd, I had a good season, and could truly praise the Lord with my whole heart. We had a crowded house at night, and I felt much freedom.

On Tuesday, December 25th, I spoke at Belton in the afternoon, it being Christmas-day. We continued a prayer-meeting, in which several were under deep distress, especially one man from Epworth: he roared out aloud for the disquietude of his soul,—and we wrestled with God for him most of an hour, but he did not get quite clear respecting his acceptance. Several more remained in deep distress. Oh! that the Lord may continue to work, till he has subdued all hearts to himself.

On Thursday, January 3, 1805, I went to Ferry, and spoke at night: it was a hard time. O Lord, revive thy work here!

On Thursday, January 10th, I returned to Epworth,—and from thence went to Crowle, where I spoke three times. We had also several prayer-meetings. Monday and Wednesday were particular times: many were under distress, and some could rejoice in God their Saviour. Oh! that they may not measure their steps back again to earth. Mr. Taft preached on Thursday night, after which, he read over the form of Covenant: it was a gracious season.

On Friday, January 18th, we returned again to Epworth: Mr. Taft preached in the afternoon, as usual,—and I spoke to the people at night. I spent this week at Epworth, with much comfort and satisfaction to myself, and I believe, with profit to others. I felt happy in God, and much zeal for his glory.

On Sabbath-day, January 27th, I spoke again at Epworth to a large congregation, endeavouring to shew them the way to life. One found peace this day in our class-meeting; and during the week, I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with several who had had good times.

February 3rd. I had another happy day among my Epworth friends. We had a chapel full of hearers, who were very attentive while I endeavoured to explain and enforce that scripture—"*Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.*" This was a week of much communion with God: my soul praises him for all his goodness. I felt particularly blessed in the prayer-meetings.

Sabbath-day, February 10th, I had a meeting at Lower-Epworth, at Mr. B.—'s: one man was much affected,—insomuch, that he trembled, and wept, and prayed, till he was enabled to rejoice in God his Saviour. I spoke at Belton in the evening to a large congregation: several appeared under distress. I feel infinite cause of gratitude to God, that the people here stand fast in the faith of the gospel. On sabbath-day, a stranger, Mr. W.—, took my appointment in the evening.

On Thursday, February 28th, I spoke in another part of the town, in a house crowded with people: two or three were in distress, but none found peace that I knew of.

Sabbath-day, March 3rd, I preached at East-Ferry: I felt it one of the most gracious seasons of my life. One woman was powerfully blessed, and constrained to praise God aloud: a man also, felt the Lord again to lift up upon him the light of his reconciled countenance. Several remained in distress. At night, I spoke in Ferry chapel, to a large congregation,—and on Tuesday, at a place in the country, to a few hardened villagers, where there had probably never been a public meeting before.

On sabbath-day, I had a meeting at Lower-Epworth. The congregation was large: one woman found peace with God. Glory be to his name! I had a good time again in the evening at our chapel: it was so full, the candles would scarcely burn.

Thursday, March 14th, I spoke again at the east-end of the town.

Sabbath-day, March 17th, I took my appointment in the chapel, and spoke to a large and attentive congregation: the people were much affected. Oh! that the Lord may continue to revive and carry on his work here. I had a comfortable week in visiting the dear people; and on sabbath-day, the 24th, the Lord was with us indeed: one poor woman found peace with God,—and the Lord is increasing the number of our class, and of them who believe. All glory to God and the Lamb.

March 27. We rode to Derrythorpe, where there are many precious souls. I spoke at night: the people are very lively. On the day following, we had a good time at Gunhouse; the Lord helped me to set before the people—the way of life: some seemed lively, and others were more fully awakened to a sense of their danger. On Friday, we came to Amcotts, and I felt my own soul much engaged with God for this people. I felt a good time at the chapel in the evening: many wept. God is at work at this place. Praise his holy name!

On Saturday, March 30th, we rode to Swinefleet, where Mr. Taft preached to a sensible, feeling, and precious people. It was good to be there. We had many in the morning, and my soul felt enlarged after their welfare. In the evening, many were powerfully wrought upon by the spirit of God.

On Monday, April 1st, we had a gracious season at Rawcliff. God has graciously revived his work in this place lately. On Tuesday, we were at Newland: many came out of mere curiosity. Oh! that God may follow the word with his blessing. On Wednesday, we rode to Mr. Smith's, of Temple-Hurst,—having left my little child at Newlands, to be weaned. I felt my mind low, but the Lord was near to help and save; we felt much blessed in the means of grace. Oh! for a greater glory.

On Saturday, March 6th, we came to Snaith, where Mr. Taft preached. This place has been low for some time; very few have thought it worth their while to come and hear for themselves,—yet, several have been awakened lately. On the sabbath-day, at noon, I spoke at Rawcliff,—and at night, at Swinefleet: the Lord was present in his convincing spirit, and several were awakened this day. Oh! that some fruit may remain, to be found after many days. On Monday, I spoke at Reedness to a large congregation, all of whom were very attentive, except two or three triflers. Oh! that God's Spirit may fasten conviction on their hearts. The day following, I spoke at Whitgift, and felt powerfully helped from heaven: some trembled, while others cried out for mercy. On Wednesday, it was a powerful time at Garthorpe. They appear here, a very steady people. My soul was much refreshed among them,—and I felt determined, by divine grace, to be faithful.

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On Saturday, April 13, 1805, we went to Redford, where I tried to preach Jesus to them: it was a glorious season to many,—and I felt much blessed in my own soul, both in the public and private means of grace. We spent the following week in the neighbourhood, and had many good seasons: some were awakened, and a few found mercy. On the sabbath-day, we were at Mr. Ward's, at Edenstow, one of my sons in the gospel,—and who has been an instrument in the hand of the Lord, of raising a chapel, in which God's name is recorded. All the members of this family are precious to me. Mr. Taft opened the chapel in the morning,—and I spoke in the afternoon. The next day, we rode to Sandyacre, and found our dear parents well. From thence, we rode on to Derby,—where, in the evening, I endeavoured to preach Jesus. Oh! that they may all receive him in all his offices. Mr. Taft preached the day following at his father's: it was a good time. On Wednesday, we rode to Holton Park, near Redford, where I spoke in the evening, to a very large congregation: two, or more, found mercy with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The day following, we came to Grinlow-on-the-Hill: many were waiting for us: this people listened to the word with great attention, and many tears.

On sabbath morning, I spoke at Swinefleet, and had a blessed time in proclaiming the truth. Oh! for the power of God to save! many felt much blessed. Praise the name of the Lord, O my soul! In the evening, I spoke at Rawcliff, with much freedom: many felt the word to be spirit and life. The earnest cry of my heart is, "*O Lord, revive thy work!*"

On Monday, April 29th, we had a good season in visiting the sick. On Wednesday, we were at Temple-Hurst. On speaking from these words—"*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness*" (1 John, i. 9.)—my soul felt much blessed, and some were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. Praise his holy name for ever and ever!

The following letter is from an old friend, Mr. Levick:—

Sheffield, April 26, 1805.

DEAR SISTER,

We received your's, and are thankful you account us worthy to come under our poor little roof. I wish it were larger—this Conference at least; it will do very well any time else. If you will look in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis (read all the chapter), twenty-fifth verse, you will find our answer, in that of Rebecca to Abraham's servant.—I have shed many tears over this chapter: the piety of this good man under that dispensation, hath nearly broken my heart, covered me with blushes, laid me in the dust, fixed my hand upon my mouth, and wrung from my heart—"God be merciful to my poor soul!" I feel, I can tenderly sympathize with your suffering for the Lord Jesus—his cause, and gospel. Be not discouraged:—"through blood, you must the entrance gain, &c." I am not without a small share of suffering, though not exactly in the same way. Before they broke out, I was warned in dreams—that the storm was gathering over my head. In reading also, I could open to no passages in God's word, but such as tended to encouragement. Isaiah, chapter fifty-fourth, and fifteenth verse, many times were applied. I was wonderfully warned, and charged to stand fast; but to my shame be it spoken, I have not stood as well as I might; I have given way to hard thoughts of many kinds of high professors, but the Lord hath in mercy interfered. The Lord shewed me—how Moses suffered with, and for the Israelites,—and yet, he would not leave them. I have, at such times as these, taken courage, shouldered the cross, and by the grace of God, am hobbling on my way to heaven. I once thought of riding full gallop into heaven,—but now, I am glad to dismount, and beg, pray, weep, creep, sigh, moan, strive, and groan, to keep my head above water.—I sometimes think this preaching will downright kill me.—I have heard you say (many years ago) in our bands, what a poor creature you felt yourself to be. I did not then *fully* believe you, but thought it was mock humility: I thought that preachers could never feel poor. I have now learnt better, and feel myself little more than the skeleton of a believer.—One part of your letter rejoices me much,—that God is owning you in the circuit. May God humble, and own you ten thousand times more! Amen. Go on, never mind Conference! men, or devils,—do, and get all the good you can: have not the world, the flesh, and the devil had enough of you? yes, they have;—now work for God harder than ever. I thank God, for taking the old woman's inside out. May he take the inside out of every Methodist in the connexion. I love to be in those meetings where God takes out the bad insides, especially old Methodists: there is then some stirring, but their skins are hard and tough. May God rip them all up! I know, no common circumcising knife will do it; but you knew, the Lord said to Joshua, "Make thee sharp knives, and circumcise every skin of them that are come over Jordan with thee"—and he did so. Our spiritual Joshua has sharper knives than these! May God use them! Amen. God bless you both. My wife is put poorly at this time. We are travelling on to the kingdom, and unite in love.

I am your's, &c.

George Levick.

On Friday, May 3, 1805, we came again to Gowdall, and had a gracious season among the dear people: my soul felt it good to be there. Oh! that I may be more faithful. On the sabbath-day, Mr. Taft spoke in the morning at Snaith, and at Swinefleet in the evening: this was a good day to my soul,—and I trust many felt the mighty power of God.

On Tuesday, May 7th, we returned to Epworth, and found my dear new class doing well, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Sampson, whom we much love in the Lord. On sabbath-day, I spoke at Epworth again, and felt much liberty and freedom in explaining his word: many were much engaged in the blessed work of prayer. This week was a rest to my body,—but my soul never feels so well as when engaged in God's work.

Sabbath-day, May 19th, I spoke at Crowle, and I trust not in vain; for the Lord has given me some seals in this place. Oh! that they may stand in the evil day, and having done all, stand.

On Tuesday, I had a blessed season at Burnham. Oh! that the little leaven here, may leaven the whole lump! Amen.

The sabbath-day following, I was at Swinefleet,—and the following week, in the neighbourhood: there are some appearances of good in this part.

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Sabbath-day, June 2, we had a love-feast at Snaith: it was a very precious season to me, and to scores besides.

On sabbath-day, June 9th, we were at Mr. Thomas Maw's, of Wroote,—and at a love-feast in their little chapel there: it was a general good time, and several found peace with God. This week was a rest for me at Epworth, and a time of severe exercise,—but glory be to God, his grace was sufficient.

June the 16th, I spoke at the lower end of the town: the people of God were much raised, and several were brought into liberty. This week, I spent at Epworth,—and on Saturday, was going to Owston Ferry, when a letter overtook me, which I opened, and felt exceedingly to find—that mother Taft was on the verge of death. I returned, and sent for Mr. Taft immediately from the country part of the circuit. He came as soon as he received the intelligence,—and about ten o'clock in the evening, we set off for Sandyacre, where we arrived on sabbath-day evening, and found our mother much afflicted,—but very sensible, and exceedingly glad to see us. She was very happy in her soul, and strove to make us as comfortable as possible. This was a time of sorrow, but the patience of our aged mother under her great affliction, was great indeed.

June 25, 1805, she left us with a good hope of eternal life. We stayed about a fortnight in the neighbourhood. I spoke once at Stapleford in that time,—but the greatest part of our time was spent with father Taft. We returned to Epworth,—and on the sabbath-day, July 21st, took our leave of a most affectionate and precious people. Mr. Taft preached in the forenoon, and I spoke in the afternoon: thousands of tears were shed on all sides. We all wished we could have lived and died together; it was the most affecting scene I ever witnessed.

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After spending a fortnight at Mr. Levick's, during the Conference held at Sheffield—and a few days with our father Taft, at Sandyacre, during which time the Lord blessed us, and we trust he also made us a blessing,—we arrived in safety at Burnley, in the Colne circuit, to which we were appointed, and to which my husband had been invited. I felt greatly favoured in being stationed among my old friends, and in my native county,—and though the glory was in part departed, especially at Burnley, where I had witnessed a mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God, and a wonderful ingathering of souls, nevertheless we found many, and thank God some of my children in the Lord truly alive to their best interest, and to the prosperity of God's cause. Some of us wept for joy at our first interview,—and a few of us agreed to meet statedly at the throne of grace, for God's especial blessing upon our appointment,—and labours. May the Lord abundantly bless us, and make us a blessing to very many. Thank God, my soul is truly alive to him,—and my earnest desire and prayer is, that souls may be saved. I can truly say that this is more to me than any thing else,—and were it not for this, *none* would hear my voice in the house of God.—It is *not*, (and it never was) because I wish to be *seen* and *heard* that sinners hear my voice—but because I love them, and pity them, and would have them be saved; and in trying to save souls, my own soul is watered and blest—my joy and happiness much increased, —and what is best of all, I feel the approbation of God the Holy Spirit in this. I travail in birth for souls! Lord give me many souls in Burnley, and in every place in this circuit.

" I cannot willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who like me
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercies' store,
And try to send a thousand more."

I know my conduct herein has been rendered *vile* in the esteem of some; this I must leave to the Judge of all,—let it be my business to guard against prejudice. Thank God, I feel free *now*. What a mercy my husband is of the same mind with me, as touching my public work,—and he encourages me in it. So was Mr. Fletcher, though a clergyman of the Church of England, with respect to the labours of his good wife: he never hindered her—or laid any stone of stumbling in her way, but contrarywise *encouraged her*.

* * * * * *

September 1st, I spoke at Burnley, to a vast crowd of people: I felt great freedom. This week, I began a new class with my mother, who is come to reside with us, myself, and two more. May the Lord send prosperity.

Wednesday, September 4th, I went to my sister Hudson's, at Barnoldswick, and spoke from "*If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who can prepare himself for the battle.*" We had a multitude of people,—and the best of all, God was with us.

Sunday, September 16th, I had a gracious day at Padiham: some were much affected,—and one or two got awakened.

Sunday, September 30th, I spoke out of doors at Pendlebottom: no house could hold one-third part of the people. Truly, the fields are white unto harvest. Lord send out faithful labourers! Amen. The congregation was very serious and attentive,—and some wept much.

Thursday, October 4th, I walked to Mr. Sager's, of Southfield, and spoke in their little chapel in the evening, with much freedom. To this family, God had made me useful in days that are past and gone; yea, we have had seasons of power and grace *here*, both in the *house* and *chapel*, that will never be forgot: I believe they are on the records of heaven.

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Thus far of my journal I have judged right to publish. Whether any more will be published, time will shew. My thanks, best wishes, and prayers, attend *those* who have professed to have received profit, and edification by reading the first part.

TO MRS. MARY TAFT,

On READING her MEMOIRS by her SINCERE FRIEND,

JOHN RAWSON.

Hail! thou successful legate of the skies!
Thy great achievements thou may'st well record,
For thou hast thousands slain, and seen them rise,
A living army to confess their Lord.

Thou canst declare the wonders of his grace,
Because his glory thou hast often seen;
Jehovah's mighty arm in every place, made bare?
Hath been made bare wherever thou hast been.
^

A female hand the sacred sword can wield,
Lo! in the battle's front she boldly stands;
Strong in her God the warrior takes the field,
And drives with terror back the rebel bands.

Yes! Mary fought the battles of the Lord,
Nor scarce a warrior ever fought so well;
Or can more glorious vict'ries record,
Or yet beneath whose stroke more victims fell.

Ye flaming Preachers of the Gospel, you
So fam'd for learning, wisdom, eloquence,
Commission'd by her Lord why not avow;
That Mary should the word of life dispense.

Constrain'd at length this solemn truth confess,
That by a female he his word hath sent;
Another's honour can make yours' no less,
Then why despise his chosen instrument?

What! still persist to question Mary's call,
And say she ought in silence to remain;
Nay! first produce a man amongst you all,
Whose great commission can be prov'd so plain.

What! Mary's call to question and deny,
The sun's existence sooner doubt by far;
When in meridian blaze he drives on high,
Along the shining way his flaming car.

Let erring mortals bow to God's behest,
Vain man that's blind and helpless from his birth;
The weak he can with might and power invest,
When he commands, a worm shall shake the earth.

It has been done—he bids a female rise!
Rebels are humbled and confess their King,
Lo! Satan falls like light'ning from the skies,
While heav'n's high courts with loud hosannas ring.

Mary shall live, when suns and worlds expire,
Shall with her children bow before his face;
Angels and prophets did her zeal admire,
And she with them shall shout his conq'ring grace.

Your's affectionately,

JOHN RAWSON.

Tadcaster, *March* 27, 1827.

The End of Volume First.

Printed by John Hill, Little-Stonegate, York.

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Hainsworth J. S. Pipe 32.57
Sykes
G. Thompson
Furniss
Braithwaite 32
Rawson
I Booth
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